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THE CONTEMPORARY NOVEL

BY H. G. WELLS

CIRCUMSTANCES have made me think a good deal at different times about the business of writing novels, and what it means and is and may be. And I was a professional critic of novels long before I wrote them. One of my chief claims to distinction in the world is that I wrote the first long appreciative review of Joseph Conrad's work in the *Saturday Review*. That was sixteen years ago. When a man has focused so much of his life upon the novel, it is not reasonable to expect him to take a too modest or apologetic view of it. I consider the novel a very important and necessary thing indeed in that complicated system of uneasy adjustments and readjustments which is modern civilization. I make very high and very wide claims for it. In many directions I think that we cannot get along without it.

Now this, I know, is not the usually received opinion. There is, I am aware, the theory that the novel is wholly and solely a means of relaxation. In spite of manifest facts, that was the dominant view of the great period that we now in our retrospective way speak of as the Victorian, and it still survives to this day. It is the man's theory of the novel rather than the woman's. One may call it the Weary Giant theory.

The Reader is represented as a man, burthened, toiling, worn. He has been in his office from ten to four, with perhaps only two hours interval at his club for lunch; or he has been playing golf; or he has been waiting about and voting in the House; or he has been fishing; or he has been disputing a point of law, or writing a sermon, or doing one of a thousand other of the grave important things which constitute the substance of a prosperous man's life. Now at last comes the little precious interval of leisure, and the Weary Giant takes up a book. Perhaps he is vexed: he may have been bunkered, his line may have been entangled in the trees, his favorite investment may have slumped, or the judge may have had indigestion and been extremely rude to him. He wants to forget the troublesome realities of life. He wants to be taken out of himself, to be cheered, consoled, amused — above all, amused. He does n't want ideas, he does n't want facts, above all he does n't want Problems. He wants to dream of the bright, thin, gay excitements of a phantom world, — in which he can be hero, — of horses ridden and laces worn and princesses rescued and won. He wants pictures of funny slums and entertaining paupers and laughable longshoremen and kindly

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impulses making life sweet. He wants Romance without its defiance, and humor without its sting; and the business of the novelist, he holds, is to supply this cooling refreshment.

That is the Weary Giant theory of the novel. It ruled British criticism up to the period of the Boer War — and then something happened to quite a lot of us, and it has never completely recovered its old predominance. Perhaps it will. Perhaps something else may happen to prevent its ever doing so.

Both fiction and criticism to-day are in revolt against that Weary Giant, the prosperous Englishman. I cannot think of a single writer of any distinction to-day, unless it be Mr. W. W. Jacobs, who is content merely to serve the purpose of those slippered hours. So far from the Weary Reader being a decently tired Giant, we realize that he is only an inexpressibly lax, slovenly, and undertrained Giant; and we are all out with one accord resolved to exercise his higher ganglia in every possible way. And so I will say no more of the idea that the novel is merely a harmless opiate for the vacant hours of prosperous men. As a matter of fact it never has been, and by its nature I doubt if it ever can be.

I do not think that women have ever quite succumbed to the Weary Giant attitude in their reading. Women are more serious, not only about life, but about books. No type or kind of woman is capable of that lounging defensive stupidity which is the basis of the Weary Giant attitude; and all through the early nineties, during which the respectable frivolity of Great Britain left its most enduring marks upon our literature, there was a rebel undertow of earnest and aggressive writing and reading, supported chiefly by women, and supplied very largely by women, which gave the lie to the prevailing trivial estimate of fiction. Among readers, women and girls and young men at least will insist upon having their novels significant and real, and it is to these perpetually renewed elements in the public that the novelist must look for his continuing emancipation from the wearier and more massive influences at work in contemporary British life.

And if the novel is to be recognized as something more than a relaxation, it has also, I think, to be kept free from the restrictions imposed upon it by the fierce pedantries of those who would define a general form for it. Every art nowadays must steer its way between the rocks of trivial and degrading standards and the whirlpool of arbitrary and irrational criticism. Whenever criticism of any art becomes specialized and professional, whenever a class of adjudicators is brought into existence, those adjudicators are apt to become, as a class, distrustful of their immediate impressions, and anxious for methods of comparison between work and work; they begin to emulate the classifications and exact measurements of a science, and to set up ideals and rules as data for such classification and measurements. They develop an alleged sense of technique, which is too often no more than the attempt to exact a laboriousness of method or to insist upon peculiarities of method which impress the professional critic, not so much as being merits as being meritorious.

This sort of thing has gone very far with the critical discussion of both the novel and the play. You have all heard that impressive dictum that some particular theatrical display, although moving, interesting, and continually entertaining from start to finish, was for occult technical reasons 'not a play.' And in the same way you are continually having your appreciation of fiction

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dashed by the mysterious parallel condemnation, that the story that you like 'is n't a novel.' The novel has been treated as if its form were as well defined as the sonnet. A year or so ago, for example, there was a quite serious discussion, which began I believe in a weekly paper devoted to the interests of various nonconformist religious organizations, about the proper length for a novel. The critic was to begin his painful duties with a yard-measure. The matter was taken up with profound gravity by the *Westminster Gazette*, and a considerable number of literary men and women were circularized and asked to state, in the face of *Tom Jones*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *The Shabby Genteel Story*, and *Bleak House*, just exactly how long the novel ought to be. Our replies, according to the civility of our natures, were for the most part either uncivil or evasive; but the mere attempt to raise the question shows, I think, how widespread among the editorial, paragraph-writing, opinion-making sort of people is this notion of prescribing a definite length and a definite form for the novel. In the newspaper correspondence that followed, our friend the Weary Giant made a transitory appearance again. We were told the novel ought to be long enough for him to take up after dinner and finish before his whiskey at eleven.

That was obviously a half-forgotten echo of Edgar Allan Poe's discussion of the short story. Edgar Allan Poe was very definite upon the point that the short story should be finished at a sitting. But the novel and the short story are two entirely different things, and the train of reasoning that made the American master limit the short story to about an hour of reading as a maximum, does not apply to the longer work. A short story is, or should be, a simple thing; it aims at producing one single, vivid effect; it has to seize the attention at the outset, and never relaxing, gather it together more and more until the climax is reached. The limits of the human capacity to attend closely therefore set a limit to it: it must explode and finish before interruption occurs or fatigue sets in. But the novel I hold to be a discursive thing; it is not a single interest, but a woven tapestry of interests; one is drawn, first by this affection and curiosity and then by that; it is something to return to, and I do not see that we can possibly set any limit to its extent.

The distinctive value of the novel among written works of art is in characterization, and the charm of a well-conceived character lies not in knowing its destiny but in watching its proceedings. For my own part I will confess that I find all the novels of Dickens, long as they are, too short for me. I am sorry they do not flow into one another more than they do. I wish that Micawber and Dick Swiveller and Sairey Gamp turned up again in other novels than their own, just as Shakespeare ran the glorious glow of Falstaff through a group of plays. But Dickens tried this once when he carried on the Pickwick Club into *Master Humphrey's Clock*. That experiment was unsatisfactory, and he did not attempt anything of the sort again.

Following on the days of Dickens, the novel began to contract, — to subordinate characterization to story and description to drama; considerations of a sordid nature, I am told, had to do with that — something about a guinea-and-a-half and six shillings, with which we will not concern ourselves here and now; but I rejoice to see many signs to-day that that phase of narrowing and restriction is over, and that there is every encouragement for a return toward a laxer, more spacious form of novel-writing.

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The movement is partly of English origin, a revolt against those more exacting and cramping conceptions of artistic perfection to which I will recur in a moment, and a return to the lax freedom of form, the rambling discursiveness, the right to roam, of the earlier English novel, of *Tristram Shandy* and of *Tom Jones;* and partly it comes from abroad, and derives a stimulus from such bold and original enterprises as that of Monsieur Rolland in his *Jean Christophe.*

Its double origin involves a double nature — for while the English spirit is toward discursiveness and variety, the new French movement is rather toward exhaustiveness. One who is, I think, quite the greatest of our contemporary English novelists, Mr. Bennett, has experimented in both forms of amplitude. His superb *Old Wives' Tale,* wandering from person to person and from scene to scene, is by far the finest 'long novel' that has been written in English in the English fashion, in this generation; and now in *Clayhanger* and its promised collaterals he undertakes that complete, minute, abundant presentation of the growth and modification of one or two individual minds, which is the essential characteristic of the continental movement toward the novel of amplitude. While the *Old Wives' Tale* is discursive, *Clayhanger* is exhaustive; he gives us both types of the new movement in perfection.

I name *Jean Christophe* as a sort of archetype in this connection, because it is just at present very much in our thoughts by reason of the admirable translation Mr. Cannan is giving us; but there is a greater predecessor to this comprehensive and spectacular treatment of a single mind and its impressions and ideas, or of one or two associated minds. The great original of all this work is that colossal last unfinished book of Flaubert, *Bouvard et Pécuchet.* Flaubert, the bulk of whose life was spent upon the most austere and restrained fiction, — Turgenev was not more austere and restrained, — broke out at last into this gay, sad miracle of intellectual abundance. It is not extensively read in this country; it is not yet, I believe, translated into English; but there it is — and if it is new to the reader I make him this present of the secret of a book that is a precious wilderness of wonderful reading. But if Flaubert is really the continental emancipator of the novel from the restrictions of form, the master to whom we of the English persuasion, we of the discursive school, must forever recur is he whom I will maintain against all comers to be the subtlest and greatest *artist* — I lay stress upon that word artist — that Great Britain has ever produced in all that is essentially the novel — Laurence Sterne.

The confusion between the standard of a short story and the standards of the novel, which leads at last to these — what shall I call them? — 'Westminster Gazetteisms' about the correct length to which the novelist should aspire, leads also to all kinds of absurd condemnations and exactions upon matters of method and style. The underlying fallacy is always this: the assumption that the novel, like the story, aims at a single, concentrated impression. From that comes a fertile growth of error.

Constantly one finds in the reviews of works of fiction the complaint that this, that, or the other thing in a novel is irrelevant. Now, it is the easiest thing and the most fatal thing to become irrelevant in a short story. A short story should go to its point as a man flies from a pursuing tiger: he pauses not for the daisies in his path or to note the pretty moss on the tree he climbs for safety. But the novel by com-

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parison is like breakfasting in the open air on a summer morning. Nothing is irrelevant if the writer's mood be happy; and the tapping of the thrush on the garden-path or the petal of apple-blossom that floats down into my coffee, is as irrelevant as the egg I open or the bread and butter I bite. And all sorts of things that inevitably mar the tense illusion which is the aim of the short story, — the introduction, for example, of the author's personality, any comment that seems to admit that after all fiction is fiction, a change in manner between part and part, burlesque, parody, invective, — all such things are not necessarily wrong in the novel. Of course all these things may fail in their effect, they may jar, hinder, irritate, and all are difficult to do well; but there is no artistic merit in evading a difficulty — any more than it is a merit in a hunter to refuse even the lowest of fences.

Nearly all the novels that have, by the lapse of time, reached an assured position of recognized greatness, are not only saturated in the personality of the author, but have in addition quite unaffected personal outbreaks. The least successful instance, the one that is made the text against all such first-personal interventions, is of course Thackeray. But I think the trouble with Thackeray is, not that he makes first-personal interventions, but that he does so with a curious touch of dishonesty. I quite agree with the late Mrs. Craigie that there was something profoundly vulgar about Thackeray. It is a sham-thoughtful, sham-gentleman, sham man-of-the-world pose that he assumes; it is an aggressive, conscious, challenging person astride before a fire, and a little distended by dinner and a sense of social and literary precedences, who uses the first person in Thackeray's novels. It is n't the real Thackeray; it is n't a frank man who looks you in the eyes and bares his soul and demands your sympathy. That is a criticism of Thackeray, but it is n't a condemnation of intervention.

I admit that for a novelist to come in person in this way before his readers involves grave risks; but when it is done without affectations, starkly as a man comes in out of the darkness to tell of perplexing things without, — as, for instance, Mr. Joseph Conrad does for all practical purposes in his *Lord Jim*, — then it gives a sort of depth, a sort of subjective reality, that no such cold, almost affectedly ironical detachment as that which distinguishes the work of Mr. John Galsworthy, for example, can ever attain. And in some cases the whole art and delight of a novel may lie in the author's personal interventions: let such novels as *Elizabeth and her German Garden*, and the same writer's *Elizabeth in Rugen*, bear witness.

Now all this time I have been hacking away at certain hampering and limiting beliefs about the novel, letting it loose as it were in form and purpose. I have still to say just what I think the novel is; and where, if anywhere, its boundary line ought to be drawn. It is by no means an easy task to define the novel. It is not a thing premeditated. It is a thing that has grown up into modern life, and taken upon itself uses and produced results that could not have been foreseen by its originators.

Few of the important things in the collective life of man started out to be what they are. Consider, for example, all the unexpected æsthetic values, the inspiration and variety of emotional result which arise out of the cross-shaped plan of the Gothic cathedral, and the undesigned delight and wonder of white marble that has ensued, as I have been told, through the aging and whitening of the realistically colored statuary of the Greeks and Romans.

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Much of the charm of the old furniture and needle-work again, upon which the present time sets so much store, lies in acquired and unpremeditated qualities. And no doubt the novel grew up out of simple story-telling, and the universal desire of children, old and young alike, for a story.

It is only slowly that we have developed the distinction of the novel from the romance, as being a story of human beings, absolutely credible and conceivable, as distinguished from human beings frankly endowed with the glamour, the wonder, the brightness, of a less exacting and more vividly eventful world. The novel is a story that demands, or professes to demand, no make-believe. The novelist undertakes to present you people and things as real as any that you can meet in an omnibus. And I suppose it is conceivable that a novel might exist which was just purely a story of that kind, and nothing more. It might amuse you as one is amused by looking out of a window into a street, or listening to a piece of agreeable music; and that might be the limit of its effect.

But almost always the novel is something more than that, and produces more effect than that. *The novel has almost inseparable moral consequences.* It leaves impressions, not simply of things seen, but of acts judged and made attractive or unattractive. They may prove very slight moral consequences, and very shallow moral impressions, in the long run; but there they are, none the less, its almost inevitable accompaniments. It is almost unavoidable that this should be so. Even if the novelist attempts or affects to be impartial, he still cannot prevent his characters setting examples, he still cannot avoid, as people say, putting ideas into his readers' heads. The greater his skill, the more convincing his treatment, the more vivid his power of suggestion. And it is almost equally impossible for him not to betray his sense that the proceedings of this person are rather jolly and admirable, and of that, rather ugly and detestable. I suppose Mr. Bennett, for example, would say that he should not do so; but it is as manifest to any disinterested observer that he greatly loves and admires his Card, as that Richardson admired his Sir Charles Grandison, or that Mrs. Humphry Ward considers her Marcella a very fine and estimable young woman. And I think it is just in this, that the novel is not simply a fictitious record of conduct, but also a study and judgment of conduct, and through that of the ideas that lead to conduct, that the real and increasing value — or, perhaps, to avoid controversy, I had better say the real and increasing importance — of the novel and of the novelist in modern life, comes in.

It is no new discovery that the novel, like the drama, is a powerful instrument of moral suggestion. This has been understood in England ever since there has been such a thing as a novel in England. This has been recognized equally by novelists, novel-readers, and the people who would n't read novels under any conditions whatever. Richardson wrote deliberately for edification, and *Tom Jones* is a powerful and effective appeal for a charitable and even indulgent attitude toward loose-living men. But, excepting Fielding and one or two others of those partial exceptions that always occur in the case of critical generalizations, there is a definable difference between the novel of the past and what I may call the modern novel. It is a difference that is reflected upon the novel from a difference in the general way of thinking. It lies in the fact that formerly there was a feeling of certitude about moral values and standards of conduct that is

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altogether absent to-day. It was n't so much that men were agreed upon these things, — about these things there have always been enormous divergences of opinion, — as that men were emphatic, cock-sure, and unteachable, about whatever they did happen to believe, to a degree that no longer obtains. This is the Balfourian age — and even religion now seeks to establish itself on Doubt.

There were perhaps just as many differences in the past as there are now, but the outlines were harder — they were indeed so hard as to be almost, to our sense, savage. You might be a Roman Catholic, and in that case you did not want to hear about Protestants, Turks, Infidels, except in tones of horror and hatred. You knew exactly what was good, and what was evil. Your priest informed you upon these points, and all you needed in any novel you read was a confirmation, implicit or explicit, of these vivid rather than charming prejudices. If you were a Protestant you were equally clear and unshakable. Your sect, whichever sect you belonged to, knew the whole of truth and included all the nice people. It had nothing to learn in the world, and it wanted to learn nothing outside its sectarian convictions. And the unbelievers, you know, were just as bad, and said their Creeds with an equal fury — merely interpolating *nots*. And people of every sort, Catholic, Protestant, Infidel, or what not, were equally clear that good was good and bad was bad, that the world was made up of good characters whom you had to love, help, and admire, and of bad characters to whom one might in the interests of goodness even lie, and whom one had to foil, defeat, and triumph over shamelessly at every opportunity. That was the quality of the times. The novel reflected this quality of assurance, and its utmost charity was to unmask an apparent villain and show that he or she was really profoundly and correctly good, or to unmask an apparent saint and show the hypocrite. There was no such penetrating and pervading element of doubt and curiosity — and charity — about the rightfulness and beauty of conduct as one meets on every hand to-day.

The novel-reader of the past, therefore, like the novel-reader of the more provincial party of England to-day, judged a novel by the convictions that had been built up in him by his training and his priest or his pastor. If it agreed with these convictions he approved, if it did not agree, he disapproved — often with great energy. The novel, where it was not unconditionally banned altogether as a thing disturbing and unnecessary, was regarded as a thing subordinated to the teaching of the priest or pastor, or whatever director and dogma were followed. Its modest moral confirmations began when authority had completed its direction. The novel was good, if it seemed to harmonize with the graver exercises conducted by Mr. Chadband, and it was bad and outcast if Mr. Chadband said so. And it is over the bodies of discredited and disgruntled Chadbands that the novel escapes from its servitude and inferiority.

Now the conflict of authority against criticism is one of the eternal conflicts of humanity. It is the conflict of organization against initiative, of discipline against freedom. It was the conflict of the priest against the prophet in ancient Judea, of the Pharisee against the Nazarene, of the Realist against the Nominalist, of the Church against the Franciscan and the Lollard, of the Respectable Person against the Artist, of the hedge-clippers of mankind against the shooting buds. And to-day, while we live in a period of tightening and extending social organization, we live

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also in a period of adventurous and insurgent thought, in an intellectual spring unprecedented in the world's history. There is an enormous criticism going on of the faiths upon which men's lives and associations are based, and of every standard and rule of conduct. And it is inevitable that the novel, just in the measure of its sincerity and ability, should coöperate in and reflect the atmosphere and uncertainties and changing variety of this seething and creative time.

And I do not mean merely that the novel is unavoidably charged with the representation of this wide and wonderful conflict. It is a necessary part of the conflict. The essential characteristic of this great intellectual revolution amidst which we are living to-day, this revolution of which the revival and restatement of nominalism under the name of pragmatism is the philosophical aspect, consists in the reassertion of the importance of the individual instance as against the generalization. All our social, political, moral problems are being approached in a new spirit, in an inquiring and experimental spirit, which has small respect for abstract principles and deductive rules. We perceive more and more clearly, for example, that the study of social organization is an empty and unprofitable study until we approach it as a study of the association and inter-reaction of individualized human beings inspired by diversified motives, ruled by traditions, and swayed by the suggestions of a complex intellectual atmosphere. And all our conceptions of the relationships between man and man, and of justice and rightfulness and social desirableness, remain something misfitting and inappropriate, something uncomfortable and potentially injurious, as if we were trying to wear sharp-edged clothes made for a giant out of tin, until we bring them to the test and measure of realized individualities.

And this is where the value and opportunity of the modern novel come in. So far as I can see, it is the only medium through which we can discuss the great majority of the problems which are being raised in such bristling multitude by our contemporary social development. Nearly every one of them has at its core a psychological problem; and not merely a psychological problem, but one in which the idea of individuality is an essential factor. Dealing with most of these questions by a rule or a generalization is like putting a cordon round a jungle full of the most diversified sort of game. The hunting only begins when you leave the cordon behind you, and push into the thickets.

Take, for example, the immense cluster of difficulties that arise out of the increasing complexity of our state. On every hand we are creating officials; and compared with only a few years ago, private life in a dozen fresh directions comes into contact with officialdom. But we still do practically nothing to work out the interesting changes that occur in this sort of man or that, when you withdraw him as it were from the common crowd of humanity, put his mind if not his body into uniform, and endow him with powers and functions and rules. It is manifestly a study of the profoundest public and personal importance. It is manifestly a study of increasing importance.

The process of social and political organization that has been going on for the last quarter of a century, is pretty clearly going on now — if anything, with increasing vigor; and for the most part the entire dependence of the consequences of the whole problem upon the reaction between the office on the one hand and the weak, uncertain, various human beings who take office on

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the other, does not seem even to be suspected by the energetic, virtuous, and more or less amiable people whose activities in politics, and upon the backstairs of politics, bring about these developments. They assume that the sort of official they need, a combination of god-like virtue and intelligence with unfailing mechanical obedience, can be made out of just any young nephew. And I know of no means of persuading people that this is a rather unjustifiable assumption, and of creating an intelligent controlling criticism of officials, and of assisting conscientious officials to an effective self-examination, and generally of keeping the atmosphere of official life sweet and healthy, except the novel. Yet so far the novel has scarcely begun its attack upon this particular field of human life, and all the attractive varied play of motive it contains.

Of course, we have one supreme and devastating study of the illiterate minor official in Bumble. That one figure lit up, and still lights, the whole problem of Poor-Law administration for the English reading community. It was a translation of well-meant regulations and pseudo-scientific conceptions of social order into blundering, arrogant, ill-bred flesh and blood. It was worth a hundred royal commissions. You may make your regulations as you please, said Dickens in effect; this is one sample of the stuff that will carry them out. But Bumble stands almost alone. Instead of realizing that he is only one aspect of officialdom, we are all too apt to make him the type of all officials; and not an urban district council can get into a dispute about its electric light without being denounced as a Bumbledom by some whirling enemy or other.

The burthen upon Bumble's shoulders is too heavy to be borne, and we want the contemporary novel to give us a score of other figures to put beside him: other aspects of and reflections upon this great problem of officialism made flesh. Bumble is a magnificent figure of the follies and cruelties of ignorance in office; I would have every candidate for the post of Workhouse Master pass a severe examination on *Oliver Twist;* but it is not only caricature and satire that I demand. We must have the fullest treatment, not only of the temptations, vanities, abuses and absurdities of office, but of all its dreams, its sense of constructive order, its consolations, its sense of service, and its nobler satisfactions. You may say that is demanding more insight and power in our novels and novelists than we can possibly hope to find in them. So much the worse for us. I stick to my thesis that the complicated social organization of to-day cannot get along without the amount of mutual understanding and mutual explanation which such a range of characterization in our novels implies.

The success of civilization amounts ultimately to a success of sympathy and understanding. If people cannot be brought to an interest in one another greater than they feel to-day, to curiosities and criticisms far keener, and coöperations far subtler, than we have now; if class cannot be brought to measure itself against and to interchange experience and sympathy with class, and temperament with temperament, then we shall never struggle very far beyond the confused discomforts and uneasiness of to-day, and the changes and complications of human life will remain as they are now, very like the crumplings and separations and complications of an immense avalanche that is sliding down a hill. And in this tremendous work of human reconciliation and elucidation, it seems to me it is the novel that must attempt most, and achieve most.

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You may feel disposed to say to all this: We grant the major premises, but why look to the work of prose fiction as the main instrument in this necessary process of — so to speak — sympathizing humanity together. Cannot this be done far more effectively through biography and autobiography, for example? Is n't there the lyric, and above all, is n't there the play?

Well, so far as the stage goes, I think it is a very charming and exciting form of human activity, a display of actions and surprises of the most moving and impressive sort; but beyond the opportunities it affords for saying startling and thought-provoking things, — opportunities Mr. Shaw, for example, has worked to the utmost limit, — I do not see that the drama does much to enlarge our sympathies and add to our stock of motive ideas. And regarded as a medium for startling and thought-provoking things, the stage seems to me an extremely clumsy and costly affair. One might just as well go about with a pencil writing up the thought-provoking phrase, whatever it is, on walls. The drama *excites* our sympathies, I admit, intensely, but it seems to me it is far too objective a medium to *widen* them appreciably; and it is that widening, that increase in the range of understanding, at which I think civilization is aiming.

The case for biography, and more particularly autobiography, as against the novel, is I admit, at the first blush, stronger. You may say, why give us the creatures of a novelist's imagination, these phantom and fantastic thinkings and doings, when we may have the stories of real lives, really lived, — the intimate record of actual men and women? To which one answers: Ah! — if one could! But it is just because biography does deal with actual lives, actual facts, because it radiates out to touch continuing interests and sensitive survivors, that it is so unsatisfactory, so untruthful. Its inseparable falsehood is the worst of all kinds of falsehood — the falsehood of omission. Think what an abounding, astonishing, perplexing person Gladstone must have been in life; and consider Lord Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, — cold, dignified, not a life at all indeed, so much as embalmed remains; the fire gone, the passions gone, the bowels carefully removed. All biography has something of that *post mortem* coldness and respect; and as for autobiography — a man may show his soul in a thousand half-unconscious ways, but to turn upon one's self and explain one's self is given to no one. It is the natural liars and braggarts, your Cellinis and Casanovas, men with a habit of regarding themselves with a kind of objective admiration, who do best in autobiography. And, on the other hand, the novel has neither the intense self-consciousness of autobiography, nor the paralyzing responsibilities of the biographer. It is by comparison irresponsible and free. Because its characters are figments and phantoms they can be made entirely transparent. Because they are fictions and you know they are fictions, so that they cannot hold you for an instant so soon as they cease to be true, they have a power of veracity quite beyond that of actual records. Every novel carries its own justification and its own condemnation, in its success or failure to convince you that *the thing was so*. Now history, biography, blue-book, and so forth, can hardly ever get beyond the statement that the superficial fact was so.

You see now the scope of the claim I am making for the novel: it is to be the social mediator, the vehicle of understanding, the instrument of self-examination, the parade of morals and the exchange of manners, the factory of customs, the criticism of laws and in-

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stitutions and of social dogmas and ideas. It is to be the home confessional, the initiator of knowledge, the seed of fruitful self-questioning. Let me be very clear here. I do not mean for a moment that the novelist is going to set up as a teacher, as a sort of priest with a pen, who will make men and women believe and do this and that. The novel is not a new sort of pulpit; humanity is passing out of the phase when men sit under preachers and dogmatic influences. But the novelist is going to be the most potent of artists, because he is going to present conduct, devise beautiful conduct, discuss conduct, analyze conduct, suggest conduct, illuminate it through and through. He will not teach, but discuss, point out, plead, and display.

And this being my view, you will be prepared for the demand I am now about to make for an absolutely free hand for the novelist in his choice of topic and incident, and in his method of treatment. Or rather, if I may presume to speak for other novelists, I would say it is not so much a demand we make as an intention we proclaim. We are going to write, subject only to our own limitations, about the whole of human life. We are going to deal with political questions and religious questions and social questions. We cannot present people unless we have this free hand, this unrestricted field. What is the good of telling stories about people's lives if one may not deal freely with the religious beliefs and organizations that have controlled or failed to control them? What is the good of pretending to write about love, and the loyalties and treacheries and quarrels of men and women, if one must not glance at those varieties of physical temperament and organic quality, those deeply passionate needs and distresses from which half the storms of human life are brewed?

We propose to deal with all these things, and it will need very much more than the disapproval of provincial librarians, the hostility of a few influential people in London, the scurrility of the *Spectator*, and the deep and obstinate silences of the *Westminster Gazette*, to stop the incoming tide of aggressive novel-writing.

We are going to write about it all. We are going to write about business and finance and politics, and precedence and pretentiousness and decorum and indecorum, until a thousand pretences and ten thousand impostures shrivel in the cold clear air of our elucidations. We are going to write of wasted opportunities and latent beauties, until a thousand new ways of living open to men and women. We are going to appeal to the young and the hopeful and the curious, against the established, the dignified, and defensive. Before we have done, we shall have all life within the scope of the novel.

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MODERN GOVERNMENT AND CHRISTIANITY

BY WINSTON CHURCHILL

I CAN only hope, in this paper, to sketch certain lines of thought which soon lose themselves in the mists of the future. Religion and government have come hand in hand down the ages, government expressed by monarchy, religion by hierarchy. Is not the transformation of government by what may be called the Protestant principle, that placing of authority in the individual soul, — where it seems that Christ would have it, — the death-sentence of hierarchy? And, on the other hand, is not this leaven, fatal at once to hierarchy and monarchy, changing our whole conception of government? The sense of responsibility for our fellow men is gradually creeping into government. What will be the Church of the future? Who can say? That process which at a casual glance appears to be disintegration is perceived, on closer inspection, to be a precipitation of the foreign elements hitherto mixed with Christianity, an absorption of the Spirit of Christ into the very life of the nation itself.

In spite of the gross materialism which we behold to-day on every side, and which is apparently triumphant and ascendant, there are not many thoughtful readers of the *Atlantic*, I venture to say, who have not felt on occasions certain throbbing, spiritual currents. Perhaps these readers have asked themselves the questions, as I have: 'What are they? Whence are they?'

Although signs and portents are not lacking elsewhere in this pregnant twentieth century, let us confine ourselves to America, where we have seen a great wave, like an electrical storm, sweep over our country from the Atlantic to the Pacific. People called it political.

Was it political? Many men I know were gripped by it, heated into something like incandescence. We neglected our professions, we went around the state in which we live and into other states, making speeches with other men impelled by the same motive, and we kept on in spite of wholesale criticism and denunciation. When some of us stopped to think, we were puzzled, for we had never gone so far as to regard ourselves as altruistic. Was this feeling merely patriotism, merely the natural indignation of American citizens who have discovered that organizations of men have seized control of their institutions for private gain? Or was it something more?

We were, at least, taking an ethical view of politics; and it was this attitude, I found, that was most resented by our opponents. They flatly declared that the introduction of morals into politics was mischievous: that the Republican party represented one economic theory of conducting the government, and the Democratic party another. That was all there was to it. But, if this were so, what of the dreamers and idealists who wrote and signed that immortal document in the history of government, the Declaration of Independence? What of that same

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Republican party, now insisting on economics, which had fought and won the greatest moral issue of the nineteenth century?

It seems to me that all our questions point the same way. People are paying no attention to these utterances of the politicians. They are saying, 'Give us a *good* man, be he Democrat or Republican.' And what is a good man but a Christian? What is the good man they desire but one who does not apply the individualistic theory of the survival of the fittest to society?

In short, we began to see more and more clearly that God is in politics. That he always has been, and always will be. That in some greater and higher sense than we had yet perceived, the saying, *vox populi vox dei*, is eternally true. He enters into the hearts of the people and moves them, and so the world progresses. God is in politics, to the confusion of politicians. And when these mysterious, quickening currents are abroad, we must believe that mankind is ready for another step forward.

Can any person, I wonder, who has seen and perhaps addressed the great political audiences of the past few years fail to be led into reflections more or less profound? I have known old men and young men, and women with children in their arms, to sit for more than two hours on a hot night listening to — what? Fireworks and rhetoric, claptrap? Not at all. Sober discussions of political problems — yet problems that involve a greater content still. Who has looked into the upturned faces of these people and not beheld there an intense, unsatisfied yearning? Politics alone do not fill them, nor ethics alone.

The truth is that we are at the dawning of an age, spiritual like all the great ages which have preceded it.

Let any one of us look around him, and talk to his neighbors, humble or prosperous, and see if he does not find a spiritual craving. Last year I said to a prominent publisher, 'Send me your recent books on religion.' His answer was that they would fill my library.

A medical specialist recently gave it as his opinion, that most of the so-called nervous prostration of to-day is due to a lack of religious belief.

Several men I know, who represent widely divergent elements in American life, are looking for books to read, and showing a willingness to discuss a subject which they had thought to have settled forever. That subject is religion. The history of most of these men is a familiar one. They were brought up in orthodox Christian homes, but when they went to school and college, what they were taught of history, of science, the conception they were given of the universe, differed so sharply from their religious instruction that they went through the process of reading the agnostic books of twenty years ago, and lost their faith. They weighed what they believed to be Christianity in the balance, and found it wanting. I repeat, — what they believed to be Christianity.

The thought-currents are playing upon them. To one or two, poignant sorrows have come; to others, lack of worldly success; and to others still, a vague sense of the emptiness of a life that does not include service, — and a desire for service and for the faith which is its driving force. And the majority of them, I think, with few exceptions, have had in the last few years some of the glaring inequalities and injustices of our modern civilization sharply called to their attention, and have been moved to a certain pity, indignation, and shame.

Ask the average men who are not connected with any church — ask even some who are so connected — what their

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conception of the Christian religion is. The answers will be interesting and varied. Think of the people we all may count among our acquaintances, who are studying Buddhism and Sufism and Babism! All of this means something; it is surely a sign of the age. It indicates a want which even scientists now tell us exists in the human heart — the necessity of religion.

Why is it that Christianity as presented to these people has not satisfied them as it satisfied their fathers? The answer to that question, I firmly believe, lies in the fact that the evolution begun four hundred years ago is not yet completed; that we are still in a state of transition. And to get at the true causes we shall have to go back to the sixteenth century, to the time of Martin Luther himself. Luther began it. Luther lighted a fire which was to burn through the centuries, despite the efforts of men to quench it; which was and is to endure until all the misconception and superstition are consumed; until the deathless Spirit, the true idea of God as Christ preached it, alone remains. The true idea of God, and the true idea of government. For they are intimately related. Church and State, and State and Church.

It cannot be said that Luther's was merely a revolt against abuses. It was infinitely more than that, and we are just beginning to realize to-day something of the extent of it. Martin Luther liberated the idea which is embodied in the Declaration of Independence.

Before I come to dwell on this, I would point out that modern learning and modern science had their birth, too, in Luther's time, and the overwhelming knowledge that is ours is the result of that liberation. We are moving very rapidly to-day: the accumulation of knowledge, the momentum it has acquired, make it very difficult to keep pace with the bewildering developments going on around us. The gap between succeeding generations is widening by leaps and bounds, and what appeared logical to our fathers and mothers in the last quarter of the nineteenth century is no longer logical to us in the first quarter of the twentieth. This process has been going on for four hundred years, until now, by some incalculable mathematical progression, it has attained a speed that leaves us breathless.

Each generation seeks and demands harmony in the relations of life, harmony between religion, science, history and government. It is becoming increasingly apparent, for example, in spite of any seeming indications to the contrary, that a civilization cannot hold at the same time a pre-reformation idea of the Church and a post-reformation idea of government.

Now the question is continually asked by sincere men and women to-day who feel in their lives the need of which I have spoken, 'Can Christianity be presented to me in such terms of modern thought that I may accept and embrace it?' Nor must we contend that these people are averse from faith. Is there such a thing as a reasonable faith? Put the matter in another way: is not our religion, as Christ really taught and lived it, independent of all changes in scientific conceptions?

If we have eyes to see, and ears to hear, there is no lack of portents that the fermentation — if it may be called so — begun in the time of Luther is growing toward culmination, that we stand on the threshold of a greater religious era than the world has ever seen. And by some mysterious, guiding thought, the men who are led into politics, into literature, into sociology and science, — science, whereby suffering and disease are relieved and lessened and life is made in a thousand ways more useful, — all these men —

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yes, and women — are slowly beginning to see that they are doing the work of God, the work of Christ on earth. God is a Spirit. So Christ taught — a quickening Spirit.

As history — the meaning of history through modern knowledge — grows clearer to us, we are able to approach the Gospels and the life of our Lord more and more nearly with the freshness of mind and absence of false tradition of the Christians of the time of St. Paul.

It was only yesterday, it seems to me, that I was able to put thoroughly out of my mind the idea that I got in my youth, the notion that heaven was a definite place above the panoply of the sky, and God an awful, wrathful and majestic being who dwelt there — a God *outside*. Such is the persistence, in religion, of a mediæval cosmogony. Now, such a God as this I have described was quite in harmony with mediæval life and ideas. The church was then science, philosophy, theology, and religion embodied in one. And the conception of the Church, while God lived in it and worked through it, was nevertheless a *delegated* conception in the extreme sense of the word — not in the sense, just as high, in which so many of us think of it now. God, in a far distant heaven, appointed the Church as his sole spiritual agency, and the King as his sole governmental agency.

All this, I repeat, was in harmony with life in that age. And wherever a man went he found Mother Church, Christianity as he believed in it, institutions and seats of learning in agreement. All non-understandable phenomena of a terrifying nature were the work of evil spirits, as they still are in parts of Italy and Spain to-day. The Borgias went from mass to murder and murder to mass in spite of the injunction, 'I desire mercy, and not sacrifice.' But there was harmony, because the teaching as a whole was entirely suited to the mediæval mind.

Then, in the sixteenth century, began the revolution, or evolution, the end of which, after four hundred years, is not yet. The new learning, the new science, the new government, — and in religion, what? New in one sense; in another as old as the reign of the Cæsars. I believe that that evolution will, after the terrible struggles, end in another harmony: if it be admissible to use the term, a higher harmony.

That which characterized the revolt from ecclesiastical tyranny was the love of truth. The love of truth is the love of God, and many of those seekers after truth were pioneers indeed, who risked their souls rather than their bodies to find it. It is a terrible reflection when we stop to consider that the beginnings of all our modern knowledge of ourselves, the Universe, history, the Bible, our modern ideas of government even, are due to the courageous opposition of these pioneers against the persecution of the church of Christ on earth, — of Christ, who said, 'God is a Spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.'

We Americans believe that the idea which is at the foundation of our institutions represented, at the time of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, a distinct advance in the history and evolution of government. But was there not embodied in that Declaration, so sacred to us as patriots, something equally sacred to us as Christians and lovers of truth? What was it? It was an advance — in what was to become a nation that was to take a lead among nations — in the idea of God.

God, for Jew and Christian, and even for the pagan, has always been the most vital element in government. We see it in ancient Egypt, and in the

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Roman Empire: we see it in Israel. And just as we turn to Greece for art and to Rome for law, we turn to Israel for religion. What was the Jew's conception of God? He was our God. We can recognize him in Isaiah, in the Psalms, in the Pentateuch. Yet he was, as they conceived him, something of an Oriental despot, — but not wholly. He was more. He was the kind, just father of his chosen people, but outside of them, in a place above the roof of the sky which they called heaven. He was a God who ruled by laws which he had sent down from heaven and given to Moses; he was God who demanded sacrifice.

Then Jesus came with a new and bewildering idea of him, so transcendent that many, many generations were to elapse before the world could begin to grasp something of the full meaning of it. God is a father; not the father of a nation, but the father of every man and woman who walks the earth, of the publican, of the sinner and the outcast as well as of the fortunate; a father who is ready to recognize the spirit of Godhood in each, no matter into what state of bestiality he has deteriorated; man may become, by recognizing God in his true relationship, a responsible, autonomous being. 'I will arise and go to my Father.' How? Manfully, not ingratiatingly: not with presents to propitiate him, but with the offer of service — the only acceptable thing.

'Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant.' And is there, in all the gospel, any emblematic act more sublime than that final attempt, at the last sorrowful supper, of Our Lord to impress upon his disciples the meaning of his mission? We can hear the amazed cry of Peter, 'Lord, dost thou wash my feet?' and Jesus saying to him, 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.' He, the Messiah, washing their feet! Incomprehensible! What was the idea of God conveyed in this act?

Our Lord taught no system of government, but he brought into the world the germ, the seed, the idea that was to change all governments. He came to show an ignorant, groping humanity *what God was*. Behold the bewildered Pilate, who could not rid his mind of the obsession of monarchy, demanding, 'Art thou a king then?' And Jesus answering wearily, 'To this end was I born, and for this came I into the world, that I should bear witness of the truth.'

Read the life of Jesus of Nazareth, which the Roman historian dismisses so contemptuously in a few words; consider its simple but sublime teaching, put forth amid such trials and sorrows; think of the darkness and desolation of that Good Friday, when even the disciples had fled in terror, and then of the joy of these same disciples at the Resurrection — defeat turned into victory. Can it be possible that Peter, who had followed the footsteps of one who had deliberately made himself lowly among men, Peter, whose feet Christ had washed — that this Peter so misinterpreted his life and teachings that he went to Rome and became a high priest himself, and founded the greatest hierarchy the world has ever known?

The Acts and Epistles have enabled us more or less vividly to picture those early churches in Asia Minor, in Greece, yes, and in Rome itself. 'And he gave some to be apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers.' There, in all its social simplicity, is the organization of Christ's church — each worker according to his talent. We may well believe that the blessing of God has descended from one head to another, from one spirit to another, thus going back to the Divine Source of all — our Lord himself.

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It is interesting to consider the form of government taken by those early churches which were nearest to the life and teachings of the Lord. He did not prescribe their form; he prescribed no form; it was taken naturally, as the result of his teachings. Those churches or communities, with their overseers and presbyters, have been called by some modern writers democracies. We shall not quarrel about the name. We are more concerned with the spirit with which each Christian citizen was imbued — the spirit of Christ himself, helpfulness toward his neighbor, love of his neighbor. That gave the life to the community, and made its simple form possible.

Gradually, as we read history, we see a change coming over the form of government of the Church, a reactionary change. Rome being the centre and metropolis of the empire, as Christianity spread, the church in Rome as a matter of course took precedence. The empire was wide, communication was slow. Heresies, like Gnosticism, arose, and if the body of Christians were to be held together, if the Church were to remain united, a certain uniformity of belief was imperative. Then came the fall of the Roman Empire, and the rise of the Church from its ashes; the Church transformed, no longer a collection of simple communities, but a hierarchy and a temporal power combined, which was to exercise undisputed sway over kings and nations, over mind and soul for a thousand years. What had been a social democracy had become a monarchy, with high priests and princes of its own.

A monarchical God, a monarchical government, a monarchical church. We see the Church stoutly upholding a theory called the divine right of kings — God in the vice-riddled rulers of France, God in Charles Stuart.

The marvelous thing to contemplate is that, throughout the transformation, she consorted with kings, she upheld monarchy, but the poor and humble she never forgot.

Even after the Reformation, monarchy, for the majority of our race, remained the logical form of government. Read John Bunyan, in spite of the allegory. But with religious enlightenment, which was the result of the translation of the Bible, and especially of the Gospels and the Epistles of Paul, came slowly and imperceptibly — so slowly and imperceptibly that men themselves did not perceive whither they were going — another idea of God and another idea of government. What hand led the Pilgrims across the deep? What faith inspired them, what force sustained them on rigorous, inhospitable shores? God was still a terrible God for them. And yet they, and others who came here, Anglicans and Quakers, Baptists and Methodists and Presbyterians, — yes, and Roman Catholics, for Maryland sought for independence and Charles Carroll signed the Declaration, — all grew gradually to perceive, although they may not have argued it out in this way, that God had not delegated their government to a man who sat on the other side of the water, and who called himself 'George the Third, King by the grace of God.' No, God had brought them, in his own way, to the knowledge that his real dwelling-place was in the bosom of mankind. Government was *there*. What a casting off of false, what a taking on of true authority was that same Declaration of Independence!

By what authority? The baptism of John, was it of the Jewish hierarchy, or of God? The government of Washington and Lincoln, was it of God? or of the royal line of England?

I cannot refrain, here, from saying a word in connection with that other

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country with which we are united by ties of kindred and affection. Their struggle for liberty and truth has been parallel with our own. Nay, it is our own, for ours began in England.

As the meaning of history, of God's hand in history, becomes plain to us, a fact of remarkable significance stands out. We see that our Declaration of Independence had a vital religious significance: it was the first application of what may be called the Protestant principle to what was to become government on a large scale. We, representing a race in the van of civilization, had left one idea of government and religion behind us forever, and were slowly and painfully advancing toward another. Who will read the story of the revolt in Luther's day and say it was not political, as well as religious? It shook the very foundations of society.

The new Republic proclaimed to the world that transfer of authority to which the Reformation logically pointed — this is what I should like to make clear. Universal suffrage, which by many was thought madness, was in reality but the Christian principle directly applied, the recognition of the intrinsic worth of the individual, the ignoring of property as a qualification, the expression not only of an ideal, but of a firm conviction that God resided in the soul of man, that the individual conscience was therefore the only authority for an enlightened people. And the confidence that this would work out was a superb and supreme faith in the teaching and life of Christ, a faith in the humanity which he loved. It had a far-reaching religious significance, and exerted an influence on thought and government all over the world. How keenly, how jealously, was this experiment watched by the believers in, and champions of, that other hierarchical and monarchical authority!

Christ condemned, I firmly believe from reading the Gospels, that kind of authority. The early Christian communities, which were nearest to him in time, rejected it. The world and his Church went back to it and held it for fifteen hundred years, when the light dawned again, — the light of his true meaning, — and grows brighter and brighter as the false conceptions are slowly burned away. And the government founded one hundred and thirty-five years ago, in this new world (let us dare to say it), was a nearer approach than any that had gone before to those first communities which took their form directly and naturally from what he taught. But those communities were churches, you say, not governments. Does not this sentence suggest thought? a thought, perhaps, that we can scarcely put into words, a sublimer conception of a future union between Church and State than any that has yet entered our minds? 'The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven.' How indeed could the evolution, the development going on around us be more aptly expressed! The way in which God works for the perfecting of the world, the approach to the ideal!

Only the man who has read Americans superficially would say we are not idealists. Our very Declaration of Independence, so scoffed at in Europe, itself proves it. And it is that idealism more than any other element which has drawn millions of emigrants to our shores, which will save us in the end. What then is the Christian ideal of government? We must not let the brightness of the vision dazzle us, we must not let it frighten us — we must keep our eyes steadily turned toward it. The Christian ideal is the least possible government, a government wherein neither you nor I nor any other man or woman will labor and obey because we have to, but because we have learned

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the lesson which Christ taught, that happiness lies alone in service, in giving to the world that which God gave us. To hold up that vision, the vision of what we may be if we try, the vision of what God wishes and expects us to be, is the mission of the church.

And which among us will refuse to believe that Abraham Lincoln, like Stephen, saw his Master in the sky?

We are beginning to understand, at the dawning of the twentieth century, that there is still a higher, more Christian conception of government to come, and that our Declaration was but a step toward it.

No superficial glance at the civilization of the Protestant nations might lead us to think so. Ah, we have paid a price, a terrible price, for freedom, for the liberation of the individual subject. Until individual responsibility begins to be felt, excesses are the inevitable result of liberty. And so we behold hypocrisy, selfishness, ruthless competition — as terrible contrasts between luxury and misery as in Mark Antony's day. Should we, for that reason, go back to leading strings? Can we if we would? A little thought should convince us, in the words of an able modern writer on philosophy, that the liberation of the individual cannot be revoked, that it has forever destroyed the power of mere authority and tradition to carry conviction. We cannot go back to the Middle Ages; to do so would be to deteriorate and degenerate. We must go on. We have definitely transferred our authority to the conscience of man, and there it must remain for better or worse. We must and do believe that God dwells there. Nay, that God *is* that conscience, for God is a Spirit.

Let us look again at this civilization by which we are surrounded, and try if we cannot see, in increasing numbers, new men emerging, imbued with a new idea of God, new men and women the keynote of whose characters *is* individual responsibility. Such men and women are the ideal units of the government to come. Yes, somehow, in some way we do not quite grasp, the conviction is being brought home to us that our own incarnation means something: we feel faint stirrings that grow stronger, cosmic memories of forgotten injunctions and resolutions. God is a Spirit; and man, through that Spirit, divine.

Our spiritual vision is growing clearer. We are beginning to perceive that charity does not consist in dispensing largesse after making a fortune at the expense of one's fellow men: that there is something still wrong in a government that permits it. It is gradually becoming plain to us, after two thousand years, that human bodies and souls rotting in tenements are more valuable than all the forests on all the hills; that government, Christian government, has something to do with these.

We shall embody, in government, those sublime words of the Master, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' And the government of the future will care for its little children. We are beginning to do it. Here, as everywhere, Christianity and reason go hand in hand, for the child becomes the man who either preys on humanity and fills the prisons and robs his fellows, or else grows into a useful healthy citizen. It is nothing less than sheer folly as well as inhuman cruelty to let the children sleep in crowded, hot rooms, reeking with diseases, and run wild throughout the long summer, learning vice in the city streets. And we still have slavery — economic slavery — but as much a problem of government and a Christian concern as that which confronted us in 1861. The Christian man or woman who has worked in politics or sociology

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does not need to read the publication of commissions in Pittsburg or Chicago, or the revelation of a fire in a shirt-waist factory in New York, to realize this.

Who freed the Negro slaves? The Negroes? Or rather, what freed them? The Spirit of Christ freed them, the Spirit of Christ in the soul of Wilberforce, of Mrs. Stowe, of Lincoln, in millions of people who had nothing but sorrow and suffering to gain by the struggle. Is not this a wonderful thing, and does it not contradict and confound the wise, the cynical, the materialist? The Negroes, they said, — and say still, — were not ready for freedom, emancipation. Who is ready for it? Who is ready for responsibility, the only thing that develops us in this world, until it is thrust upon him? And then, somehow, he works it out.

There is another side to Christianity, a no less vital and important side for us moderns, which I must touch upon before I close.

I have laid stress upon the simplicity of government of those early Christian communities. One reason that has been assigned by many writers to account for the willing adoption of the brotherhood of man was the belief in the imminent coming of the Messiah. I am convinced that this reason, although often used to support another argument, is a true one. What our age needs, and what it has lacked, is the conviction of immortality.

Here we come again, I think, upon another element in the same problem I referred to before — the necessity of instilling faith into children in a way that cannot be shaken by any apparent contradictions in the knowledge they acquire in after life. The idea of immortality, plainly, was put before those first Christians in such manner that they could understand and grasp and believe it. And out of that belief they acted. Let me be personal for an instant, for I have gone through a process characteristic of thousands of men and women of to-day. I arrived at a conviction of immortality, — a Christian conviction, I believe, — but I had first to rid my mind of the imagery of the eschatology presented to me as a child; and, what is quite as important, of the obsession that my Christianity depended on it.

That eschatology given me in childhood was precisely the one preached to the Jewish peasant, the Greek, the Roman slave and freedman of the first century. Whenever I thought of it, I looked forward with terror to the last day, and the lurid light of the judgment scene was vividly pictured in my mind, the dead starting from their graves, the wicked on one side, the blest on the other.

As I grew older, the change that occurred in me was somewhat similar to that which went on in the world, as the years passed, and the Messiah did not come. So my own belief in the imminence of the Judgment Day gradually faded, and there was no other presentation put forward to take its place. I was not a Jewish Christian of the first century, but an American of the nineteenth. I had not in my blood, or instilled into me from my earliest recollections, the messianic idea, preached by the prophets of my nation for more than a thousand years. And in this messianic idea, by the way, were both patriotism and religion. Think of how the pious Jew must have dwelt upon the conception! Israel, in spite of the miseries of the past, in spite of oppression, defeats, captivity, persecution, would one day, through her God, come to her own; would rise triumphant and dominant over other peoples by means of her Messiah, who was to judge her, purge and emancipate her. And this Messiah must be a King himself, a

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descendant of the royal line of David. Think of the power of that idea upon one to whom, by race and environment, it might appeal!

Nor was I a Gentile, slave or freedman of the great Roman Empire, who might take fire from contact with a personality like Paul's or those of the early apostles, when told that this wonderful idea had been broadened so as to include me. The Messiah had indeed come, but not in the manner that men had looked for him. Therefore he must come again, and in that manner. The effect of that conception on the Christian, Jew, or Gentile of the age was, for reasons which we now clearly perceive, tremendous.

While I am on the subject I might go further and say that, as a younger man, Oriental imagery had no attractions for me. I neither understood it, nor sympathized with it temperamentally. The Christian faith was presented to me largely in terms of the Oriental imagination. Not being an Oriental Jew, I had no interest in Jerusalem any more than in Mecca. Naturally the idea of a new Jerusalem, which must have struck the ancient Oriental mind with force, did not appeal to me as a modern American.

What was the effect? A long period of indifference, until these mysterious thought-currents of which I have spoken began to act upon me, as they are acting upon other men, thought-currents which lead one to believe that this age is comparable to other quickening epochs in history: to the time when the German monk arose to discover that he was thinking what Germany was thinking, and England was thinking. I began to read. I tried to put myself in the place of the ancient Jew, of the Roman slave and freedman; and then, and not until then, did I see something of the revelation the words and life and resurrection of Christ must have been for such a man. I saw that the Christian religion was far different from what I had supposed. I freed it from the hard shell of its ancient terminology, and made it live for me in the twentieth century. I saw that it was capable of being presented, in the language of our time, to the ironworker of Pittsburg as well as to the fisherman of Galilee. I saw what I had not seen before, that it was not necessary to treat the modern ironworker, any more than the ancient fisherman, as a superstitious being who must approach his God through rites, observances, intermediaries, and sacrifices.

Truths are eternal, — the expressions of them may change from age to age. If my own circle of acquaintances presents any indication of the times, I should say that thousands and thousands of men and women to-day who had lost their belief in immortality are regaining it, and some who never had it are acquiring it. As the meaning of life becomes clearer, as the habit of right thinking more general, men are beginning to conceive of immortality itself in terms of service. All is service, here and hereafter. All is development. It is a dazzling, an awful idea, until we begin to get used to it, and to learn to conform our lives to it. The peace of God passes understanding, because it is not static. And once having found the secret, who would lose it? 'Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many.' Good and faithful servant! There, then, is our doctrine of immortality, hidden in the parable of the talents. Service, development! That is the secret. And, if reward be service, higher service, who would not labor for it?

Immortality was not only a conviction of Jesus Christ, but the more one reflects upon his life, the more immortality would seem to be the supreme conclusion to be drawn from it. He

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taught us the meaning of this life, pointed clearly to a future of further service. And is the developed soul, gained at such cost here, to be wasted in the universe?

Christ lives. Not only, as some would say, in the influence of his life and teachings upon men, but in a truer, more positive and vital way. Christianity is unaccountable otherwise, and stops dismayed at that terrible cry on the cross, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' Ah, do not insist upon the exact manner of that resurrection! Let men believe it as they will, for to believe it is to act upon it, and to act upon it is to bring upon earth the reign of that Kingdom which is God's own government for mankind, in all its fellowship and simplicity.

Lines which we once thought diverging, and then parallel, are now seen to be drawing together to a focus of dazzling brilliancy. There are signs all about us that science and history, government and the church, — the fellowship of Christians upon earth, — are drawing nearer and nearer together and to Christ. Psychology is doing an inestimable service for religion in tending to bring it into harmony with modern life and conceptions. Let us believe firmly that a time is coming; nay, is now at hand, when the church of Christ shall no longer be separated from our lives; when the condition of the Middle Ages shall be restored in a higher, nobler, truer form; when the religion of the risen Christ, freed from idolatry and superstition, shall find its true abiding-place in the heart of man, reign there in its supreme Authority, and permeate all the departments of life. God is no longer King only of the tribes of Israel, or ruler of a flat terrestrial expanse. God is a Spirit. He is the spirit of a million spheres, the spirit of mankind and of the Universe. 'But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth.'

UNDER THE MULBERRIES

A TALE OF THE ISLAND OF POROS

BY JULIA D. DRAGOUMIS

Where ancient olives silver the rich plain
Ringed in their fence of aloes, . . .
— R. Rodd.

I

A great pine grew among the mulberry trees near the wooden gate. The little house with its green shutters stood well back in the courtyard, away from the street and the shore. The sun, filtering through the vine leaves over the porch, made bright patches on the ground just outside the open door, where old Stamo sat, slowly drinking his morning coffee before the heat of the day began. It was good

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coffee too, not a concoction of dried figs and ground corn, for Stamo was a man of property, as property goes in the islands. He was a big old man, with blue eyes under bushy white eyebrows, and a pale skin. His hair was still plentiful, and for his age his back was wonderfully straight. He wore the cross-over vest and baggy dark-blue cotton breeches of the older islanders. His eyes followed his wife as she moved about the courtyard, watering her pots of sweet basil and carnations before the sun should rise too high. She was thin, and brown-skinned. but had evidently been a handsome woman in her youth, having the broad low brow, straight nose and finely chiseled nostrils of the classic type, which are met with so much oftener in the islands than on the mainland.

'Moska,' he began slowly, as she passed close to him, 'Moska, do you know that I never closed an eye all night?'

She paused, balancing her water-jar on the broken shaft of an old marble column that served as a stand for a multitude of small flower-pots.

'And why? Are you not well, perhaps?'

Stamo snorted contemptuously.

'Yes, you had better ask why. If you want to know, you had better ask your daughter why she spent the whole night crying and twisting about and sobbing on the other side of the wall, instead of saying her prayers and going off to sleep like a sensible maid.'

'And no wonder after the way you shouted at her last evening. Viola has always had a will of her own, you know it, and yesterday you never even let the poor child tell you what she wanted.'

'In my time a young girl never lifted her eyes from the ground when her father spoke to her: now they not only look up, but they must speak as well! I have no need to hear what she wants. I know it quite well and she can go on wanting. She will do just what I say, remember that. But you can tell her, at the same time, that I will have no crying at nights, or going about with red eyes and closed lips in the daytime.'

'Stamo, you want the loaf whole and the dog satisfied, and you cannot have it.'

'That is idle talk. Now hark you, wife, you must make the girl listen to reason; you women are better at talking.'

Moska poured all the water out of her jar upon a large 'Hibiscus Japonica,' blossoming into brilliant scarlet in the old battered petroleum tin into which it had been transplanted. Then she brought her jar, to refill it at the large red earthen one which stood against the wall of the house.

'You are a strange man, Stamo; all her life long you have spoiled the child, letting her have her way in all things, afraid lest the wind blow too hard, or the rain fall on her, and now you would marry her to a man she cannot bear.'

'And where pray will she find better? Will you tell me? Young, handsome, strong, a good son, and a good worker; yes, one of the best in the island. His father may not have much to leave him when he closes his eyes. It is not the old man's fault if he fell on evil days. I do not think of the money: what I know is that as God has not given us a son, I would rather Mantho worked in my vineyard and among my olive trees after me, than any man I know. A good lad, too: counts his words like a girl, and sweet-spoken and gentle.'

'But since she does not like him,' persisted his wife.

'Bah! leave me in peace with your foolish talk.'

Stamo pushed aside his coffee-cup

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and began pacing up and down the courtyard, his large hands crossed behind his back playing nervously with his short string of smooth brown beads.

'I have no patience with all this new rubbish. Who asked my mother, or yours, or yourself either, if they liked forsooth the husbands that were chosen for them? Who asked their opinion? And did they fare badly? I ask you did they fare badly? And I tell you plainly, once for all, my daughter is not going to set up her own silly brain against mine either, while I live. What are we reduced to when we must waste our time listening to what a maid will and will not. Fine doings indeed! That will be the feet rising to strike the head as my father used to say.'

Just then a girl came to the house door and stood looking out into the courtyard. The morning breeze made her blue cotton gown flutter a little, and stirred the little black curls at the back of her neck. She stood very quietly, her arms hanging and her hands empty. Her face showed traces of recent tears, and she would never be as handsome as her mother must have been, but she had the real velvety Greek eyes, and the rich coloring of a pomegranate flower.

Her father stopped short in his pacing and looked at her.

'Well,' he said roughly, after a pause, 'well, are you speechless to-day?'

'Good-morning, my father.'

A sort of inarticulate grunt was all the answer to her greeting, and the pacing was resumed.

'Come here,' he said at last.

The girl advanced and stood before him.

'Has the night put a little sense into your brain?' Then, without waiting for an answer, he continued, 'Your mother here says I do not let you say what you want. It strikes me I have let you say it too often. But let that be. Just tell us now, who is this man you saw at your aunt's house, and imagined you could choose for a husband; perhaps your mother will believe then what folly it was sending you to Piræus, and filling your narrow head with town notions. Come, speak, since I permit it. Who is he?'

'He is no town man, but an islander, a sailor in the Navy.'

'That is to say?'

'Niko Mandelli, the son of Andoni who died, and of Kyra Panayota.'

'A fine bridegroom, truly! who tried all trades and succeeded in none.'

'He is a sailor, I told you, my father.'

'Because he cannot get away from the Navy, and because he has to work there whether he will or no. I know him. A man who was left with three sisters when his father died, and who could never earn enough to feed them, much less put aside a dowry for them; with the result that two of them, over thirty, are unmarried to this day, and if the youngest married, and his mother has a piece of bread to eat and a mattress to lie on, it is no thanks to him, but to his uncle, her brother Anastasi. The old woman takes in other folks' washing, and this fine son of hers, instead of helping in any way, comes and takes what he can from her whenever he is free. A fine bridegroom! His father over again!'

'His father is dead.'

'Does that make him any better?'

The old man kicked aside the stool which was before him, and began once more pacing up and down. Then after a pause, —

'Even were he other than he is, do you think I mean to give you to a sailor, a man who is now here, and now there, and who would never be in his house to look after you, when I have closed my eyes? Put that out of your head.'

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'Niko said he would soon be promoted and earn more, and then, through the deputy who knew his father, he could manage to be ordered here to the Naval School, and stay with us always.'

'He is very good! And if you please will you do me the favor to tell me how you know all this? Decent maidens do not look up when a strange young man speaks.'

'He said it to my uncle, and my uncle told me.'

'I always knew your uncle had about as much brain as a cock, but I never thought even he would talk of marriage to a maid, before her parents knew of it.'

'My uncle knows many things and reads many newspapers, and he says now in our time women must choose for themselves.'

The old man laughed aloud.

'Truly a fine jest! and the next thing will be perhaps that after a maid has found her bridegroom all alone, she will come and tell her parents that the matter is settled. But I am a fool to waste my words. Put all this nonsense out of your head at once. Even if I would give you to Niko Mandelli, which I never will, I could not. I have spoken long ago to Mantho's father, to old Photi, and he is willing.'

'That does not matter, Stamo,' put in his wife, 'they have not been engaged by the priest, nor exchanged rings; you could change your mind if you liked.'

'Stamo, the son of Theophani the miller, does *not* change his mind,' shouted the old man angrily; 'moreover all the village knows it. Are we so many that what is known to two houses can be hidden from all the rest? You must gather yourself together a little, my girl. It is ended now, the running up the hillsides for thyme or cyclamen or *koumara*, or sitting idle under the olive trees. You are a grown maiden now, and must stay at home and help your mother to prepare your dower-clothes.'

'But Mantho is slow-witted, he never opens his lips, and I do not like him,' said Viola, her eyes filling again.

'He is a good lad, and a good son, and he can work if he cannot talk. That is enough words. You will take the man I choose for you, like or no like; yes, and sing a little song into the bargain.'

The girl lifted her eyes and looked her father full in the face.

'I will marry no man if it be not my will also; even before the priest I will say no!'

'Silence,' shouted her father. 'How dare you lift your voice up before me?'

He raised his hand as though to strike her, but his wife seized hold of his arm. He wrenched it free, and catching hold of Viola by the shoulder twisted her round.

'Listen to me. What I say I mean. You will marry Mantho if you marry at all. For the sake of my name, and what they will say in the island, I will not marry you to any man by force. But if you do marry, it shall be to the man I have chosen. Otherwise you die a maid. I have said. It is finished.'

He released his grasp of the girl so suddenly that she swayed and caught hold of the vine-trunk to save herself from falling. Then, with a scowl on his face, he crossed over to where the great pine grew among the mulberry trees, pulled open the wooden gate and went out.

Viola turned round and went indoors, her mother following with the empty jar in her hand.

In the house both shutters and panes were wide open, admitting the fragrance of the lemon-blossom and the strong fresh brine from the sea, also other varied village odors less easily

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definable. An old four-post bed with quaintly twisted columns, probably a relic of Venetian days in the island, stood in one corner, and the girl seated herself on this, letting her feet swing backwards and forwards.

'My father may say, and he may shout, nevertheless I will marry whom I will, and no other. If he be Stamo son of Theophani, I am Viola the daughter of Stamo, and my will is as strong as his. Mother, say, have I not always done as I would?'

Moska sighed, foreseeing trouble.

'But you must not anger your father, my child.'

'No,' said Viola, 'I will not. It makes much noise, and it serves no purpose.'

Viola remembered Mantho from the time she was a tiny maid of four or five years old. Her father would often in those days hoist her on his shoulder and carry her with him when he went to work on the mainland, in his olive grove and lemon orchard.

Old Photi's land adjoined theirs, and his son Mantho, a tall, awkward, silent lad, was always by his side.

He would leave off work at sunset, a little before his father, and returning to the tiny three-roomed hut, would light the fire, tidy up the place, and cook their bean soup or their boiled herbs as handily as any woman, singing the while to himself all the island songs he had ever heard. Song came to him far more naturally than speech, and his voice had that peculiar vibration in it which brings at the same time pure delight and also sweet pain to the hearer.

For some days, however, after the storm of the explanation there was a period of calm. Few words were exchanged between Viola and her father, and when sometimes after dark a few bars of a love-song were heard outside the house, old Stamo would smile complacently, as though consenting to the courtship of an accepted lover.

Nevertheless, a whisper ran round the village that the marriage of Photi's Mantho and Stamo's Viola was not so much an accomplished fact as it had been considered. Whence the rumor sprang no one knew, nor from which side the reluctance arose, but it was generally attributed to Viola.

II

It was full moon and old Stamo had been sitting after supper with his wife under the great pine that grew among the mulberry trees. When they came indoors there was no light in the house, for the moonlight was streaming through the open shutters, and Moska was too good a housewife to waste good oil where it was not needed. Viola was leaning against the window, her eyes fixed on the shimmering reflection of the moon on the sea, but her arched eyebrows were drawn into a straight line, and her lips tightly closed.

Suddenly, while her father's hand was on the door of the sleeping-room beyond, and her mother had just taken out the sprigs of myrtle that closed the mouth of the large water-jar in order to fill a smaller one for the night, a man's voice arose out of the shadow of the neighboring houses.

Not a very powerful voice, perhaps, though an old Frenchman who came to the island some years later, and who had heard all the wonderful singers of his day, told Mantho that had he only studied he might have been a great tenor, and have sung not only in Athens, but in Italy where the public is so hard to please, in Paris where good singing is understood, and in London where great sums are paid to listen to it. But it was too late then. It was a voice young, warm, and resonant; what the older Italians meant when

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they talked of 'il bel canto.' A voice, and above all a way of bringing forth, which produced the impression that not only had the singer himself composed the song he was singing, but that it faithfully expressed his feeling, or passion, of the moment. A voice that embodied all the joy and all the sadness of life, but stripped it of all sordidness or brutality. A voice that made every nerve vibrate even of the least music-loving, that was at one and the same time a spiritual joy and a physical caress.

Viola took a step back into the room as though to leave the window, when it first arose; but after the first notes she stood quite still and went no farther.

The old people came closer and peered out, but no figure was visible in the moonlight, though every object and every shadow was as sharply defined as at noon. Two or three of the smaller houses on the right jutted out into the road, and it was easy to be hidden from view behind them.

The song was a simple island love-song which they all knew well and had heard often: but it had a plaintive sound that seemed new to them.

The long sweet notes rose and fell, ending almost in a sigh.

When it was over, Stamo looked at his daughter.

'Well, my lass,' he said, 'I do not think there are many maidens who can say they are so sweetly courted.'

'He sings well,' said Viola, 'but it is no courtship, that a lad should sing a song on a summer night, when the moon is high.'

'Patience,' laughed her father, 'the rest will come.'

The next afternoon, as there were no lemons left in the house, Viola told her mother she would cross over to the orchard and bring some back with her.

'Take a bundle of clothes with you also,' said Moska; 'we wash on Monday, and it will be that less to carry.'

For through the lemon trees ran a little stream coming down from the hills; and as it never dried up even in summer, the women always took their linen there to wash. So Viola tied a white kerchief over her hair, snatched up the bundle, and before opening the wooden gate stopped a moment, where the great pine grew among the mulberry trees, to pick some of the purple berries into a leaf, for refreshment on the way.

One of Louka's boats was just starting for the mainland, so, bestowing the last of her mulberries on Nasso, one of the ragged lads always hanging about the quay, Viola jumped into it, finding herself with six other passengers, to say nothing of a mule.

Once on the other side she paid her five *lepta*, and crossed the shady beach, and the olive-planted slope that led to a narrow lane beyond.

Viola walked more slowly along this lane, as though she were beginning to feel the weight of her bundle. On both sides were garden walls overshadowed by lemon and other fruit trees, and here and there little white houses with their covered terraces, and rows of orange-colored pumpkins spread out to dry on the terrace ledges. Toward the end of the lane she lifted the latch of a high wooden gate and passed into the orchard. A narrow path between two rows of tall cypresses led to the fruit trees. Oleanders and jasmine grew in tangled masses of pink and white and yellow against the dark straight trunks. The lemon trees were giving well this year, and clusters of light yellow hung thick under the shining leaves. Here and there were dotted a few smaller mandarin trees, and at the farthest end was the silver gray of the olives. Beyond a hedge of aloes was another strip of land planted with

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a few trees, and at one corner a very small white house.

Viola deposited her bundle in a little outhouse where the fodder was kept, and then, going to one of the heaviest-laden lemon trees, she stood looking up at the fruit. Under the shade of a giant walnut tree a mule was turning round and round at the pump-well, and Viola could hear the monotonous creaking of the primitive wooden wheel.

A young man was opening channels in the soft earth for the water to flow into the ditches dug round the roots of the trees. He turned at the sound of Viola's footsteps, started, and throwing down his mattock, came up to where she stood.

He was of middle height, brown-eyed, with a slight dark moustache that left the lips free. His features were not in any way remarkable, but were well-finished. In motion he was rather graceful, but when in repose he had awkward restless movements of his hands, and now and then a little nervous shake of the head.

'Welcome,' he said; and then after a moment, as she did not speak, 'your father has not been here to-day; he is well?'

'Yes, quite well, but he has gone for two days to Piræus.'

'For the plough, perhaps?'

'Yes, so he said.'

There was a pause. Mantho clasped and unclasped his hands, and balanced himself first on one foot, and then on the other, looking all the time at Viola.

'Is there anything you wish?' he asked at last.

'My mother has no lemons; I came to get some.'

'Shall I pick you a few?'

'Yes, if you will.'

He pulled seven or eight of the yellowest fruit off the laden branches and looked at her inquiringly.

'Add a few more, that I may not have to be coming again to-morrow.'

When he had made a little pile on the ground of fifteen or so, she said, —

'Thank you, that is enough.'

'How will you carry them?'

She looked about her vaguely.

'True, I forgot to bring my *tagari*.'

'Wait, I will bring one.'

He ran to the back of the orchard, struggled through a gap in the hedge, and crossing the strip of land to the little house, returned almost at once bringing a brightly striped tagari in his hand. In this he placed the lemons, covering them with a few of their leaves.

'There is still room; shall I lay a few figs at the top?'

'It is not worth while,' said the girl; 'we have still a few left from this morning, and we are only two souls in the house, now that my father is away.'

She took the tagari from his hand, and he waited. Then as she made no movement to go, —

'It is heavy for you, perhaps?' he asked.

'Bah, it is nothing; I could carry ten times as much.'

She took a few steps toward the entrance, then turned suddenly, and, with decision in her voice, said, —

'Mantho, my father told me that he has spoken to yours, that they have agreed between them — that they — that we — '

'Yes,' said the man, with a little quiver of his eyelids, 'I know.'

Viola hesitated a moment and then continued, —

'I must speak to you of this'; but as he looked up at her she went on hurriedly, 'yes, I know — you will say perhaps it is not seemly that I should come here, and speak to you on this matter alone; I do not know — perhaps you are right, but I must do it; there is no one else. My father has been

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very angry with me, and I have suffered much for many days now.'

'You must not suffer. What angered your father? I thought he was always good to you. He loves you well.'

'He loves me well while I am ready to say, "Yes, Lord!" to his every will. But if I be not ready, then he swears things must happen as he orders, and if I suffer it matters not, for a maid's will is of no account.'

'What does he order?'

'That I marry you.'

The man turned pale under his sunburn.

'And you?'

'I do not wish it; no.'

There was silence for a moment, broken only by the slow continuous creaking of the wooden wheel and the buzz of the insects in the trees. Then Viola resumed, —

'You must not think evil in your mind. It is not that you are poor, or that I do not know you are good — but, I cannot be married to you.'

Mantho pressed one hand tightly against the other and cleared his throat once or twice.

'If you do not wish it, it must not be,' he said slowly. 'You must tell your father you cannot do it.'

'Do you think I have not told him? But he will not listen. For two days we talked, and at the end he was terribly angry. And now I am afraid of him. You cannot tell how afraid I am! He took me by the shoulder, so hard — I nearly fell.'

The man's face darkened; he took a step forward.

'These things must not be. No one must make you afraid. Your father must understand that you cannot do as he wills — that you would suffer. Cannot your mother speak to him?'

'She has spoken; he will not listen to her any more than to me. It is finished, he says, all the island knows it, and he will not change. And if he forces me, what can I, a poor maid, do? Can I shame you and myself and say no before the priest? I told him I would do even that, but I think I would rather die.'

'Hush — it shall not be, I tell you. I will speak to him myself, I will tell him that you cannot —'

'For God's name, no! He would kill me if he knew I had come here and spoken to you myself on the matter.'

'But then —'

'Nay, listen. There is but one way. You are good, Mantho, you have always had a good heart, you will not refuse to help me, and some day the Holy Virgin will send you a bride a thousand times better than I am.'

'But since you will not let me speak to him.'

'Not as you meant to, no. But you must speak to him, Mantho, and I will bless you always — you must tell him —'

'What must I tell him?'

'That *you* will not marry *me*.'

His face hardened.

'That is impossible. I do not tell such lies. Moreover, it would be an insult. My father has given his word.'

'Mantho, I beg of you. You can say your father had not asked you. That you are a man grown, and have your own will. That you do not wish to marry yet.'

'Your father would be terribly angered, and justly.'

'At first, yes, but it would pass with time, and you could see him less often perhaps. While I — Oh, Mantho, will you not help me?'

'Not in this way; I cannot.'

'I see; your words are idle words. You say at first you would not have me suffer, and when I ask your help, you fear my father's anger too much. You would rather it fell upon me!'

'*That* you must not say.'

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'Why not, since it is true? Well, I will go now. It is late. I was foolish to think you would help me — men have always great words — but they are only words.'

'Stay; you wish me to tell your father that I refuse to marry you?'

'Since you will not do it, why do you ask again?'

For a few moments the man stood quite still, his hands tightly clenched, his brows knit. The creaking of the wooden wheel went on monotonously and unceasingly. He had worked accompanied by this sound nearly all his life long, and had never noticed it any more than the chirp of the tettix; now it seemed to him that the noise was maddening.

Suddenly he looked her full in the eyes.

'Will you tell me one thing? Is it that you do not wish to be married, or — you have been away from the island — you may have seen others, with more learning, with better ways than ours. Is it perhaps that there is some one for whom your heart has spoken, and to whom your father will not give you?'

Viola looked at him in astonishment; she had never yet heard so long a speech from Mantho.

'My father will not give me now,' she answered, 'but perhaps, who knows, later on, when Niko comes here —'

'Ah! And he loves you, this man?'

'It seems so to me.'

'Then why does he not come at once, like an honest lad, and ask you from your father?'

'No, no, not yet, I do not wish him to come yet. I do not wish to seem that it is I who refuse to marry you. My father is terrible when he is angry with me, or when things do not come as he likes. Only to think of him makes me afraid.'

'Be not afraid then. I will say what you wish.'

'Oh, Mantho, I thank you. I always knew you were good, but —'

'Hush, I am not good; only you must not suffer or be afraid. These things must not be. Now go. It is late. And your mother will wonder.'

'Good-night, Mantho.'

'Good-night. Sleep well — and be not afraid.'

III

Viola was right in describing her father as terrible when things did not happen as he liked. To the suggestion that she had thrown out the night of the serenade, that though old Photi was so pleased about this marriage, his son might not be as willing, he had never even given a second thought. So that now the young man's quiet announcement that he had not yet thought of marriage, that he thanked Kyr Stamo for preferring him, but that without intending any disrespect to his daughter, he meant to go on living alone, with his father, came upon the old man like a bolt from the blue. The scene with Mantho was terrible. Two hired men who were working in the vineyard the day it happened, witnessed it from a distance, and even heard part of the old man's furious invectives.

Stamo never for a moment dreamed that this unheard-of refusal of Mantho's to fulfill the engagement entered into by his father, could in any way be connected with what he considered Viola's foolish talk of some days ago. On the contrary he was convinced that notwithstanding all she said then, she must be feeling the insult offered to her by Mantho very deeply, and attributed all her entreaties in his favor to the weak mercy of an exceptionally tender heart. He fulfilled his threats to the letter, and Mantho gained nothing but excuses or evasive answers wherever he applied for work. The re-

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sult was that the poor lad saw absolute starvation before him and consequently his father, unless he decided to leave the island and seek for work elsewhere.

It must be confessed that he had never foreseen this extreme result of his sacrifice, and that it was with a heavy heart and bitter thoughts that he decided to tell his father that he must leave him.

It was three days later, while the old man was loosening the earth round the roots of his olive trees, that Mantho told him very gently that there was no work for him anywhere on the island, and that he thought of going to Kalamata in the Peloponnesus, where he had been told that there was much work to be had, on account of the many strong men and lads who had emigrated from there to America.

His father said very little. That Greece was a small country and that the lad could not at worst be more than two days' journey away, meant nothing to the old peasant. To him Poros was his country, just as to his ancestors in the old days each man's city represented the whole of the fatherland.

Viola knew that Mantho had left, but that was all. The only one from whom she might have heard news of him was his father, and she never went across to the mainland now. Stamo, content with the vengeance he had taken for the hurt offered him, never mentioned Mantho's name, and if he regretted the clever willing worker, who had always been so prompt to forestall any disaster to the trees or vines, so ready to obey, or to suggest as the case might be, he never said so.

Viola spent more time indoors than formerly, only going to the fountain for water, or now and then with Maroussa and Youla as far as the narrow beach outside the Naval School to see the sailors being exercised. She tried to understand the sharp orders given, the marching and counter-marching, and often told her companions how much finer Niko would look when he got his stripe than most of the under-officers who put the untrained recruits through their paces. She even persuaded Youla one day when they were alone together, to stop with her on pretence of asking for a glass of water at the door of the little tumble-down house where Niko's old mother and two sisters lived.

They found an unkempt, frowsy-looking old woman, busy with her daughter at the wash-tub in the yard. She stopped just long enough in the midst of a noisy altercation with the younger woman, to fill a small gourd, telling them they might drink out of that. They left after putting it to their lips, but they could hear the old woman shrieking and wrangling violently, long after they had left the house behind them.

Viola often wondered why, though nearly a year had passed since her return from Piræus, nothing further had ever been heard of Niko; but the wonder remained in a way impersonal, and the silence carried no sting with it. Sitting idle under the great pine that grew among the mulberry trees, she would strive to keep her thoughts fixed on the young sailor as she remembered him, with his ready laugh, his trim figure, and the curious narrowing and softening of his eyes when he spoke to her. But all these memories, which at first had been so vividly present that she had only to close her eyes to see his face again, were getting faint and elusive. The image was dim, and sometimes after many days it was with a start that she remembered Niko again. This made her angry every time it happened. She did not consciously accuse herself of fickleness. Self-analysis is not the rule in Poros, but it made her vaguely dissatisfied, irritable, and

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liable to bursts of ill-temper, which even her quiet, easy-going mother found it hard to endure. The poor sorely-tried creature was convinced that her girl was pining for the absent, careless, sailor lover she had talked about so much, and she was even mustering up the necessary courage for another appeal to her husband in their behalf. So that her bewilderment was as great as her relief at the fashion in which Viola received some news that Maroussa told them one evening, when she came to borrow an egg for her grandmother. It was after dark, and none could be bought at that hour, it being firmly believed in Poros that hens will not lay again if their eggs are sold after sunset.

There had been a letter from Metro in Athens, Maroussa said, and among other things he mentioned having seen Niko Mandelli, the sailor from Poros, walking out last Sunday afternoon with his young bride, the daughter of a rich iron-founder in Piræus, whose dowry it was said was over fifteen thousand drachmas. Maroussa added that his mother, to whom Niko had written the news, begging her to keep his marriage a secret for the present, was nevertheless boasting all over the village of her son's great good-fortune.

Viola listened in silence till, catching sight of her mother's anxious, almost agonized look fixed on her, she suddenly burst into an irresistible fit of laughter, and threw her arms round her.

'My poor old *manoula!* Do you think I am going to weep or faint or die? See, there is not the least little tear. We shall find plenty better than Niko Mandelli, and never shall I give him another thought, as sure as my name is Viola.'

And when Moska, stroking her hand, asked tremulously, 'Are you perhaps showing courage, my daughter, that I should not be uneasy? Surely you must have had a shock. Will you not lie down on the big bed, while I get you a little orange-flower water?' she refused laughingly, adding, —

'I am well, quite well, manoula; you shall be tortured no more, and hear no more angry words.'

She kept her promise, and was gentle, and smiled often, though sometimes she still sat buried in thought under the great pine that grew among the mulberry trees.

IV

About two years after Mantho's departure, toward Easter, old Ghika, the miller, sent an ambassadress — as the habit is in Poros — to ask for Viola in marriage for his son Panayi. The girl prepared again for battle with her father, as the proposed bridegroom, though an undersized, sickly-looking youth, was reckoned to be not only doing well as a joiner in Piræus, but to have expectations in the future, — Ghika, his father, being well known as a miser, and likely to have much put by. Strange to say, there was no battle, nor even a skirmish. Stamo contented himself by quietly stating one evening to his wife and daughter that he had told Kyra Krinio, the ambassadress in question, that he was much honored, but having one daughter only, he could not consent to her living away from the island. Stranger still, for Poros women are not often listened to, and rarely if ever consulted, he turned to Viola, asking, —

'Did I not say well?'

'Very well, my father,' she answered, deeply relieved at this easy solution of the difficulty she had dreaded.

Then old Photi fell ill; nothing very serious at first, just a little marsh fever that he neglected; but one day he was found faint and shivering at the foot

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of an olive tree, having lain there some hours with no strength to drag himself as far as the little house. Moska, returning from the fountain, told Viola that Kyr Vangheli, the schoolmaster, had sent a letter to Mantho to tell him he must come to his father, if only for a few days. Then a few days later someone said that Photi was much better, and that when Mantho arrived he had found his father up and about; but this was again contradicted, and others said that the old man had been in time to send word to his son not to trouble, so that he was not coming at all.

The truth was that Mantho had arrived quite early one morning, and finding his father better, but not up, had remained for two days shut up in their little house with him, so that it was only on the third day that he came across to the island.

In fact, Viola was the first to see him.

She had been sitting under the great pine that grew among the mulberry trees, and her mother, who had just gone out, had left the wooden gate open, so that Viola sat watching the sea and the few passers-by.

It was some time after sunset, and the bats were circling above in the darkening sky.

Viola looked up suddenly and saw Mantho looking at her. It seemed to her for a moment as though she had been expecting him all day.

She rose and walked toward him.

'Welcome, Mantho. I did not know for certain that you had returned. Come in.'

He followed her, and as she stopped to close the gate, she added, —

'How is your father? How did you find him?'

'I thank you, he is better. He had neglected himself, but I gave him quinine and kept him warm, and to-morrow or the day after he will be up, and out in the sun.'

'That is well. And have you found good work there, where you stay?'

'There is plenty of work for all at Kalamata.'

'And is it a fine country?'

'It is not an ugly place, and the people are good, but it is not the island.'

Viola looked down, and was silent for a moment; then: 'And how came you in the neighborhood this evening?'

'I came,' said Mantho, quietly, 'that I might see you. Also I heard your father was at Sotiro's, and as I leave Poros again in two days, I came near the house, with the hope that perhaps I might speak a word with you, and learn whether you are content, and whether no one makes you suffer.'

'Did you come for that alone?' asked Viola, looking away at the sea.

'For that alone, yes. For what else should I come?'

'I thought perhaps that as you heard I was still free, and that few had asked for me, you might have come to try whether I were more willing now than two years ago. Moreover, I am still Stamo's daughter, and the oil-years have been good.'

She looked up curiously as she spoke, to see how he would take her words. It was so dark she could scarcely distinguish his face, but she could hear him breathing heavily.

When he spoke his voice sounded far-off and toneless.

'You know well that you have lied, that no such thought could come to me. Listen. I go, and shall not return, but you must hear first what I have to say. As I stand here and as God hears me, never have I given a thought to your father's riches. If I had wished, I could have said naught and he would have given you to me; but because you did not wish to marry me, I lied to your father, and took back my father's given word. They said bad things of me, but I let them say. Then I went

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away from the island, because, since you were afraid, it could not be otherwise: but I left the old man all alone, and he has but me. I worked for my bread, a stranger in strange parts. I could not know if any day that dawned I might not hear that you were wed. God knows what I suffered, but I swear before Him now, that you shall become a stranger to me. Never again shall you say what you have said to-day. They were unjust words. I go, that I may not say worse.'

He turned away and strove to open the gate, but his fingers were limp and trembling, and he could not do it.

All at once Viola rose and stood before him.

'Yes, they were unjust words, they were evil words, but you must forget them. You must not go. I do not know why I said them. I was mad, I think. You said yourself that they were lies. Mantho, you must not go, you must never go. I will not let you go.' And as he still strove with the latch and gave her never a word, or a look, 'Listen,' she said, 'I told you two years ago that I did not wish to marry you, did I not?'

'Let me go,' he muttered harshly, 'all that is over.'

'It is over, yes; you say well, it is over. I did not know then what I wished. I thought of the other man, but when you went away and at night there was silence round the house, and I heard your songs no more, then I struck my head in despair and knew I was a fool. When they told me he was married I was glad, and to-day when I saw you, there was joy in my heart. So, indeed, I cannot think why I said the evil words that angered you. Mantho, Mantho!' for he had opened the gate, 'you must not go, oh, you must not go!'

'Why should I stay? To-morrow you will send me away again: you will say once more that it is your will. It is better I should go. You have tortured me too long.'

She turned away and sank down on the little bench hiding her face in her hands, and swaying to and fro.

'Oh, Christ!' she cried, 'Christ and Holy Virgin, have I not suffered also, and now he will not believe me. Oh, my God, if he leaves me I shall be always alone and there will be no one to love me, no one, no one.'

Her words ended in sobs.

It was quite dark now. Mantho closed the gate softly and came near her.

'There will always be one,' he said; and then he stooped over her and touched her wet cheek tenderly.

'Let me tell you,' he whispered, 'he is poor, the one who loves you, but he is not old, and his arms are strong to work for you and to hold you. He is not very learned in letters, and he does not know very much of the outside world. He cannot tell his secret pain as other lovers do, but he can sing it like a bird in the woods. He has not learned to bow and make fine speeches as the Franks do, but he can love well in the old-fashioned Greek way.'

Then he put his arms round her, and they stood together under the great pine that grew among the mulberry trees.

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INSANITY AND NON-RESTRAINT

BY CHARLES WHITNEY PAGE

[For centuries tradition has firmly held that the 'evil spirits' of the insane must be exorcised by various methods of restraint. Our ancestors prevented the insane from injuring society, and thought their duty done. In modern times, the methods employed have grown milder with the advance of humanitarianism, but the principles involved have undergone little radical change, and legislation concerning the treatment of the insane has, until recently, concerned itself more with the safety of the persons of the wardens and of the property of the state than with the cure of the patients themselves. The restraints by means of which institutions seek to render insane people comparatively harmless are three in number: 1. Mechanical appliances. 2. Solitary confinement. 3. The chemical restraint of drugs. Singly or in combination, these methods are still very generally employed. In institutional work throughout the United States a determined effort is now on foot to solve the terrible problem of insanity without weapons other than those of kindness, wisdom, and unlimited patience. Already in Scotland, the employment of restraint of any kind in the care of the insane is prohibited by law, while in England restraint is strongly discountenanced. In America, New York and Kentucky have adopted advanced legislation on the subject, Massachusetts is following more conservatively in their wake, while much interesting experimentation is going on in other parts of the country.

— THE EDITORS.]

PUBLIC sentiment requires that the insane in hospitals shall, so far as possible, be restored to normal health; and that patients, of both acute and chronic classes, shall be provided with substantial comforts, shall be protected from abuse and unnecessary hardships, and shall enjoy a reasonable degree of freedom. It is well known that the insane were subjected to shocking treatment in earlier times; and no doubt insane patients, in hospitals set apart for their proper care and treatment, still suffer much at times from the hands of those employed to nurse and watch over them. Such abuse cannot be wholly suppressed until the old system of coercion, with its severe discipline and its mechanical appliances ready to substantiate threats, is eradicated from hospitals for the insane, and practical compassion, with gentle arts and persuasive measures, is adopted by the entire management, nurses, and medical officials, as the ruling principle in managing the patients.

Strict rules, admonishing nurses and attendants to avoid abuse of patients, abolishing instruments for mechanical restraint, and increasing the wages of the employees, are commendable steps in the right direction; yet such measures fall short of protecting troublesome, unreasonable patients under the absolute control of thoughtless, dictatorial attendants, and dependent for comfort upon what abridged rights and restricted freedom they can obtain from employees. Where the ward-management of turbulent patients is left largely to the discretion of attendants who have had no practical experience in controlling the insane without threats and mechanical restraint, these attendants naturally assume that patients must be held in such a state of subjugation that they will promptly obey any command. Their ignorant and undisciplined inclination incites them to bully the patients, and to compel them to obey unnecessary orders, simply by way of testing their docility.

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Too often some of the rougher class of attendants will deliberately attack a new patient in order to show him who is master. One motive for such cruelties is the desire to impress the patient early with a fear of consequences should he report to medical officials instances of abuse which he, or other patients, may have suffered. When patients who have been badly treated by employees suppress the facts and refuse to answer questions, intimidation is the most probable explanation. The pitiless attendant who is cautious enough to fear detection, and possibly discharge, can usually irritate and provoke the patient into resistance or attack; and when the patient has actually struck the first blow, his fate is sealed. Under the plea of self-defense the attendant can safely pommel his innocent victim.

Public opinion is occasionally fanned into indignation by published reports of hospital abuses. At such times an investigation of the reported death or serious injury of some insane patient may be ordered by the governor or legislature, and as an outcome, some employee may be censured and discharged; but more frequently the final report will minimize the outrage because the situation, as represented by interested hospital parties, was one of great peril to the employee. In the findings, the sad results of such 'hospital accidents' are always regretted, but are deemed unavoidable so far as the investigators are able to judge. Such official investigations are almost always superficial, and the verdict serves little purpose beyond softening the process of closing the incident.

Happily such hospital conditions are now exceptional, but without doubt a minor phase of ward-despotism does exist, not infrequently, in some wards of most hospitals for the insane. Too often attendants order patients about in rough terms, even with profanity, manifest a degree of impatience most exasperating to nervous invalids, and threaten them with removal to back wards, seclusion rooms, or with straitjackets, unless they respond instantly when addressed by the ward 'dictator.' The great majority of patients submit to such treatment — some meekly, some sullenly; but occasionally some irritable or semi-demented person will continuously ignore the commands of the churlish overseer. Louder and more terrible menaces follow, until the baffled petty autocrat, intent upon maintaining his idea of discipline, strikes or seizes the 'rebellious subject,' who may then unexpectedly show fight, and, in consequence, some one will be injured, usually the poor patient.

And yet, the attendants who inflict such discomfort and misery have some defense for their conduct. The hasty arbitrary measures enforced by the average state hospital ward-attendant may represent his best judgment and be the measure of the meagre or erroneous instruction he has received, as well as of the faulty character he is developing through inadequate instruction and incompetent guidance. To insure the proper treatment of the insane in large hospitals, the individual members of the nursing staff should be trained to understand the propriety and the importance of controlling patients by gentle persuasive measures. Their sympathies for the patient should be awakened and cultivated. They should be inducted into the practice of leading patients by suggestion, deliberation, conscious mental power and the advantages of position. They should take professional pride in winning mental victories over the turbulent insane, and should deplore the subjugation of confused and terrified insane men and women by brute force and straitjackets.

The humane management of the in-

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sane in conformity with the most modern ideas has come to be designated as the 'non-restraint' system. The term does not characterize the whole scheme but suggests it, because strait-jackets, wristlets, and bed-harnesses are the obvious and tangible insignia of the repressive methods too commonly enforced. Moreover, the pacific arts involved in the proper treatment of the insane cannot be successfully inculcated and enforced unless mechanical restraint be altogether discarded. Non-restraint in its literal, narrow sense may be made the rule of an institution without bettering the treatment of the patients. Processes more painful and more dangerous than wearing the camisole, can be employed by tyrannical attendants to frighten and intimidate defenseless inmates.

Doubtless a patient will occasionally betray critical symptoms which seem to necessitate mechanical restraint; and the use of such restraint may result in no injury, mental or physical, to that particular patient. Could the treatment of such a case be entirely dissociated from all other cases in the minds of the physicians and nurses, the use of straps and jackets might be regarded as unobjectionable. But in institutions for the custody of the insane, the general welfare of the whole body of inmates depends very much upon the morale of the nursing staff; and the demoralizing effects upon its members of making exceptions to the 'non-restraint' rule are so pernicious and wide-reaching, that yielding to the use of mechanical restraint with occasional patients would sacrifice the best interests of a multitude of other cases having equal claims on the management for protection from unnecessary restraint and ignominy. The superintendent who fancies that he is controlling the use of mechanical restraint in the hospital where he directs affairs, when he reserves to himself the power to decide whether or not mechanical restraint shall be used in any given case, does not see himself as others see him. Even the nurses understand the situation better than he does. They clearly realize that it is they who inspire the judgment of their superior.

Sometimes, for instance, the superintendent receives a telephone report from nurses that some patient is desperately suicidal or dangerously maniacal, with a request that permission for restraint be granted. He dares not decide against their evident wishes under such circumstances, for the urgency of the appeal seems to show that the nurses are physically incapable of further effort. Unless he has previously established the 'non-restraint' treatment as the undeviating working practice in his hospital, the executive chief is mentally and morally helpless.

Amid all these precautions, however, it must be remembered that if humane methods are to prevail in hospitals for the insane, nurses must be allowed to take some risks with bad patients, and this they cannot be expected to do without the approval of the superintendent. They must act for him in such work, and he must be ever ready to support and defend all subordinates who conscientiously and intelligently endeavor to manage the insane without restraint or other harsh measures.

The outlines of a desperate case and some of the methods employed to change the patient's mental habit will suggest the dangers involved, and the necessity for deviating from hospital routine in caring for such cases.

A seventeen-year old girl from the West Indies drifted into a state institution. She had occasional epileptic attacks with some hysterical indications, and suicidal impulses persistently recurred. While the convulsions were infrequent, for days at a time she would appear morose, nervous, and irritable.

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During such spells she sometimes made vicious attacks on nurses, and unless closely watched would endeavor to strangle herself by twisting articles of clothing, twine, or strips of cloth about her neck. She often packed rags, paper, and small articles in her mouth, nose, and throat; and so stealthy were her movements that nurses in the room with her sometimes became aware of her suicidal attempt only when her face became dusky as the result of obstructed respiration.

This case gave the doctors and nurses an endless amount of trouble and anxiety. They feared the girl would kill herself unless her hands were restrained by mechanical appliances. But she was so unusually supple that she could squirm out of any ordinary restraining apparatus. Finally, a special bed-harness was devised, from which she could not escape. After several months of such confinement she was removed, by official orders, to another institution, where the 'non-restraint' system of treating patients had been adopted.

The nurse who conducted the transfer said the change was made because at the first institution they 'could do nothing with the patient.' When asked if mechanical restraint had been employed, she replied, 'Yes, she has been allowed out of it only two hours each day.' In the second institution this patient remained three or more years, and was at no time subjected to mechanical or chemical restraint. Such a record was possible only as the result of concerted work by the superintendent, the assistant physician, and the nurses. Naturally, the most difficult part fell to the lot of the nurses. They were given to understand that the case was certain to test 'non-restraint' nursing, and their best efforts were enlisted. The nurse in charge became devotedly interested, and in her personal attentions to the case she became vigilance personified. She possessed unusual tact, was fertile in devising expedients, and fathomed human motives with facility. She quickly discerned that vanity was the patient's distinctive characteristic, and with this clue she proceeded to reclaim this uneducated but cunning epileptic. The girl was praised and flattered upon all possible occasions, and constant efforts were made to give her pleasure and to encourage her self-esteem. All conspired to pay her special attention. She was provided with pretty dresses, decorated with ribbons, and scented with perfume. When nurses went out for a day they usually brought her some present, such as candy, fruit, cheap rings, beads, etc. They secured special articles of food for her, and invited her to share their extra lunches and little feasts, and all made a pet of her. The ward physicians aided in these plans by giving her special prominence and complimenting her good appearance. They would accept from her reports concerning other patients which had been suggested by the nurses.

To encourage her self-esteem, nurses often requested her to watch some troublesome patient, and found they could depend upon her good conduct and fidelity when her usefulness was thus magnified. They gave her the use of a drawer with a private lock in the linen-room, and permitted her to wear the key on a tape around her neck. They often requested her to keep their small personal belongings, and never was such confidence misplaced, although she would pilfer from nurses in other wards without hesitation.

She was frequently taken out of doors for special walks, to the storeroom for ward-supplies or personal knick-knacks and to the greenhouse for flowers. As her general conduct improved she was taken to the general

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dining-room for meals and to the weekly dance. On such occasions she was decked out with especial care, and often wore by permission a nurse's watch or other jewelry. To arouse her from her morbid broodings, the nurse sometimes gave her the ward key and requested her to visit other wards to convey a message or receive a report. This was done at times when the nurse had so little confidence in the patient that a previous arrangement was made with the other nurse to put night-locks on outside doors and to watch the patient carefully. Gradually under such influences her despondent periods became less frequent and less prolonged, and in time she actually enjoyed limited parole outside the hospital wards.

After several years spent under such friendly and stimulating associations she was again officially transferred to another institution.

Room for acute cases was urgently needed in the hospital, and because of her epileptic infirmity she was this time taken to an asylum for chronic cases. But the asylum management continued the methods employed in the second institution. She was constantly under kind, judicious watch. She was provided with toys, amusing games, attractive pictures, bright-colored ornaments, etc. As a rule she responded to such pleasant surroundings in a satisfactory manner, but on several occasions while in the last institution she almost succeeded in committing suicide. Eventually, however, her improvement was so pronounced that the state authorities deemed it prudent and justifiable to deport her to her native island, where her brother lived and was to take charge of her.

The special attention given this case was costly to the state and burdensome upon officials and nurses, and yet the money was well expended and the personal efforts were well directed. Of the many nurses who freely gave to this afflicted child the service of mind and heart which riches cannot command, none ever regretted her contribution or failed to reap her reward. The moral effect of such a triumph over serious mental conditions was well worth the state's financial investment, if only for the good it accomplished in the two institutions which faithfully endeavored to discharge their moral obligations to a thankless alien.

Occasionally a medical superintendent who believes in the use of mechanical restraint, at least for exceptionally hard cases, will cite an affray with an insane patient, stating conditions which actually confronted the attendants, and will request a solution of the situation from some advocate of non-restraint. Such superintendents misapprehend the theory. Probably nothing short of some form of restraint or seclusion would meet instantly all the requirements of the case as delineated. The correct and the better method had been too long neglected. Rational treatment should have been applied to the case weeks, months, possibly years, before such a violent culmination of threats and neglect. The cure for such troubles consists in educating nurses and attendants to become true nurses, with a thoroughly humane conception of their duties.

The superintendent who seriously desires to avoid the use of mechanical restraint will have not only to forbid it, but to keep a careful watch over the nurses, particularly in those wards where there are new and troublesome cases. Especially should he investigate personally every instance of violence between nurses and patients, and keep a record of his findings.

The superintendent should in all possible ways adopt plans which will facilitate the successful working of the policy of non-restraint. The over-

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crowding of wards, especially those appropriated to the care of noisy and fractious patients, should be avoided. He may not be able to regulate admissions to the institution, but overcrowding interferes so seriously with skillful nursing that he should register his protest when conditions prevent the best work.

The proper classification of all patients likely to cause trouble is a great aid to 'non-restraint' methods. Not that all patients inclined to be disorderly should be herded in back wards; irritable patients react upon each other and should be frequently changed from ward to ward, that they may form new companionships and avoid tiresome associations. In making such changes, personal antipathies between patients, or patients and certain nurses, should receive consideration. But nurses should not be permitted to force such changes where it is evident that they are chiefly concerned to rid themselves of the care of troublesome patients. Convalescence, with some patients, may be retarded if they are not transferred from a noisy to a quiet ward before the excitement has wholly subsided. Such transfer from back to front ward, and then from front to back, repeated several times, is often the correct way to stimulate them to exercise self-control.

Seclusion may be necessary at times, but it should be remembered that prolonged seclusion is bad practice. The shorter the period of seclusion, as a rule, the better the effect upon the disturbed patient. Noisy, destructive patients are seldom improved by solitary confinement. Exercise out of doors to the point of physical fatigue, with a competent guard of nurses, is a much better form of isolation from other patients, and a practical way of treating such cases. Ample facilities for prolonged warm baths must be provided. When the temperature of the water is maintained a degree or two below blood heat there is little risk of heart failure. Persistent destruction of clothing is fostered, not cured, by the use of ill-fitting canvas dresses. Better provide material having bright colors and striking figures — something that will appeal to what vestige of pride may exist — that will attract the eye, and, possibly, alter the purpose of the patient.

Daily out-of-door exercise for all able-bodied patients should be insisted upon whenever the weather is suitable; and all patients who are physically able to work should be urged to engage in some form of labor, at least a part of each day. Let those who object to physical exertion accompany those willing to labor, even if at first they simply stand around and watch the busy workers. The influence of a good example is suggestive, frequently inducing idlers to participate in useful employment. Patients who work faithfully and diligently should receive some reward. Occasionally, a small sum of money regularly paid as a gratuity will secure their good-will and stimulate their exertions. Special diet, extra clothing, tobacco, occasional excursions, may be profitably granted as inducements to the continued rendering of efficient service. Compelling patients to work should be strictly forbidden, as serious conflicts have resulted frequently through attempts on the part of attendants or nurses to force patients to serve them at ward-duty or in the performance of some disagreeable task. Inducing patients to work, or to conduct themselves properly, through gifts, rewards, or favors, is a prominent feature in the 'non-restraint' system. Head-nurses over all wards where there are restive and contrary patients should be liberally supplied at all times with extra food, fruit, candy, or pictures, for use in distracting the attention of excited patients, and in estab-

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lishing friendly relations with patients who are suspicious.

Nervous, restive patients should be assigned to large roomy wards whenever possible, so that they may roam about freely, and greet new acquaintances, and vent their explosive energy while aimlessly tramping about the long wards. Cramped accommodations and restricted movements are as irritating to the insane as to any of the healthiest of us, and should be avoided except when exhaustion is likely to supervene upon too prolonged physical exertion. Noisy, talkative persons should be taken into the fields and woods to correct their unpleasant habits, not consigned to out-of-the-way dark rooms. The more close the restrictions, as a cell or strait-jacket, the more intense the irritation, fear, and suffering; consequently the more persistent the noise and the louder the shouting. As a result of natural laws, it is to be expected that painful mental tension incident to extreme limitations of space or motion will gradually relax, to be succeeded by a sense of relief and quiet, as the restrictions are mitigated and gradually transformed into a state of freedom.

There are good reasons why it is advisable to open hospitals for the insane to the public often and fully. When public inspection or visiting days occur frequently, the nurses are stimulated to keep their wards in a presentable condition, as they know that the general appearance of the halls and rooms, as well as the dress of the patients, will fall under critical observation. This constant anticipation keeps both nurses and patients more active and more cheerful than would the dead level of hospital routine. The patients' hopes are awakened and their spirits are elevated by coming into such close contact with people of the outside world. When public visiting days occur twice weekly, as in some institutions, and a large number of strangers pass through the wards each open day, the patients become so accustomed to the spectacle that they regard the visitors with comparatively little curiosity, maintaining a good degree of dignity, and seldom exhibiting undue excitement.

Properly conducted hospitals for the insane no longer afford such grotesque and shocking spectacles as, according to Pepys and Hogarth, were on exhibition in old 'Bedlam.' No doubt many persons at the present day are prompted by curiosity to visit hospitals for the insane, but the tables are practically turned in hospitals where frequent ward-visiting is the rule: there the parading visitors provide the exhibition. Their evident timidity and unconscious stupidity often interest the patients, who quietly note and enjoy the passing show and subsequently criticize or analyze it with jest and merriment.

Hospital life is necessarily monotonous, and liberal diversion is the rational antidote with which to counteract its bad effects. Amusements varying in character should be provided at short and regular intervals for the entertainment and mental relaxation of the patients. Anything which agreeably enlists and engrosses the attention fulfills the requirements. Music and dancing can always be depended upon to produce satisfactory results.

A general dining-room can be utilized to add variety to the patients' daily life, to change the drift of morbid thoughts and inclinations, and to introduce normal conditions as fully as possible into hospital methods. Both men and women patients should be accommodated in the same dining-room, their tables being separated by a wide passageway through the centre of the hall. No eatables should be placed upon the tables until all have been seated; food can then be distributed

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from rubber-tired cars in the centre aisle, or served from sideboards against the walls, by selected patients acting as waiters, one waiter to each table. The meals should be so planned that the food can be served in a number of courses, the more table etiquette the better, allowing fully one hour for dinner, and forty-five minutes for breakfast and supper. In such dining-rooms haste is objectionable, and from five hundred to fifteen hundred patients can be managed and properly fed with ease and quietness. The time that patients thus spend at table and in going from and returning to their wards will amount to at least three hours a day. An orchestra should furnish music at all meals.

Only those who have had experience with such an arrangement of meals can appreciate the power this method of serving has in promoting the self-respect of the individual patients and in tranquilizing ward conditions throughout the whole hospital. The aim and purpose of such dining-room practice should be to cultivate good table manners, to occupy the patients' time agreeably, to increase the self-respect and self-control of the patients by adopting the dining-room customs of large crowds of normal people. Incidentally, the plan allows ample time for the serving of quiet meals to attendants and nurses, usually in one section of the same room. It also removes from the living wards objectionable odors and annoying housekeeping duties, and, last to be considered, it is decidedly economical as regards waste, service, and cost for food.

The music is an important, probably an essential, feature. Many patients listen with pleasure, and all are affected. Without music there would be more noise, more loud talking, and some patients would find it difficult to repress an inclination to lecture the officials or others present, and to make statements leading to rejoinders and disputes. With attractively arranged tables surrounded by plants and flowers, and with patients neatly dressed, entertained by good music, little more is required to make the general dining-room the acknowledged social centre of the establishment, from which will emanate good influences to tone and characterize the whole institution.

In the brief compass of this article I can do no more than suggest the methods which in more than one intelligently managed institution have completely displaced the crude system of restraint. Already it is possible to foresee the time when every form of restraining device, and even the desire to employ one, will vanish in the wake of all the other relics of medical mediævalism now happily consigned to oblivion.

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THE POLITICAL EVOLUTION OF A COLLEGE PRESIDENT

BY SOLOMON BULKLEY GRIFFIN

WRITING to the Marquis de Lafayette from Monticello in 1823, at the age of eighty years, — after 'fifty years of trial and trouble in the various grades of my country's service,' as is said in another letter, — Thomas Jefferson set forth this differentiation: 'For in truth, the parties of Whig and Tory are those of Nature. They exist in all countries, whether called by these names, or by those of Aristocrat and Democrat, Côté Droit and Côté Gauche, Ultras and Radicals, Serviles and Liberals. The sickly, weakly, timid man fears the people, and is a Tory by nature. The healthy, strong, and bold cherishes them, and is formed a Whig by nature.'

The essential truth of such a cleavage in the body politic is always to be seen, though at times the line of demarcation becomes blurred and indistinct. Party beliefs and practices shade into each other until distinctive qualities, representative of real differences, are hard to find. Not infrequently of late in the United States it has been remarked that it would take an expert to discover any really essential difference as to policies between the Republicans and the Democrats, so fast have the Republicans been taking up things that were yesterday termed the heresies of the radical democracy, led by William J. Bryan. 'If the sickly, weakly, timid man fears the people,' and 'the healthy, strong, and bold cherishes them' — then health and strength and bravery have become pretty well diffused through the body politic, and the general disposition to cherish the people is the surely not undesirable consequence.

It is to this pass that we have come in this country, a pass where the popular temper is insistent that the political parties shall legislate and direct, to the end that the welfare of every man shall be the chief consideration of those who exercise the power of government as it is applied through the legislative, the executive, and the judicial departments. In its last analysis, this is not something to be feared, but to be welcomed and directed with the largest measure of wisdom it is possible to command. It is evolution, and not revolution. In the view of those who believe that the cure for the evils of democracy is the injection of more democracy, we are facing an opportunity for better conservation of popular government. Such is the faith that has been moving over state after state, and affecting in a vital way the fortunes of parties and of men. Of course there is plenty of opportunity to challenge the methods that are being employed, and to fear the effect of too great a departure from representative government. It is true that a national temper such as we have described invites the activity of demagogues: we see that as a matter of fact; but the situation also appeals to the thoughtful sense of all who love the republic and would serve

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it to the full measure of the opportunity which their generation offers.

Such a sentiment among the people demands clear thinking. There is too much of vague emotion, a readiness to run hither and yon, with the best of intentions but to no purpose in the way of wise progress. A majority of us are in favor of the Ten Commandments, but the sensible do not care to make of our reform purposes 'an iridescent dream,' a business disaster, or a bloody contention. The determination to command a larger recognition of democracy or republicanism, as you may choose to call it; to insist that those in power shall be not only honest and efficient, but regardful always of the public as against the special interest; that the average citizen shall not be forgotten, but remembered, and his rights safeguarded, 'to the end that this shall be a government of the people, for the people, and by the people' — this is the issue which to-day, whether clearly understood or not, is affecting the mass of American voters.

It has been the province of these recent years to focus popular feeling on this point. So a great step has been taken. In the absence of acute national problems, such as slavery, the Civil War, and reconstruction, — internal ills that demanded diagnosis and treatment, to the exclusion of questions less commanding and urgent, — the individual units that compose our indestructible union of states have been thrown back upon problems of democracy of a vital and yet not spectacular sort. The questions that stir us belong still to our political household, but the demand is for the intelligent heroism of peace — for constructive statesmanship not set in the midst of the glamour that war yields. There is opportunity for fervor and devotion, but passion and ill-will need not attend. Animosities will be a handicap and not a help. In a spirit of soberness, in candor and high purpose, it remains to welcome the intensity of our popular awakening, and to consider how we can make the operations of government sure, just, and remedial, as the need calls for.

Judge Peter S. Grosscup of Chicago says that 'the world, politically, is trying to catch up with the world's radically changed economical conditions.' To his mind, 'the formative period is approaching. Next year's presidential election will, I believe, be the last one on the old lines, and the settlement of the future will not come through the law, but through the court of public opinion.' This means a demand for broad and well-considered political leadership. The ship of state must not be permitted to drift, but it must be guided. There is call for the qualities of Seneca's pilot. The two political parties are to a degree responsive to the existing political situation, and I have been asked to consider the relation which Woodrow Wilson may come to occupy toward these problems of the republic.

He offers a study of special, and indeed novel, interest: the spectacle of a teacher — a brilliant student and expounder of American history — and college president, thrown into the turmoil of politics, in the one state of the Union perhaps best calculated to test his leadership and to strain his theories. If ever any man were confronted with the bald realities of our existing political life, it has been the Governor of New Jersey. Complicated conditions, political and personal, confronted him. He has had to 'play the game' with men who have made politics their trade. The ends of government, whether good or bad, do not achieve themselves; and not even the advantage of a democracy is self-acting, like the ebb and flow of the tides. The easy assumption of some,

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that all right is on one side and all evil on the other, fails lamentably when first-hand knowledge of actual conditions has been achieved. Good men have need of a knowledge of the operation of political forces. Selfishness and the corrupt influences it can muster are alert to win advantage over the common interest, less vigilantly guarded, and ready to employ, now one party and then the other, if not both at once.

Governor Wilson has had something to learn, and it need not surprise those who understand politics that he has found some things to discard in discharging his immediate task. The sum of Governor Wilson's achievements, and the extent and character of these modifications of once-cherished opinions, are important as bearing upon his possible future as a leader of the Democratic party. It is to be added that no set of men have been more interested observers of his advent and record than the practical politicians, — from the men who expect the prizes of politics to those who have been trained to help the other fellows get them, — the leaders and their followers, the generals and the army, under whichever party banner they have marched.

The depth and individuality of Woodrow Wilson's democracy were strikingly shown in his effort to place Princeton University upon a new footing. After the president had recast the curriculum of study, and had introduced the more intimate method of instruction known as the preceptorial system, he found that the result, while showing notable improvement, fell short of what he wanted. He investigated and concluded that the social organization of college life was out of joint. At Princeton there are a dozen or more 'upper-class clubs.' Election to these clubs is by vote of the existing members. The clubs have handsome properties, and are much like the ordinary city club of a social character. As only about one half of the two upper classes can receive admission, elections to membership are coveted, especially to those clubs that are regarded as particularly desirable. Those juniors and seniors not elected to the clubs are in a way side-tracked, so far as the good things of the social life of college are concerned. As the freshmen and sophomores hope to 'make' a club eventually, they are apt to shape their college career with this end in view. There is thus a doubly disintegrating force at work, between those who have 'arrived' and those who have not arrived, in the two upper classes; and horizontally between the upper and lower classes, the latter shunning all intimacy with the former for fear of incurring the odium of currying favor in the matter of club elections.

President Wilson put it in this way: There are two gates to the privileges and enjoyments that college confers. One gate the faculty controls, in requiring all candidates for admission to pass the entrance examinations. The other gate is privately and secretly controlled by the memberships of the two upper classes. What Dr. Wilson thought should be a common good was lodged in the control of private hands. He resolved upon the dissolution of the clubs, or their transformation into residential units (rather unhappily called 'quads'), where all four classes in convenient numbers — say, eighty or one hundred in each group — should live and board upon an equality in externals (like West Point), but with no pressure otherwise exerted than by their own free choice.

This attempt to give the ancient College of New Jersey — whose commencement Washington and the Continental Congress attended in 1783 — a new baptism of democracy was suggestive

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and bold. The historic environment was in itself provocative of thought regarding the essentials of American democracy. That President Wilson's effort eventually failed was because he did not give proper emphasis to two considerations — that he was appealing to a democratic spirit not to be fully aroused at the first challenge, and assailing with startling abruptness entrenched traditions and conditions; and that he was antagonizing vested interests certain to be quick to respond in opposition. Some associated with him as supporters of his programme believed that the impetuosity of attack might have been mitigated in favor of more deliberate and conciliatory methods of approach. There was need of a more extended process of education along the lines of his desire, and perhaps this had not been sufficiently considered, or else was not deliberately enough pursued. Other supporters of Dr. Wilson hold that the defeat of the plan was due far more to the private interests of the club alumni, who liked the type of college life which the club symbolized, rather than the one which seemed to them too strenuous. But the earnestness of the democracy involved in the movement, or its fundamental character, will not be denied.

The episode had its importance in helping to define Dr. Wilson to the people of New Jersey. Though of a purely educational character, by a natural transition the contention reached over into the field of politics, and helped to make him governor of New Jersey. It accredited him to those who had been seeking an effective democratic leadership, it won for him an enthusiastic following among the graduates of Princeton in the state campaign following, and contributed much to his hold upon popular favor. Doubtless it led to the deepening of his democratic leanings, and it taught him that an established order will not capitulate and consent to reorganization upon the first assault, however determined and brilliant that may be. Evidences of a disposition to weigh obstacles more thoroughly, and to deal with them with a better understanding of the inertia involved, have been sufficiently manifest during the administration of Governor Wilson to lend plausibility to the supposition that much was learned from that university experience. But there has been no diminution of his initiative in the new field of labor. He continues to puzzle and to disturb those to whom the old political order had been agreeable, and in cases subservient.

As a candidate for governor, Woodrow Wilson offered a new type of leadership and of oratory that will be understood by any who heard him speak at the inauguration of President Garfield of Williams College. He was the conspicuous man among the outside college presidents and other speakers on that occasion, not by power of assertion, — Governor Guild was in Williamstown at that time, — but because of intellectual dominance that seemed unconscious of itself. There was a natural mastery, singularly impressive, and leaving a lasting memory. His ability to present the issues of a campaign and to interpret them to the clear understanding of the common man was promptly established. His audiences were ready to be taught, and the dash, power, and certainty with which he handled them surprised the politicians and the public. He was at home on the stump from the start, and whatever fears his friends may have entertained lest he might be too academic, were set at rest. The training of the teacher was found to be not too refined for the hustings, — the first night exhibited him as politically a success.

It was, except for Wilson's leader-

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ship, much the sort of campaign in the beginning that New Jersey had been accustomed to. James Smith, Jr., formerly United States Senator, who had hitherto spent money freely for election purposes, was active as of old, and no doubt as generous. His contribution has been placed by the newspapers at $50,000; but it is of significance in this connection that checks were sent to Woodrow Wilson, drawn by friends and admirers, whose total, running into four figures, he turned over to the state committee. Friends of Governor Wilson say that he asked before the nomination especially if Mr. Smith was to be a candidate for senator, and was assured that nothing of the kind was to be anticipated. At that time Mr. Smith deemed his health a doubtful factor. Men expert in the ways and wiles of politics are convinced that Mr. Smith did not expect to secure the Legislature last year, but thinking that Wilson might be elected governor, proposed to try for the United States senatorship in 1913. When the former Senator found that the Legislature had gone democratic, he told Governor Wilson that he had changed his mind about the Senate, that his health seemed firmer, and that he was ready for life in Washington. This is the point at which Governor Wilson is charged with ingratitude, — and it is also the place where his long-entertained conception of leadership found voice and point.

In an essay on 'Democracy in the United States,' Woodrow Wilson has written: 'The only way we can preserve our nationality in its integrity and its old-time originative force in the face of growth and imported change is by concentrating it; by putting leaders forward, vested with abundant authority in the conception and execution of policy. There is plenty of the old vitality in our national character to tell, if we will but give it leave. Give it leave, and it will the more impress and mould those who come to us from abroad. I believe that we have not made enough of leadership.' During the campaign, when Dr. Wilson was asked point-blank whom he should regard as party leader in case of success, he said, 'Myself,' and such position he assumed in standing by Martine, the choice of the party primary for senator. It does not undermine the broadly democratic quality of that decision that a veteran in the United States Senate has spoken of the man so selected as 'a preposterous senator.' Such as he is, the party had named him, and to ignore him would have been political perfidy. The choice was between Smith and the party's pronouncement.

Governor Wilson's assumption of leadership was not arbitrary, but deliberate, and indorsed by the people of his state. This ideal has inspired his executive work, and the sincerity of his purpose in employing it impresses New Jersey newspaper men of long experience, and so affords a certification that some public characters have lacked after observation at close range. He welcomed the fifty thousand majority which election night brought, as mandatory acceptance of the sentiment voiced in speeches delivered in every one of the twenty-one counties of the state: that if the people chose him governor he would take it to mean that he was also chosen their leader.

His policy had been outlined with an emphasis not to be mistaken. It was that legislation must be divorced from the control of interests which had for many years dictated the movements of the Legislature and the great majority of office-holders in New Jersey. In his inaugural address the Governor gave further and more positive utterance to his determination to stand by his platform pledges along this line. This

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brought him the antagonism of the political machines under control of the utility companies, and the encounter made the 1911 session of the Legislature of unprecedented interest. The Governor found it necessary to call for conferences of the members of the Senate and Assembly, detailing to them at length and with all the earnestness at his command his situation and the duty imposed upon him by that fifty thousand majority.

As a result of this appeal he was enabled to push through the Legislature some comprehensive and effective laws affecting political and economic conditions in the state. Among these acts were the Public Utilities Commission bill, which meant something; the new Corrupt Practices act, with real teeth in it; the new Election law, which practically revolutionized the election and included the blanket ballot; an Employers' Liability law, which provides something like proper compensation for injured and disabled working-men; and an act providing for the commission form of government in municipalities.

These were the essential features of the legislative session. They were not secured without a vast amount of effort, but Governor Wilson brought to the task prodigious energy, the trained intelligence of his scholarship, ability to handle men, and a ruthless disregard of old political conditions which had controlled the state. In the process of this achievement were sown seeds of an antagonism whose wide reach practical politicians will best understand. All this, after having routed James Smith, Jr., who previous to the autumn election of 1910 was the acknowledged head of the Democratic party. A long-time newspaper man, writing of these political changes in his state, comments: 'In the nine months in which Woodrow Wilson has been governor of New Jersey, he has caused a practical revolution, not only in political and economic legislation, but in that great moving factor, public sentiment.' It is evident that the political evolution of our college president moved rapidly while the Legislature was in session.

Then Governor Wilson was forced to renew his fight before the people in the effort to secure the election of a legislature pledged to the retention of the laws he managed to get through, and to the support of his further leadership along lines he deems to be for the popular advantage. The resulting vengeance of the defied James Smith, Jr., which enabled the Republicans to win seats in the Legislature in Essex county, and so to control the Legislature, constituted an incident striking enough to figure in the modern novel which deals so frequently with politics. It was a happening grateful to all the old-time regulars in party work, but they ignored the fact that the Governor did not speak for the ticket in that county because of a situation there that was manifest to the wayfaring man. It is idle to claim that the incident, illustrative as it is of the enemies Governor Wilson has made, brought about any change in the commission the people had given him to exercise leadership in their behalf, or that it in any wise operated to check him as a presidential possibility. The Democratic Governor promptly called on the Republicans in the incoming Legislature to make good their platform pledges, and to coöperate 'in reforms planned in the interest of the whole state which we are all sworn to serve.'

It is impossible to gain even a cursory knowledge of the political situation in New Jersey without being made to feel that the realm of government and its control has been invaded by one intent on serious business. There has followed bewilderment among the politicians. In their view a worse

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than 'Charles the Baptist' — so the New York politicians called Governor Hughes — has arisen, who must be suppressed. Hitherto-powerful politicians would like to see Governor Wilson in some way dismissed as a figure quite out of place — a literary fellow engaged in disseminating impracticable and fantastic notions regarding public affairs and their oversight. They are sure he cannot last as a political force, and they insist that he is not to be trusted. In this light Governor Wilson's own view of the work he has undertaken to do possesses an interest more than local. He says, —

'Our representative institutions have lost their purity and their reality because of the intervention of political machines between the people and those who should be their representatives, an intervention which began to have its full sinister effect when great business interests began to make use of those machines to control legislation in their own behoof. Such an alliance was not particularly formidable until the business interests which made up one side of the partnership became themselves colossal, and began to throw the control of industry and commerce into a comparatively few hands. Formidable enough because of their mere size and resources, those interests became the most formidable power in modern society when they consummated that alliance. The long dominance of these interests in our economic life and in the control of our politics has, of course, produced results in our law and in our economic organization, in the development and control of our national resources and in many other ways, many of which are highly inimical to economic freedom and individual privilege. These results must be studied, and what is wrong about them must be rectified. My function is to put what brains I have at the service of the people, whose life these things dominate; to find out what is going on, to speak of what I find, clearly and without fear — if possible without passion or prejudice; and to coöperate in carrying out such remedies as may prove practicable.'

No scholar in politics ever invited a more stressful experience, or entered more boldly upon the practice of his doctrine, or seemed more ready to go whither it led. This apostle of leadership expounds a radicalism that is disturbing many in the East, but meets with a warm welcome in the West. Its purpose Governor Wilson defines: —

'The main object of what we are attempting, both in state and nation, is to establish a close connection, a very sensitive connection, between the people and their governments, both in the states and in the nation, in order that we may restore in such wise as will satisfy us the liberty and the opportunity in whose interests our governments were conceived.'

Excellent this in the way of general exposition, but what of definite policies? This is the point of decision where the country waits for more light and a clear pointing out of the way by which the bespoken restoration can be brought about. It begins to be apprehended that the 'progressives' in both of our political parties have been oratorical to a degree calculated soon to bring them under the pressure of a general demand for more exact programmes of constructive statesmanship — for we are a practical people.

It will be seen that in facing the responsibilities of the plan of leadership which Governor Wilson laid down, he was forced to abandon the ancient theory that the duty of a governor is simply to recommend legislation, leaving it to the Legislature to carry it out. Governor Hughes took much the same road, and when he saw that things were at a deadlock, he went out to the

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public, aroused public opinion by an aggressive campaign, and directed such a force of public opinion upon the legislators that they were compelled to create the public-service commissions needed to carry out the will of the public. It is the policy that most forceful and reforming governors have had to follow to a greater or less extent.

Perhaps it was at this point that Governor Wilson began to take new views of the initiative, referendum, and recall. A good deal of his work might be classed under the head of emergency measures. He has been in the school of the actual, in contrast to his long attendance upon the school theoretical. He seems to be in search after fundamental doctrines in democracy. To an interviewer he has said, 'Did not Jefferson and Adams, and, most of all, Washington himself, exert, and intentionally exert, an immense influence on legislation? Is not that the true American ideal?' One who is close to the Governor of New Jersey writes, 'I understand that Woodrow Wilson regards the new methods as extraordinary — intended "to recover popular government" when temporarily lost or obscured by machine machination, but not as a regular everyday substitute for representative government.' It will be remembered that he has pronounced against the recall for judges. It is also to be observed that he has never declared for the initiative and referendum as a part of the federal system of government. He has left it as a state measure, to be employed when the representative system seems to fail to supply the people with just the instrument needed to effect their purpose.

Such is the man, and such the extent of his departures from views of representative government long insisted on in the class-room. The people are this year to fix his place in handling the problems of the republic. Supreme opportunity for service ought not to be given to any merely ambitious disturber of an established order, come to be overladen with the weight of privileges acquired by men selfishly vigilant at points where the mass of citizens have been inattentive to their birthright. The problems of our time are not different from those of all time. We need to consider what the catchwords of 'the interests,' the 'progressives,' and all the rest of the current cant of our politics — too often flung about by politicians in search of power — stand for, and not to permit them to become mere phrases embodying vague anathema. There ought to be a clearly-formulated vision of perfected democracy, and a leader with sound sense and the courage to follow it. He should be virile, and qualified as an administrator.

George Harvey acclaims Woodrow Wilson as 'one who, if he had lived in the days of Jefferson and Madison, would have rivaled the one as a champion of the people, and would have equaled the other in comprehensive and lucid expression of fundamental law.' Henry Watterson 'cannot think of Woodrow Wilson without recalling Samuel Tilden. How much alike they seem as doctrinaire Democrats; as faithful, courageous party leaders; as practical and preëminent officials; how much they think alike, and talk alike, and write alike.'

There is bossism and leadership. Leadership there must be, and when perverted it becomes bossism and is execrated. The two very often enter into a twilight zone where it is difficult for the people to tell one from the other. But the popular scent is keen enough in the long run to differentiate sensibly, so that the hue and cry that follows is less often mistaken than might be feared. Once the trail is taken, bossism is pretty certain to get

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its deserts, though the process may be protracted at times. The people just now are in pursuit of bosses and 'predatory interests' — and so on. This hunt is getting on the nerve of honest business during the winnowing process that Mr. Taft's administration has undertaken, — which is temporarily disturbing, but likely to be productive of good in clarifying our financial situation and rectifying some of its abuses. The need for national leadership of the right sort — wide-visioned, persistent, dowered with patience as well as with courage — is growingly manifest.

Samuel J. Tilden had the sense of leadership — and he achieved it with a minimum of advertising. Less personal advantage came to him than is often the case, but he was gifted in patriotism and philosophy, and seemed content with the outcome. One whose first independent vote for president was cast for Mr. Tilden conceives that a brief summary of his achievements for the democracy and the country has particular pertinence to this period, and is worthy of the serious attention of Woodrow Wilson and of others. John Bigelow, Governor Tilden's life-long friend, whose serene age invites envy in the midst of present fret and fever, has written, —

'He planned the campaign, he secured the requisite legislation, he bore much the largest share of the expense, and, finally, he led the storming party which drove Tweed and his predatory associates to prison or into exile. He purified the judiciary of the city and state of New York by procuring the adoption of measures which resulted in the removal of one judge by impeachment and of two judges by resignation. He induced the Democratic convention of 1874 to declare, in no uncertain tone, for a sound currency, when not a single state convention of either party had yet ventured to take a stand against the financial delusions begotten of the war, which for years had been sapping the credit of the country. It was at his instance that the Democratic party of New York, in the same convention, pronounced against third-term presidents, and effectively strengthened the exposed entrenchments which the country, for eighty years and more, had been erecting against the insidious encroachments of dynasticism. During his career as governor, Mr. Tilden applied the principles of the political school in which he had been educated to the new questions which time, war, and national affluence had made paramount. He overthrew the Canal ring which had become ascendant in all departments of state government. He dispersed the lobby which infested the legislative bodies. He introduced a practical reform in the civil service, and elevated the standard of official morality.'

Mr. Tilden was strong in intellect, in poise, in the enlightenment of his democracy, and in the determined pursuit of reforms that were essential to sound popular government. He was sure-footed, but not reactionary. He practiced wise leadership, and he clung to certain enduring principles. It will be a happy consummation if the Democratic party is led in 1912 to secure a candidate of the Tilden type and stature.

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THE AMERICAN MIRACLE

BY MARY ANTIN

I

By the time we joined my father, he had surveyed many avenues of approach toward the coveted citadel of fortune. One of these, heretofore untried, he now proposed to essay, armed with new courage, and cheered on by the presence of his family. In partnership with an energetic little man who had an English chapter in his history, he prepared to set up a refreshment booth on Crescent Beach. But while he was completing arrangements at the beach we remained in town, where we enjoyed the educational advantages of a thickly populated neighborhood, namely, Wall Street, in the West End of Boston.

Anybody who knows Boston knows that the West and North ends are the wrong ends of that city. They form the tenement district, or, in the newer phrase, the slums of Boston. Anybody who is acquainted with the slums of any American metropolis knows that that is the quarter where poor immigrants foregather, to live, for the most part, as unkempt, half-washed, toiling, unaspiring foreigners; picturesque in the eyes of social missionaries, the despair of boards of health, the hope of ward politicians, the touchstone of American democracy. The well-versed metropolitan knows the slums as a sort of house of detention for poor aliens, where they live on probation till they can show a certificate of good citizenship.

He may know all this and yet not guess how Wall Street, in the West End, appears in the eyes of a little immigrant from Polotzk. What would the sophisticated sightseer say about Union Place, off Wall Street, where my new home waited for me? He would say that it is no place at all, but a short box of an alley. Two rows of three-story tenements are its walls, a stingy strip of sky is its lid, a littered pavement is the floor, and a narrow mouth its exit.

But I saw a very different picture on my introduction to Union Place. I saw two imposing rows of brick buildings, loftier than any dwelling I had ever lived in. Brick was even on the ground for me to tread on, instead of common earth, or boards. Many friendly windows stood open, filled with uncovered heads of women and children. I thought the people were interested in us, which was very neighborly. I looked up to the topmost row of windows, and my eyes were filled with the May blue of an American sky!

In our days of affluence in Russia, we had been accustomed to upholstered parlors, embroidered linen, silver spoons and candlesticks, goblets of gold, kitchen shelves shining with copper and brass. We had feather-beds heaped half-way to the ceiling; we had clothes-presses dusky with velvet and silk and fine woolen. The three small rooms into which my father now ushered us, up one flight of stairs, contained only the necessary beds, with lean mattresses; a few wooden chairs;

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a table or two; a mysterious iron structure, which later turned out to be a stove; a couple of unornamental kerosene lamps; and a scanty array of cooking utensils and crockery. And yet we were all impressed with our new home and its furniture. It was not only because we had just passed through our seven lean years, cooking in earthen vessels, eating black bread on holidays, and wearing cotton; it was chiefly because these wooden chairs and tin pans were American chairs and pans that they shone glorious in our eyes.

Our initiation into American ways began with the first step on the new soil. My father found occasion to instruct or correct us even on the way from the pier to Wall Street, which journey we made crowded together in a rickety cab. He told us not to lean out of the windows, not to point, and explained the word 'greenhorn.' We did not want to be greenhorns, and gave the strictest attention to my father's instructions. I do not know when my parents found opportunity to review together the history of Polotzk in the three years past, for we children had no patience for the subject: my mother's narrative was constantly interrupted by irrelevant questions, interjections, and explanations.

The first meal was an object lesson of much variety. My father produced several kinds of food, ready to eat, without any cooking, from little tin cans that had printing all over them. He attempted to introduce us to a queer, slippery kind of fruit, which he called 'banana,' but had to give it up for the time being. After the meal, he had better luck with a curious piece of furniture on runners, which he called 'rocking chair.' There were five of us newcomers, and we found five different ways of getting into the American vehicle of perpetual motion, and as many ways of getting out of it.

In our flat we did not think of such a thing as storing the coal in the bathtub. There was no bathtub. So in the evening of the first day my father conducted us to the public baths. As we moved along in a little procession, I was delighted with the illumination of the streets. So many lamps, and they burned until morning, my father said, and so people did not need to carry lanterns. In America, then, everything was free, as we had heard in Russia. Light was free; the streets were as bright as a synagogue on a holy-day. Music was free; we had been serenaded, to our gaping delight, by a brass band of many pieces, soon after our installation on Union Place.

Education was free. That subject my father had written about repeatedly, as comprising his chief hope for us children, the essence of American opportunity, the treasure that no thief could touch, not even misfortune or poverty. It was the one thing that he was able to promise us when he sent for us, surer, safer than bread or shelter. On our second day I was thrilled with the realization of what this freedom of education meant. A little girl from across the alley came and offered to conduct us to school. My father was out, but we five between us had a few words of English by this time. We knew the word school. We understood. This child, who had never seen us till yesterday, who could not pronounce our names, who was not much better dressed than we, was able to offer us the freedom of the schools of Boston! No application made, no questions asked, no examinations, rulings, exclusions; no machinations, no fees. The doors stood open for every one of us. The smallest child could show us the way.

This incident impressed me more than anything I had heard in advance of the freedom of education in America.

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It was a concrete proof — almost the thing itself. One had to experience it to understand it.

It was a great disappointment to be told by my father that we were not to enter upon our school career at once. It was too near the end of the term, he said, and we were going to move to Crescent Beach in a week or so. We had to wait until the opening of the schools in September. What a loss of precious time — from May till September!

Not that the time was really lost. Even the interval on Union Place was crowded with lessons and experiences. We had to visit the stores and be dressed from head to foot in American clothing; we had to conquer the mysteries of the iron stove, the washboard, and the speaking-tube; we had to learn to trade with the fruit-peddler through the window, and not to be afraid of the policeman; and, above all, we had to learn English.

The kind people who assisted us in these important matters form a group by themselves in the gallery of my friends. If I had never seen them from those early days till now, I should still have remembered them with gratitude. When I enumerate the long list of my American teachers, I must begin with those who came to us on Union Place and taught us our first steps. To my mother, in her perplexity over the cook-stove, the woman who showed her how to make the fire was an angel of deliverance. A fairy godmother to us children was she who led us to a wonderful country called 'up town,' where, in a dazzlingly beautiful palace called a 'department store,' we exchanged our hateful home-made European costumes, which pointed us out as 'greenhorns' to the children on the street, for real American machine-made garments, and issued forth glorified in each others' eyes.

With our despised immigrant clothing we shed also our impossible Hebrew names. A committee of our friends, several years ahead of us in American experience, put their heads together and concocted American names for us all. Those of our real names that had no pleasing American equivalents they ruthlessly discarded, content if they retained the initials. My mother, possessing a name that was untranslatable, was punished with the undignified nickname of Annie. Fetchke, Joseph, and Edle Dvereh issued as Frieda, Joseph, and Dora, respectively. As for poor me, I was simply cheated. My Hebrew name being Maryashe in full, — Mashke for short, — Russianized into Marya (Mar-ya), my friends said it would hold good in English as *Mary;* which was very disappointing, as I longed to possess a really strange-sounding American name like the others.

I am forgetting the consolation I had, in this matter of names, from the use of my surname, which I have had no occasion to mention until now. My father, I found on my arrival, was *Mr. Antin* on the slightest provocation, and not, as in Polotzk, on state occasions alone. And so I was *Mary Antin,* and I felt very important to answer to such a dignified title. It was just like America that even plain people should wear their surnames on week-days.

As a family we were so diligent under instruction, so adaptable, and so clever in hiding our deficiencies, that when we made the journey to Crescent Beach, in the wake of our small wagon-load of household goods, my father had very little occasion to admonish us on the way, and I am sure he was not ashamed of us. So much we had achieved toward our Americanization during the two weeks that had passed since our landing.

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II

Crescent Beach is a name that is printed in very small type on the maps of the environs of Boston, but a life-size strip of sand curves from Winthrop to Lynn; and that is historic ground in the annals of my family. The place is now a popular resort for holiday crowds, and is famous under its new name of Revere Beach. When the reunited Antins made their stand there, however, there were no boulevards, no stately bath-houses, no hotels, no gaudy amusement places, no illuminations, no showmen, no tawdry rabble. There was only the bright clean sweep of sand, the summer sea, and the summer sky. At high tide the whole Atlantic rushed in, tossing the seaweeds in his mane; at low tide he rushed out, growling and gnashing his granite teeth. Between tides a baby might play on the beach, digging with pebbles and shells, till it lay asleep on the sand. The whole sun shone by day, troops of stars by night, and the great moon in its season.

Into this grand cycle of the seaside day I came to live and learn and play. A few people came with me, as I have already intimated; but the main thing was that *I* came to live on the edge of the sea — I, who had spent my life inland, believing that the great waters of the world were spread out before me in the Dvina. My idea of the human world had grown enormously during the long journey; my idea of the earth had expanded with every day at sea; my idea of the world outside the earth now budded and swelled during my prolonged experience of the wide and unobstructed heavens.

Not that I got any inkling of the conception of a multiple world. I had had no lessons in cosmogony, and I had no spontaneous revelation of the true position of the earth in the universe. For me, as for my fathers, the sun set and rose, and I did not feel the earth rushing through space. But I lay stretched out in the sun, my eyes level with the sea, till I seemed to be absorbed bodily by the very materials of the world around me; till I could not feel my hand as separate from the warm sand in which it was buried. Or I crouched on the beach at full moon, wondering, wondering, between the two splendors of the sky and the sea. I ran out to meet the incoming storm, my face full in the wind, my being a-tingle with an awful delight to the tips of my fog-matted locks flying behind; and stood clinging to some stake or upturned boat, shaken by the roar and rumble of the waves. So clinging, I pretended that I was in danger, and was deliciously frightened; I held on with both hands, and shook my head, exulting in the tumult around me, equally ready to laugh or sob. Or else I sat, on the stillest days, with my back to the sea, not looking at all, but just listening to the rustle of the waves on the sand; not thinking at all, but just breathing with the sea.

My father's little partner, Mr. Wilner, had a large family of boys, girls, twins, and everything else in the way of children. There were no fewer than twelve little Wilners, some of whom were splendid playfellows. Together we romped on the beach, or disported ourselves like mermen and mermaids in the surf, the while our respective fathers dispensed cold lemonade, hot peanuts, and pink popcorn, and piled up our respective fortunes, nickel by nickel, penny by penny.

I was very proud of my connection with the public life of the beach. I admired greatly our shining soda fountain, the rows of sparkling glasses, the pyramids of oranges, the sausage chains, the neat white counter, and the bright array of tin spoons. It seemed to me

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that none of the other refreshment stands on the beach were half so attractive as ours. I thought my father looked very well in a long white apron and shirt sleeves. He dished out ice cream with enthusiasm, so I supposed he was getting rich. It never occurred to me to compare his present occupation with the position of a rabbi, for which he had been originally destined; or if I thought about it, I was just as well content, for by this time I had by heart my father's saying, 'America is not Polotzk.' All occupations were respectable, all men were equal, in America.

If I admired the soda fountain and the sausage chains, I almost worshiped the partner, Mr. Wilner. I was content to stand for an hour at a time watching him make potato chips. In his cook's cap and apron, with a ladle in his hand and a smile on his face, he moved about with the greatest agility, whisking his raw materials out of nowhere, dipping into his bubbling kettle with a flourish, and bringing forth the finished product with a caper. Such potato chips were not to be had anywhere else on Crescent Beach. Thin as tissue paper, crisp as dry snow, and salt as the sea — such thirst-producing, lemonade-selling, nickel-bringing potato chips only Mr. Wilner could make. On holidays, when dozens of family parties came out by every train from town, he could hardly keep up with the demand for his potato chips. And with a waiting crowd around him our partner was at his best. He was as voluble as he was skillful, and as witty as he was voluble; at least so I guessed from the laughter that frequently drowned his voice. I could not understand his jokes, but if I could get near enough to watch his lips, and his smile, and his merry eyes, I was happy. That any one could talk so fast, and in English, was marvel enough, but that this prodigy should belong to *our* establishment was a fact to thrill me. I had never seen anything like Mr. Wilner, except a wedding jester; but then *he* spoke common Yiddish. So proud was I of the talent and good taste displayed at our stand, that if my father beckoned to me in the crowd, and sent me on an errand, I hoped the people noticed that I, too, was connected with the establishment.

And all this splendor and glory and distinction came to a sudden end. There was some sort of trouble about a license — some fee or fine — there was a storm in the night that damaged the soda fountain and other fixtures — there was talk and consultation between the houses of Antin and Wilner — and the promising partnership was dissolved. No more would the merry partner gather the crowd on the beach; no more would a dozen Wilners gambol like mermen and mermaids in the surf. And the less numerous tribe of Antin must also say farewell to the jolly seaside life; for men in such humble business as my father's carry their families, along with their other earthly goods, wherever they go, after the manner of the gypsies. We had driven a feeble stake into the sand. The jealous Atlantic, in conspiracy with the Sunday law, had torn it out. We must seek our luck elsewhere.

In Polotzk we had supposed that 'America' was practically synonymous with 'Boston.' When we landed in Boston, the horizon was pushed back, and we annexed Crescent Beach. And now, espying other lands of promise, we took possession of the province of Chelsea, in the name of our necessity.

In Chelsea, as in Boston, we made our stand in the wrong end of the town. Arlington Street was inhabited by poor Jews, poor Negroes, and a sprinkling of poor Irish. The side streets leading from it were occupied by more poor

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Jews and Negroes. It was a proper locality for a man without capital to do business. My father rented a tenement with a store in the basement; he put in a few barrels of flour and sugar, a few boxes of crackers, a few gallons of kerosene, an assortment of soap of the 'save-the-coupon' brands; in the cellar, a few barrels of potatoes, and a pyramid of kindling wood; in the show case, an alluring display of penny candy. He put out his sign, with a gilt-lettered warning, 'Strictly Cash,' and proceeded to give credit indiscriminately. That was the regular way to do business on Arlington Street. My father in his three years' apprenticeship, had learned the tricks of many trades: he knew when and how to 'bluff.' The legend 'Strictly Cash' was a protection against notoriously irresponsible customers; while none of the 'good' customers, who had a record for paying regularly on Saturday, hesitated to enter the store with empty purses.

If my father knew the tricks of the trade, my mother could be counted on to throw all her talent and tact into the business. Of course she had no English yet; but as she could perform the acts of weighing, measuring, and mental computation of fractions mechanically, she was able to give her whole attention to the dark mysteries of the language, as intercourse with her customers gave her opportunity. In this she made such rapid progress that she soon lost all sense of disadvantage, and conducted herself behind the counter very much as if she were back in her old store in Polotzk. It was far more cosy than Polotzk, — at least so it seemed to me, — for behind the store was the kitchen, where she did her cooking and washing, in the intervals of slack trade. Arlington Street customers were used to waiting while the storekeeper salted the soup or rescued a loaf from the oven.

Once more Fortune favored my family with a thin little smile, and my father, in reply to a friendly inquiry, would say, 'One makes a living,' with a shrug of the shoulders that added, 'but nothing to boast of.' It was characteristic of my attitude toward bread-and-butter matters, that this contented me, and I felt free to devote myself to the conquest of my new world.

I was exceedingly pleased with all I saw. My early letters to my Russian friends were filled with boastful descriptions of the glories of my new country. No native citizen of Chelsea took such pride and delight in its institutions as I did. It required no fife-and-drum corps, no Fourth of July procession, to set me tingling with patriotism. Even the common agents and instruments of municipal life, such as the letter-carrier or the fire-engine, I regarded with a measure of respect. I know what I thought of people who said that Chelsea was a very small, dull, unaspiring town, with no discernible excuse for a separate name or existence.

The apex of my civic pride and personal contentment was reached on the bright September morning when I entered the public school. That day I must always remember, even if I live to be so old that I cannot tell my name. To most people their first day at school is a memorable occasion. In my case the importance of the day was a hundred times magnified, on account of the years I had waited, the road I had come, and the conscious ambitions I entertained.

Who were my companions on my first day at school? Whose hand was in mine, as I stood, overcome with awe, by the teacher's desk, and whispered my name as my father prompted? Was it Fetchke's steady, capable hand? Was it her loyal heart that throbbed, beat for beat, with mine, as it had

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throbbed through all our childish adventures? Fetchke's heart did throb that day, but not with my emotions. My heart pulsed with joy and pride and ambition; in her heart longing fought with abnegation. For I was led to the schoolroom, with its sunshine, and its singing, and the teacher's cheery smile; while she was led to the workshop, with its foul air, care-lined faces, and the foreman's stern command. Our going to school was the fulfillment of my father's best promises to us, and Fetchke's share was to fashion and fit the frocks in which the baby sister and I made our first appearance in a public school-room.

I remember to this day the gray pattern of the calico, so affectionately did I regard it as it hung upon the wall — my consecration robe awaiting the beatific day. And Fetchke, I am sure, remembers it, too, so longingly did she regard it as the crisp, starchy breadths of it slid between her fingers. But whatever were her longings, she said nothing of them; she bent over the sewing machine, humming an Old-World melody. And when the momentous day arrived, and the little sister and I stood up to be arrayed, it was Fetchke herself who patted and smoothed my stiff new calico; who made me turn round and round, to see that I was perfect; who stooped to pull out a disfiguring basting thread. If there was anything in her heart besides sisterly love and pride and goodwill, as we parted that morning, it was a sense of loss and a woman's acquiescence in her fate; for we had been close friends, and now our ways would lie apart. Longing she felt, but no envy. She did not grudge me what she was denied. Until that morning we had been children together, but now, at the fiat of her destiny, she became a woman, with all a woman's cares; whilst I, so little younger than she, was bidden to dance at the May festival of untroubled childhood.

Why such a difference in our lots? Because she was she, and I was I. Fetchke's domestic instincts, her good health and docility, had made her from childhood the support of every tottering domestic situation. As formerly she had played nurse and housemother to us younger children, so now, when my father's utmost efforts failed to win bread and shelter for us all, she had to turn bread-winner also. My father intended no injustice toward any of his children. Fetchke was the eldest, the strongest, and the only one of legal age to be put to work. When he could not give all his children equal opportunities, he divided the world between them in accordance with the laws of the country and the compulsion of his circumstances.

III

Father himself conducted me to school, with my brother and little sister. He would not have delegated that mission to the President of the United States. He had awaited the day with impatience equal to mine, and the visions he saw as he hurried us over the sun-flecked pavements transcended all my dreams.

Almost his first act on landing on American soil, three years before, had been his application for naturalization. He had taken the remaining steps in the process with eager promptness, and at the earliest moment allowed by the law, he became a citizen of the United States. It is true that he had left home in search of bread for his hungry family, but he went blessing the necessity that drove him to America. The boasted freedom of the New World meant to him far more than the right to reside, travel, and work wherever he pleased: it meant the freedom

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to speak his thoughts, to throw off the shackles of superstition, to test his own fate, unhindered by political or religious tyranny. He was only a young man when he landed — thirty-two — and most of his life he had been held in leading strings. He was hungry for his untasted manhood.

Three years passed in sordid struggle and disappointment. He was not prepared to make a living even in America, where the day-laborer eats wheat instead of rye. Apparently the American flag could not protect him against the pursuing Nemesis of his limitations; he must expiate the sins of his fathers who slept across the seas. He had been endowed at birth with a poor constitution, a nervous, restless temperament, and an abundance of hindering prejudices. In his boyhood his body was starved that his mind might be stuffed with useless learning. In his youth this dearly-got learning was sold, and the price was the bread and salt which he had not been trained to earn for himself. Under the wedding canopy he was bound for life to a girl whose features were still strange to him; and he was bidden to multiply himself, that sacred learning might be perpetuated in his sons, to the glory of the God of his fathers.

All this while he had been led about as a creature without a will, a chattel, an instrument. In his maturity he awoke, and found himself poor in health, poor in purse, poor in useful knowledge, and hampered on all sides. At the first nod of opportunity he broke away from his prison, and strove to atone for his wasted youth by a life of useful labor; while at the same time he sought to enlighten the gloom of his narrow scholarship by freely partaking of modern ideas. But his utmost endeavor still left him far from his goal. In business, nothing prospered with him. Some fault of hand or mind or temperament led him to failure where other men found success. Wherever the blame for his disabilities be placed, he reaped their bitter fruit. 'Give me bread!' he cried to America. 'What will you do to earn it?' the challenge came back. And he found that he was master of no art, of no trade; that even his precious learning was of no avail, because he had only the most antiquated methods of communicating it.

So in his primary quest he had failed. There was left him the compensation of intellectual freedom. That he sought to realize in every possible way. He had very little opportunity to prosecute his education, which, in truth, had never been begun. His struggle for a bare living left him no time to take advantage of the public evening school; but he lost nothing of what was to be learned through reading, through attendance at public meetings, through exercising the rights of citizenship. Even here he was hindered by a natural inability to acquire the English language. In time, indeed, he learned to read, to follow a conversation or lecture; but he never learned to write correctly, and his pronunciation remains extremely foreign to this day.

If education, culture, the higher life, were shining things to be worshiped from afar, he had still a means left whereby he could draw one step nearer to them. He could send his children to school, to learn all those things that he knew by fame to be desirable. The common school, at least, perhaps high school; for one or two, even college! His children should be students, and fill his house with books and intellectual company; and thus he would walk by proxy in the Elysian fields of liberal learning. As for the children themselves, he knew no surer way to their advancement and happiness.

So it was with a heart full of longing and hope that my father led us to

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school on that first day. He took long strides in his eagerness, the rest of us running and hopping to keep up.

At last the four of us stood around the teacher's desk; and my father, in his impossible English, gave us over in her charge, with some broken word of his hopes for us that his swelling heart could no longer contain. I venture to say that Miss Nixon was struck by something uncommon in the group we made, something outside of Semitic features and the abashed manner of the alien. My little sister was as pretty as a doll, with her clear pink-and-white face, short golden curls, and eyes like blue violets, when you caught them looking up. My brother might have been a girl, too, with his cherubic contour of face, rich red color, glossy black hair, and fine eyebrows. Whatever secret fears were in his heart, remembering his former teachers, who had taught with the rod, he stood up straight and uncringing before the American teacher, his cap respectfully doffed. Next to him stood a starved-looking girl with eyes ready to pop out, and short dark curls that would not have made much of a wig for a Jewish bride.

All three children carried themselves rather better than the common run of 'green' pupils that were brought to Miss Nixon. But the figure that challenged attention to the group was the tall, straight father, with his earnest face and fine forehead, nervous hands eloquent in gesture, and a voice full of feeling. This foreigner, who brought his children to school as if it were an act of consecration, who regarded the teacher of the primer class with reverence, who spoke of visions, like a man inspired, in a common schoolroom, was not like other aliens, who brought their children in dull obedience to the law; was not like the native fathers, who brought their unmanageable boys, glad to be relieved of their care. I think Miss Nixon guessed what my father's best English could not convey. I think she divined that by the simple act of delivering our school certificates to her he took possession of America.

IV

I was not a bit too large for my little chair and desk in the baby class at school, but my mind, of course, was too mature by six or seven years for the work. So as soon as I could understand what the teacher said in class, I was advanced to the second grade. This was within a week after Miss Nixon took me in hand. But I do not mean to give my dear teacher all the credit for my rapid progress, or even half the credit. On behalf of my race and my family, I shall divide it with her. I was Jew enough to have an aptitude for language in general, and to bend my mind earnestly to my task; I was Antin enough to read each lesson with my heart, which gave me an inkling of what was coming next, and so carried me along by leaps and bounds. As for the teacher, she could best explain what theory she followed in teaching us foreigners to read. I can only describe the method, which was so simple that I wish holiness could be taught in the same way.

There were about half a dozen of us beginners in English, in age from six to fifteen. Miss Nixon made a special class of us, and aided us so skillfully and earnestly in our endeavors to 'see-a-cat,' and 'hear-a-dog,' and 'look-at the-hen,' that we turned over page after page of the ravishing history, eager to find out how the common world looked, smelt, and tasted in the strange speech. The teacher knew just when to let us help each other out with a word in our own tongue, — it happened that we were all Jews, — and

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so, working all together, we actually covered more ground in a lesson than the native classes, composed entirely of the little tots.

But we stuck — stuck fast — at the definite article; and sometimes the lesson resolved itself into a species of lingual gymnastics, in which we all looked as if we meant to bite off our tongues. Miss Nixon was pretty, and she must have looked well with her white teeth showing in the act; but at the time I was too solemnly occupied to admire her looks. I did take great pleasure in her smile of approval, whenever I pronounced well; and her patience and perseverance in struggling with us over that thick little word are becoming to her even now, after fifteen years. It is not her fault if any of us to-day give a buzzing sound to the dreadful English *th*.

Whenever the teachers did anything special to help me over my private difficulties, my gratitude went out to them, silently. It meant so much to me that they halted the lesson to give me a lift, that I needs must love them for it. Dear Miss Carrol, of the second grade, would be amazed to hear what small things I remember, all because I was so impressed at the time with her readiness and sweetness in taking notice of my difficulties.

Says Miss Carrol, looking straight at me, 'If Johnnie has three marbles, and Charlie has twice as many, how many marbles has Charlie?'

I raise my hand for permission to speak. 'Teacher, I don't know vhat is tvice.'

Teacher beckons me to her, and whispers in my ear the meaning of the strange word, and I am able to write the sum correctly. It's all in the day's work with her; with me, it is a special act of kindness and efficiency.

She whom I found in the next grade became so dear a friend that I can hardly name her with the rest, though I mention none of them lightly. Her approval was always dear to me, first because she was Teacher, and afterwards, as long as she lived, because she was my Miss Dillingham. Great was my grief, therefore, when, shortly after my admission to her class, I incurred discipline, for the first, and next to the last, time in my school career.

The class was repeating in chorus the Lord's Prayer, heads bowed on desks. I was doing my best to keep up by the sound; my mind could not go beyond the word 'hallowed,' for which I had not found the meaning. In the middle of the prayer the Jewish boy across the aisle trod on my foot to get my attention. 'You must not say that,' he admonished in a solemn whisper. 'It's Christian.' I whispered back that it was n't, and went on, to the 'Amen.' I did not know but what he was right, but the name of Christ was not in the prayer, and I was bound to do everything that the class did. If I had any Jewish scruples, they were lagging away behind my interest in school affairs.

But all Miss Dillingham saw was that two of her pupils whispered during morning prayer, and she must discipline them. So I was degraded from the honor row to the lowest row, and it was many a day before I forgave that young missionary; it was not enough for my vengeance that he suffered punishment with me. Teacher, of course, heard us both defend ourselves, but there was a time and a place for religious arguments, and she meant to help us remember that point.

If I was eager and diligent, my teachers did not sleep. As fast as my knowledge of English allowed, they advanced me from grade to grade, without reference to the usual schedule of promotions. My father was right when he often said, in discussing my prospects, that ability would be promptly

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recognized in the public schools. Rapid as was my progress, on account of the advantages with which I started, some of the other 'green' pupils were not far behind me: within a grade or two, by the end of the year. My brother, whose whole childhood had been one hideous nightmare, what with the stupid rebbe, the cruel whip, and the general repression of life in the Pale, surprised my father by the progress he made under intelligent, sympathetic guidance. Indeed, he soon had a reputation in the school that the American boys envied; and all through the school course he more than held his own with pupils of his age. So much for the right and wrong way of doing things.

There is a record of my early progress in English much better than my recollections, however accurate and definite these may be. I have several reasons for introducing it here. First, it shows what the Russian Jew can do with an adopted language; next, it proves that vigilance of our public-school teachers of which I spoke; and last, I am proud of it! That is an unnecessary confession, but I could not be satisfied to insert the record here, with my vanity unavowed.

This is the document, copied from an educational journal, a tattered copy of which lies in my lap as I write — treasured for fifteen years, you see, by my vanity.

Editor *Primary Education:* —

This is the uncorrected paper of a Russian child twelve years old, who had studied English only four months. She had never, until September, been to school even in her own country and has heard English spoken *only* at school. I shall be glad if the paper of my pupil and the above explanation may appear in your paper.

M. S. DILLINGHAM.

Chelsea, Mass.

SNOW

Snow is frozen moisture which comes from the clouds.

Now the snow is coming down in feather-flakes, which makes nice snow-balls. But there is still one kind of snow more. This kind of snow is called snow-crystals, for it comes down in little curly balls. These snow crystals are n't quiet as good for snow-balls as feather-flakes, for they (the snow-crystals) are dry: so they can't keep together as feather-flakes do.

The snow is dear to some children for they like sleighing.

As I said at the top — the snow comes from the clouds.

Now the trees are bare, no flowers are to see in the fields and gardens, (we all know why) and the whole world seems like asleep without the happy birds songs which left us till spring. But the snow which drove away all these pretty and happy things, try (as I think) not to make us at all unhappy; they covered up the branches of the trees, the fields, the gardens and houses, and the whole world looks like dressed in a beautiful white — instead of green — dress, with the sky looking down on it with a pale face.

And so the people can find some joy in it, too, without the happy summer.

MARY ANTIN.

And now that it stands there, with *her* name over it, I am ashamed of my flippant talk about vanity. More to me than all the praise I could hope to win by the conquest of fifty languages, is the association of this dear friend with my earliest efforts at writing; and it pleases me to remember that to her I owe my very first appearance in print. Vanity is the least part of it, when I remember how she called me to her desk, one day after school was out, and showed me my composition — my own words, that I had written out of my

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own head — printed out, clear black and white, with my name at the end! Nothing so wonderful had ever happened to me before. My whole consciousness was suddenly transformed. I suppose that was the moment when I became a writer. I always loved to write, — I wrote letters whenever I had an excuse, — but it had never occurred to me to sit down and write my thoughts for no person in particular, merely to put the world on paper. But now, as I read my own words, in a delicious confusion, the idea was born. I stared at my name: MARY ANTIN. Was that really I? The printed characters composing it seemed strange to me all of a sudden. If that was my name, and those were the words out of my own head, what relation did it all have to *me*, who was alone there with Miss Dillingham, and the printed page between us? Why, it meant that I could write again, and see my writing printed, and — and give it to people to read! I could write many, many things: I could write a book! The idea was so huge, so bewildering, that my mind scarcely could accommodate it.

I never heard of any one who was so watched and coaxed, so passed along from hand to helping hand, as was I. I always had friends. They sprang up everywhere, as if they had stood waiting for me to come. So here was my teacher, the moment she saw that I could give a good paraphrase of her talk on 'Snow,' bent on finding out what more I could do. One day she asked me if I had ever written poetry. I had not, but I went home and tried. I believe it was more Snow, and I know it was wretched. Wretched it was; worse, a great deal, than reams of poetry that is written by children about whom there is no fuss made. But Miss Dillingham was not discouraged. She saw that I had no idea of metre, so she proceeded to teach me. We repeated miles of poetry together, smooth lines that sang themselves, mostly out of Longfellow. Then I would go home and write — oh, about the snow in our back yard! — but when Miss Dillingham came to read my verses, they limped, and they lagged, and they dragged, and there was no tune that would fit them.

At last came the moment of illumination: I saw where my trouble lay. I had supposed that my lines matched when they had an equal number of syllables, taking no account of accent. Now I knew better: now I could write poetry! The everlasting snow melted at last, and the mud-puddles dried in the spring sun, and the grass on the common was green, and still I wrote poetry! Again I wish I had some example of my springtime rhapsodies: the veriest rubbish of the sort that ever a child perpetrated. Lizzie McDee, who had red hair and freckles, and a Sunday-school manner on weekdays, and was below me in the class, did a great deal better. We used to compare verses; and while I do not remember that I ever had the grace to own that she was the better poet, I do know that I secretly wondered why the teachers did not invite her to stay after school and study poetry, while they took so much pains with me. But so it was always with me: somebody did something for me all the time.

About the middle of the year I was promoted to the grammar school. Then it was that I walked on air. For I said to myself that I was a *student* now, in earnest, not merely a school girl learning to spell and cipher. I was going to learn out-of-the-way things, things that had nothing to do with ordinary life — things to *know*. When I walked home afternoons, with the great big geography book under my arm, it seemed to me that the earth was conscious of my step. Sometimes I carried

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home half the books in my desk, not because I should need them, but because I loved to hold them; and also because I loved to be seen carrying books. It was a badge of scholarship, and I was proud of it. I remembered the days in Vitebsk when I used to watch my cousin Hirshel start for school in the morning, every thread of his student's uniform, every worn copy-book in his satchel, glorified in my envious eyes. And now I was myself as he; aye, greater than he: for I knew English, and I could write poetry.

The public school has done its best for us foreigners, and for the country, when it has made us into good Americans. I am glad it is mine to tell how the miracle was wrought in one case. You should be glad to hear of it, you born Americans; for it is the story of the growth of your country; of the flocking of your brothers and sisters from the far ends of the earth to the flag you love; of the recruiting of your armies of workers, thinkers, and leaders. And you will be glad to hear of it, my comrades in adoption; for it is a rehearsal of your own experience, the thrill and wonder of which your own hearts have felt.

How long would you say, wise reader, it takes to make an American? By the middle of my second year in school I had reached the sixth grade. When, after the Christmas holidays, we began to study the life of Washington, running through a summary of the Revolution, and the early days of the Republic, it seemed to me that all my reading and study had been idle until then. The reader, the arithmetic, the song-book, that had so fascinated me until now, turned suddenly into sober exercise books, tools wherewith to hew a way to the source of inspiration. When the teacher read to us out of a big book with many bookmarks in it, I sat rigid with attention in my little chair, my hands tightly clasped on the edge of my desk; and I painfully held my breath, to prevent sighs of disappointment escaping, as I saw the teacher skip the parts between bookmarks. When the class read, and it came my turn, my voice shook and the book trembled in my hands. I could not pronounce the name of George Washington without a pause. Never had I prayed, never had I chanted the songs of David, never had I called upon the Most Holy, in such utter reverence and worship as I pronounced the simple sentences of my child's story of the patriot. I gazed with adoration at the portraits of George and Martha Washington, till I could see them with my eyes shut. And whereas formerly my self-consciousness had bordered on conceit, and I thought myself an uncommon person, parading my school-books through the streets, and swelling with pride when a teacher detained me in conversation, now I grew humble all at once, seeing how insignificant I was beside the Great.

As I read about the noble boy who would not tell a lie to save himself from punishment, I was for the first time truly repentant of my sins. Formerly I had fasted and prayed and made sacrifice on the Day of Atonement, but it was more than half play, in mimicry of my elders. I had no real horror of sin, and I knew so many ways of escaping punishment. I am sure my relatives, my neighbors, my teachers in Polotzk — all my world, in fact — strove together, by example and precept, to teach me goodness. Saintliness had a new incarnation in about every third person I knew. I did respect the saints, but I could not help seeing that most of them were a little bit stupid, and that mischief was much more fun than piety. Goodness, as I had known it, was respectable, but not necessarily admirable. The people I

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really admired, like my Uncle Solomon, and Cousin Rachel, were those who preached the least and laughed the most. My sister Fetchke was perfectly good, but she did not think the less of me because I played tricks. What I loved in my friends was not inimitable. One could be downright good if one really wanted to. One could be learned if one had books and teachers. One could sing funny songs, and tell anecdotes, if one traveled about and picked up such things, like one's uncles and cousins. But a human being strictly good, perfectly wise, and unfailingly valiant, all at the same time, I had never heard or dreamed of. This wonderful George Washington was as inimitable as he was irreproachable. Even if I had never, never told a lie, I could not compare myself to George Washington; for I was not brave — I was afraid to go out when snow-balls whizzed — and I could never be the First President of the United States.

So I was forced to revise my own estimate of myself. But the twin of my newborn humility, paradoxical as it may seem, was a sense of dignity I had never known before. For if I found that I was a person of small consequence, I discovered at the same time that I was more nobly related than I had ever supposed. I had relatives and friends who were notable people by the old standards, — I had never been ashamed of my family, — but this George Washington who died long before I was born was like a king in greatness, and he and I were Fellow Citizens. There was a great deal about Fellow Citizens in the patriotic literature we read at this time; and I knew from my father how he was a Citizen, through the process of naturalization, and how I also was a Citizen, by virtue of my relation to him. Undoubtedly I was a Fellow Citizen, and George Washington was another. I was thrilled when I realized what sudden greatness had fallen on me; and at the same time I was sobered, as with a sense of responsibility. I strove to conduct myself as befitted a Fellow Citizen.

Before books came into my life, I was given to star-gazing and day-dreaming. When books were given me, I fell upon them as a glutton pounces on his meat, after a period of enforced starvation. I lived with my nose in a book, and took no notice of the alternations of the sun and stars. But now, after the advent of George Washington and the American Revolution, I began to dream again. I strayed on the common after school instead of hurrying home to read. I hung on fence-rails, my pet book forgotten under my arm, and gazed off to the February sunset, and beyond, and beyond. I was no longer the central figure of my dreams: the dry weeds in the lane crackled beneath the tread of Heroes.

What more could America give a child? Ah, much more! As I read how the patriots planned the Revolution, and the women gave their sons to die in battle, and the heroes led to victory, and the rejoicing people set up the Republic, it dawned on me gradually what was meant by *my country*. The people all desiring noble things, and striving for them together, defying their oppressors, giving their lives for each other — all this it was that made *my country*. It was not a thing that I *understood;* I could not go home and tell Fetchke about it, as I told her other things I learned at school. But I knew one could say 'my country' and *feel* it, as one felt 'God' or 'myself.' My teacher, my schoolmates, Miss Dillingham, George Washington himself, could not mean more than I when they said *my country*, after I had once felt it. For the Country was for all the Citizens, and *I was a Citizen.* And when we stood up to sing 'Amer-

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ica,' I shouted the words with all my might. I was in very earnest proclaiming to the world my love for my new-found country.

'I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills.'

Boston Harbor, Crescent Beach, Chelsea Square — all was hallowed ground to me. As the day approached when the school was to hold exercises in honor of Washington's Birthday, the halls resounded at all hours with the strains of patriotic songs; and I, who was a model of the attentive pupil, more than once lost my place in the lesson, as I strained to hear, through closed doors, some neighboring class rehearsing 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' If the doors happened to open, and the chorus broke out unveiled, —

'Oh say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?' —

delicious tremors ran up and down my spine, and I was faint with suppressed enthusiasm.

Where had been my country until now? What flag had I loved? what heroes had I worshiped? Even the very names of these things had been unknown to me. Well I knew that Polotzk was not my country. It was *Goluth* — exile. On many occasions in the year we prayed to God to lead us out of exile. The beautiful Passover service closed with the words, 'Next year, may we be in Jerusalem.' Still, on childish lips, those words were no conscious aspiration; we repeated the Hebrew syllables after our elders, but without their hope and longing. Not that any child among us was too young to feel in his own flesh the lash of the oppressor. We knew what it was to be Jews in exile, from the spiteful treatment we suffered at the hands of the smallest urchin who crossed himself; and thence we knew that Israel had good reason to pray for deliverance. Still, the story of the Exodus was not history to me in the sense that the story of the American Revolution was. It was more like a glorious myth, a belief in which had the effect of cutting me off from the actual world by linking me with a world of phantoms. Those moments of exaltation which the contemplation of the Biblical past afforded us, allowing us to call ourselves the children of princes, served but to tinge with a more poignant sense of disinheritance the long humdrum stretches of our life. In very truth we were a people without a country. Surrounded by mocking foes and detractors, it was difficult for me to realize the persons of my people's heroes or the events in which they moved. Except in moments of abstraction from the world around me, I scarcely understood that Jerusalem was an actual spot on the earth, where once the Kings of the Bible, real people, like my neighbors in Polotzk, ruled in puissant majesty. For the conditions of our civil life did not permit us to cultivate a spirit of nationalism. The freedom of worship that was grudgingly granted within the narrow limits of the Pale by no means included the right to set up openly any ideal of a Hebrew State, any hero other than the Czar. What we children picked up of our ancient political history was confused with the miraculous story of the Creation, with the supernatural legends and hazy associations of Bible lore. As to our future, we Jews in Polotzk had no national expectations; only as individuals we dreamed of America, as of a place of refuge. If Fetchke and I sang, with my father, first making sure of our audience, 'Zion, Zion, Holy Zion, not forever is it lost,' we did not really picture to ourselves Judæa restored.

So it came to pass that we did not know what *my country* could mean to a

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man. And as we had no country, so we had no flag to love. It was by no far-fetched symbolism that the banner of the House of Romanoff became the emblem of our latter-day bondage in our eyes. Even a child would know how to hate the flag that we were forced, on pain of severe penalties, to hoist above our housetops, in celebration of the advent of one of our oppressors. And as it was with country and flag, so it was with heroes of war. We hated the uniform of the soldier, to the last brass button. On the person of a Gentile, it was the symbol of tyranny; on the person of a Jew, it was the emblem of shame.

So a little Jewish girl in Polotzk was apt to grow up hungry-minded and empty-hearted; and if, still in her outreaching youth, she was set down in a land of outspoken patriotism, she was likely to love her new country with a great love, and to embrace its heroes in a great worship. Naturalization, with us Russian Jews, may mean more than the adoption of the immigrant by America: it may mean the adoption of America by the immigrant.

[In the February number, Mary Antin will continue the story of her American experiences. — THE EDITORS.]

FOR A JANUARY BIRTHDAY

BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

WHY count the evanescent years?
  Such empty pastime palls.
What quality of eld inheres
  In linkèd numerals?
Away with mathematick fears!

Come prove the good old adage true: —
  The more shall make more merry.
If every year be gay, and new,
  And young as January, —
Better a many than a few.

Methought I saw a robin's wing
  Among the budding trees!
What need of chilly lingering
  Mid wintry reveries,
When life is at the edge of spring?

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THE PRINCIPAL GIRL

BY J. C. SNAITH

X

AFFAIRS OF STATE

STILL feeling rather a puppet in the hands of fate, Philip reached No. 88 Grosvenor Square, the corner house, about twenty minutes after the hour appointed. But as the great Proconsul really must be at the House of Lords by a quarter to four, luncheon had already begun.

'I notice, Philip,' said S. of P., who had arranged with the Woolsack to address his fellow peers in support of the Daylight-Saving Bill that afternoon, 'that you hardly realize how important and how valuable time is to all of us. I said half-past one distinctly in my note.'

The unfortunate young man apologized very humbly and politely to the great Proconsul.

Considering what an Odyssey his life had been that morning, the young fellow made a very decent luncheon. Just the wing of a woodcock, and a bit off the breast, a few slices of York ham, a jam-puff or so, a bite of cheese and an imperial pint of bitter ale out of a presentation silver tankard bearing the arms of 'Ch: Ch:' Blind instinct seemed to tell the young man that he must keep up his strength, because there was a dull sensation behind the chocolate waistcoat, knitted for him by his mother, which clearly suggested that trouble was looming in the middle distance. Port wine, green chartreuse, a big cigar, and black coffee all played their manly parts. Yes, with the help of the gods, he might be able to keep up his end all right; although he was by no means sure that he liked that concentrated governing-classes look in the eye of the good old mater.

The after-luncheon conference in the library, however, was most impressive. The Governing Classes were distinctly fortissimo; and in spite of his ample sustenance, Mr. Philip felt rather meagre in the presence of this deep reverence for the established order, and so much of that which is best in the public and private life of these islands.

Lord Rocklaw, subject to certain contingencies, was prepared to accept other contingencies in respect of Adela. The first Baron was admirably clear and statesmanlike in his *aperçu* of the most interesting position which had been evolved by the higher diplomacy.

'Sometime in October, at dear Saint George's,' thought the good old mater.

The heir to the barony was silent, dismal, and undone. He had hesitated about a second green chartreuse; he wished now that he had obeyed the inward monitor. There was a sense of vacuum behind the knitted chocolate waistcoat that was really the devil.

'It is like this, you know —' The young man floundered and came down rather awkwardly at fence Number One. 'Adela and I — well, fact is, we have n't — '

The Governing Classes showed great patience.

'We have n't sort of — you know — '

'I am afraid we don't, my boy,' said

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S. of P., with the blandness that goes so well with conscious power.

'The end of October is such a *good* time, especially if there is to be an autumn session,' said Mother.

'Yes, I dare say,' said the young man, 'but fact is, Adela and I have never quite hit it off from the start.'

The Governing Classes, with lowered eyelids, looked across the chaste expanse of Messrs. Maple's carpet at one another. The pause was rather trying. Yes, it was an awful pity about that second green chartreuse.

At last S. of P. was sorry.

The rejoinder may look a little inadequate. But it was n't really. Eton and Balliol, 'distinguished public service,' terms of intimacy with his Majesty's late government, are capable of considerable chest-resonance on the domestic hearth. It was already clear that the higher statesmanship might have to be tempered with a little benevolent autocracy.

'Warlock is really most liberal — that is, of course, for an Irish peerage.'

'*Most* liberal, Wally,' the Suffolk Colthurst chimed.

'Is n't October rather soon, mater?' said Mr. Philip, beginning to shape like a tailor at fence Number Two.

'The sooner the better we think.'

'I agree with you, Agatha.'

'Oh, but — ' said the unfortunate heir.

The Governing Classes were to be butted no buts, however.

'Philip,' said the good old mater, 'your father has been at the trouble to draw up an announcement for the *Morning Post.* It will be shown to Lord Warlock this evening, and with his sanction it will be sent to the editor by the first post to-morrow.'

'I don't think I should trouble, mater, if I were you,' said the unhappy young man.

Now, that really was rather ineffectual, and sounded quite as much so as it appears.

'The sooner the announcement is made, the better I think,' said Father. 'Adela is a charming girl; you are a very lucky fellow; and you are to be envied. Philip, my dear boy, with all my heart I congratulate you.'

S. of P. stepped briskly off Messrs. Maple's best hearthrug and shook the heir to the barony warmly by the hand.

'Kiss me, dear Philip.' And Mother offered the blond bland frontispiece.

No seaworthy excuse can be put forward for dear Philip's refusal to kiss his mother. Not a refusal exactly; but he burked the issue by asking to be allowed to read the announcement which his father had taken the trouble to draw up for the *Morning Post.*

A very little research discovered the interesting document on the first baron's writing table.

Mr. Philip read the announcement as duly set forth in the rather illegible paternal hand. He then sighed heavily; and then it was that the Green Chartreuse really behaved so well. The young man folded the announcement carefully and placed it in his cigar-case.

'Well, if you prefer to send it yourself — so long as it *is* sent, my dear boy.'

'I hope you won't forget all about it, Philip,' said Mother.

'But I am not going to send it,' said the young man, all simplicity and politeness.

There was great credit due to the Green Chartreuse.

Both parents were a little aghast.

Why was n't dear Philip going to send it?

Dear Philip thought it was premature.

The Governing Classes almost achieved the tragic note. Warlock would not take kindly to delay, said Father, in deep tones. Was it kind to

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dear Adela? asked the third person at the conference.

'I shall be glad to hear the grounds of your objection,' said S. of P.

It was merely that they did n't seem quite to hit it off. Adela was an awfully nice girl; the fault was his entirely; but still he did n't quite feel as if he wanted to marry her — yet.

In this charming passage in the aria, the Suffolk Colthurst fluted tremulously. So *sweet* a girl as Adela, so *good* a family, such *excellent* connections —

The great Proconsul was much surprised, in his deepest, richest baritone.

But there it was! said the pot-valiant Green Chartreuse.

Nevertheless, the Governing Classes seemed hardly able to concede that it was there. They were dining that evening in Mount Street to meet Warlock's sister, Dumbarton's sixth duchess. Had n't dear Philip better return the sheet of note-paper to his father, since he hardly appeared to realize its importance.

The young man rose slowly to his feet to confront the Governing Classes.

'Fact is, you know,' said he, 'I have n't asked her yet; and if I did ask her, I'm pretty certain she would n't have me. Not that I blame her, of course.'

'Philip, you must listen to me,' said the Proconsul impressively. 'Lady Adela will, I am sure, be quite willing to identify herself with the wishes of her father. My dear boy, allow me to express the hope that you, as the future head of your family, will show yourself in every respect worthy of a girl so charming.'

The firmness of the Powers was rather awkward. From their point of view they were right, no doubt. The clear and obvious duty of Philip was to marry Adela and further consolidate the fortunes of a newly-risen family.

Was n't it rather selfish to do otherwise?

Has a chap a right to be selfish, even when his life's happiness is at stake? Depends on the sort of chap you are, said the Green Chartreuse. Personally, we consider, said the Green Chartreuse, you will be the 'absolute it' in the fool class if you allow your people to queer your pitch for you on the score of Family. Adela is a cat, and you know it; Mary Caspar is a nailer, and you know that too; you have no need to be ambitious; you will have quite as much money and quite as much position as is good for any young fellow. If you don't want to make a clean sweep of all the prizes in the Juggins Department, you will pull up your socks, my son, and answer in the negative in a quiet, firm, and manly voice.

Here it was, however, that Destiny, who seemed to hold a watching brief for the defendant, played a very useful card for the Green Chartreuse. S. of P. consulted his private timepiece, and raised his well-brushed white eyebrows in dismay. A quarter past three already and he made a point of never missing prayers if he had to keep an appointment with the Woolsack. In the circumstances there was only one thing to be done, and that was to move that the Conference stand adjourned.

'Come to lunch on Sunday, Philip, and in the meantime the announcement had better be kept out of the papers.'

We hope, my lords and gentlemen, you concur with us, that it was a decidedly useful card that the old fox, Destiny, had played for the Green Chartreuse.

XI

LICENTIOUS BEHAVIOR OF THE GREEN CHARTREUSE

The heir to the barony was a superficial young man, — it is idle to pretend that he was n't, — yet in his slow-witted way he had a habit of turning things

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over in his mind. If he married Adela, it would please his parents immensely; it would advance him in the world undoubtedly; people would say, here is a young man wiser than we thought, — see how well he has married. But there was no shirking the fact that if he married Adela, he was bound to be miserable for the rest of his days.

Weak, disgraceful thoughts, Shelmerdine, quoth the Twin Brethren, Eton and Christ Church. It was not on *our* playing fields you learned to be so puerile. No girl in London makes a more distinguished appearance in black velvet. You will shoot at Highcliff. With what grace and charm will the seventh *married* daughter preside over that dear little house in Grosvenor Street on the left going to the park, which your admirable parents have promised her admirable parent to take for you on a lease, in order that you may both be near them.

Shelmerdine, we don't know when we have been so ashamed of an alumnus of ours. If you have n't enough character, sir, to tackle the very ordinary job of driving a young woman on the curb, — as every young woman ought to be driven for her soul's welfare at the beginning, — you are a miserable shirker, sir, and unworthy of the most liberal nurture that money can procure.

In that event, sir, we wash our hands of you; and you are free to form an alliance with this underbred Bohemian, — it is not our custom to mince our language when our emotions are deeply stirred, — bring down the gray hairs of your admirable parents in sorrow to the grave — your portrait receive the freedom of the gutter press — you will never be asked to shoot at Highcliff — you will bring tragedy into your own life and into the life of others — in fact, sir, and in a word — One understood these infernal safety-razors were guaranteed not to cut gashes in one's neck!

Little recked Cinderella of the reason why the heir to the barony had to appear at tea-time on Friday done up in court-plaister. He was also strangely pensive and embarrassed. She was as cheerful and charming as usual; and she had just been engaged to create the title rôle in Mr. Wingrove's brilliant new play at the Millennium, that was to be produced in the middle of Lent. But poor Philip was far from being himself. Still he insisted on walking home with Mary to Bedford Crescent, when it did n't really seem in the least necessary.

However, by the time they had reached the Strand, that romantic thoroughfare, the murder was pretty well out. It really came out as they stood on the edge of the curb opposite Charing Cross, waiting for the moment in which they might commit their frail lives to the maelstrom of mechanically-propelled vehicles, with a sporting chance of being able to boast of it to their grand children.

'Fact is, old girl,' the heir to the barony gripped Mary firmly by the arm to see that she did n't step off the curb too soon — 'fact is, old girl, I want a pal. Will you be a pal to me?'

'Why of course I will, Philip,' said Mary, as they walked arm in arm into the jaws of a Barnes and Hammersmith 'bus.

'A pal for life, I mean, old girl.'

By the time they had got to the opposite curb, Mary was quivering. And the color in her face surmounted the natural pallor of her profession.

'Oh, but, Philip —'

'You will, old girl!'

'I don't think that Granny — besides — !'

'Besides what, old girl?'

The knitted chocolate waistcoat was beginning to be grievously assaulted.

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'It would n't do — for you I mean — although it is sweet of you to have asked me, Philip.'

'It's whether it would do for you, old girl. I'm not much of a chap, I know, but I should begin to pick up a bit, I'm sure I should, if I had got a real pal like you to pull my socks up for me.'

'It is n't because I don't like you, Philip,' said Mary, so nicely that the owner of the knitted chocolate waistcoat wanted to clasp her to it in one of London's most important thoroughfares. 'It is because I do.'

'I'll risk it, anyway.'

'But I don't think you should — really. Your people, you know. And I'm sure that Granny —'

'Oh, but this is our affair, old girl. I've thought it all out; and if a chap wants a wife I don't see that anybody has a right to meddle. It's askin' a lot, I know — your career and all that — but I've enough for two, and you would n't have to sing and dance to three thousand people when you were feeling so cheap you did n't know how.'

Mary was troubled by this importunity as a girl as nice as she was was bound to be. She had already grown to like this sombre and rather heavy young man; she felt by no means incapable of being a father, a mother, a brother and a sister to him, or any equally near relation whose function it would be to pull his socks up for him. But she was also a very sensible and unselfish girl, — which is the least you expect in a heroine, — also a very clear-sighted and shrewd young woman; and when she said that Granny would never, she really meant what she said, and a great deal more than she did say.

All the same she was very proud and happy as she turned up Bedford Street, with the hand of Philip still gripping her arm very tightly, although in this haven there was not a solitary Barnes and Hammersmith 'bus to warrant a continuance of such a course of behavior.

The heir to the barony, in our humble judgment, was about the luckiest young fellow in London just then, to be walking up Bedford Street with a girl as good as gold in his possession. Very nearly, but not quite in his possession. He had come at his fence so boldly; it was an inspiration to have taken off just where he did in the welter of Barnes and Hammersmith omnibuses in front of Charing Cross; his solid, manly British qualities had shone out suddenly so clear and free, that where another might have hesitated and come a purler, this sportsman had gone straight at the obstacle and very nearly come home a winner. Very nearly captured the queen of beauty, but not quite, although she was feeling very proud and happy because of the honor done to her, — and it *is* an honor, O you young ladies of Newnham and Girton, the highest that can be paid to you; so please to remember it, my dears, when you turn down your thumbs to the next undesirable, — and she blushed so charmingly all the way up the street that it was a pity there were not more lamps in Long Acre by which you could have seen her.

Their feet swayed together in a delightful rhythm in their radiant progress; spats by Grant and Cockburn and Mr. Moykppf's most superior handstitched Russia leather, and eight-and-eleven-penny Walk-easies made by the gross at Kettering, which had no spats upon 'em. Yes, it was a lovely walk in the dark amid the purlieus of Long Acre. Several times they lost their way and did n't try very hard to find it. And then suddenly, from out of the distant mirk, where the time-spirit was keeping its grim eye upon 'em, the hour was told from Saint Martin's Church.

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One — two — three — four — five six — seven! — the excited heart of the Principal Girl counted each stroke. Cinderella must fly. She would only just have time to drink her Oxo, and to get into her rags — which were not rags at all really — and fix her war-paint, if the great British Public was not to receive one of the severest disappointments in its annals.

'Well, think about it, old girl — although I don't mean to take "No." I've made up my mind to that.'

They were on Granny's doorstep now. And there let us leave them without waiting to see what happened.

Did something happen?

We decline to gratify idle curiosity upon the subject.

The really important thing that did happen, before Cinderella slipped her latch-key in the door, was that Mr. Philip reaffirmed his manly determination not to take 'No' for an answer, and that he would come and interview Granny after she had had her siesta on the afternoon of the Sabbath day.

XII

THE PROCONSULAR TOUCH

It had been a crowded and glorious week for the Green Chartreuse, but it was not until the Sabbath day that it had really to embrace the crisis of its fate. Mary had not said Yes, and she had not said No, but she had seemed to imply that Granny might prove obdurate. Then there was also that little obstacle in Grosvenor Square to negotiate. Yes, taking one fact with another, it was perfectly clear to the Twin Brethren that Sunday promised to be a rather important day in the calendar.

The heir to the barony did not go to church on the morning of the fateful day, although perhaps it would have been wise to have done so. He read *The Referee* instead, in order to collect a few ideas as to his general bearing in the convention to be held after luncheon in the library at No. 88 Grosvenor Square.

The Governing Classes were decidedly *ff*. Not a day later than the third week in October, Warlock thought, otherwise it would play the dickens with his shooting.

'Egypt would be such a *nice* place in which to spend the honeymoon,' said Mother.

Little recked the Powers, however, of the Homeric struggle that was being waged within the precincts of the immaculate braided morning coat that sat so perfectly upon the manly form of Mr. Philip.

Do, if you Dare, said the Twin Brethren.

Don't be a Cur, said the Green Chartreuse.

And as no young man likes to be thought a Cur by a boon companion, the miserable, yet half-exultant heir gathered his forces for the conflict.

'There's something, father, I'd like to say,' said he, as he performed the superfluous action of tucking the end of his handkerchief still further up his shirt sleeve.

Perfect frankness was invited.

'I would like to say,' said the young man, 'before we go any further, that I don't feel that I can marry Adela.'

The timepiece with the silvery tones had the only speaking part for the space of ninety seconds. And then outspoke Mother.

'Phil-ipp!'

'Can't — possibly — mater.'

'Phil-ipp!'

And all this time the benevolent autocrat, who had put on his eyeglasses and taken them off again and then put them on again, was trying to recapture the touch of a great proconsul who had

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started out in life with a Balliol scholarship.

'Of course, my dear boy, you must use your own discretion.' The proconsular eyelids conveyed a delicate suggestion to the Suffolk Colthurst that after all the *suaviter in modo* cannot be surpassed in the hands of an acknowledged master. 'But, as Warlock knows already, we shall be very happy to make Lady Adela welcome in the family.'

'Oh yes, of course, but you see —'

Neither parent appeared to see, unfortunately, so that the poor Green Chartreuse grew desperate.

'So you see, I've kind of proposed to another girl.'

The Proconsul took off his eyeglasses and buttoned his coat; the Colthurst of Suffolk manipulated her third and fourth chins into a condition of majestically eloquent inarticulation. The silver timepiece alone was moved to make an observation, and that, of course, was quite irrelevant.

'Her name is Mary Caspar, and she is an absolute nailer,' said the heir to the barony.

'A pantomime performer, I believe,' said Mother, who, like every member of her family, had an almost uncanny memory for names.

'An absolute nailer,' said Mr. Philip.

Three weeks ago the young man had taken to Jaeger underclothing, but even that hardly seemed able to cope with the thermometer.

'It is n't quite fixed up definite. She seems to think there are things against it, but I'm goin' to talk it over this afternoon with her old grandmother.'

'Who, pray, is her grandmother?' inquired Mother.

'Her name is Mrs. Cathcart, and she lives at 10 Bedford Gardens.'

'I will call upon her,' said Mother, somewhat ostentatiously making a note of the address.

'Philip,' said the Great Proconsul, 'you must listen to me. I am afraid this is all very improper. A man of your age, my dear boy, ought to know that in these days they give swingeing damages for breach. This must go no further, you understand; and the best thing we can hope for is that the young woman's grandmother is as sensible as we have a right to expect an old woman and a grandmother to be.'

But then, as the young fellow explained with pardonable circumlocution, he was in deadly earnest and meant it all the time.

Fortiter in re, as classical scholars do not require to be told, is the natural corollary of *suaviter in modo*. Spasmodic trumpetings were emitted freely by the Great Proconsul. The Colthurst of Suffolk also had recourse to the clarion note. It was really a scene of great majesty and power, and it lasted until hard upon tea-time. The behavior of the heir was subversive of all that there was left to subvert in the Cosmos, since the wicked Welsh Chancellor's deadly missiles had knocked Mars and Jupiter and several other leading planets clean out of their orbits.

What would people say, said Mother.

Swingeing damages these days, and rightly, reaffirmed the Great Proconsul.

She was n't that sort of girl at all, said Philip the manful. He had had to make all the running. Father and Mother must n't misjudge her. And they must forgive him if he seemed to have lost his head a bit, but it was all for the best he was sure. Never been able to hit it off with Adela; had n't any tastes in common. It would be better so.

'Don't be ridiculous, Phil-ipp,' said Mother upon G sharp.

Was it conceivable that the Eldest Son was without a sense of moral responsibility? blandly inquired the Ex-Resident of Barataria North-West.

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'I hope the grandmother of the Person is a woman of the world,' said Mother. 'To-morrow I will call upon her.'

And then the heir to the barony spoke like a very nice young chap. He sincerely hoped his excellent parents would not blame him more than they felt obliged. He had thought it all out in the watches of the night; it would be all for the best, she was such an absolute dear; he would be awfully pleased to trot her round for inspection; and was there really any reason why a man rising thirty with a private income should not marry a nice girl?

But then, said Mother, dearest Adela is a girl in a thousand.

And please don't forget, said Father, the Proconsul, you are the future head of a recently ennobled Family.

If only he could Abdicate! murmured the wretched Green Chartreuse.

Neither Father nor Mother heard it, fortunately.

And then in tones of solemn music, the silver-tongued timepiece chimed the hour of half-past four.

'By Jove,' said the heir to the barony with a sigh of relief. 'How awfully late!' And rising to his full height from Messrs. Maple's choice upholstery, he dispensed a cloud of sweet and gentle and perfectly sincere apology.

He did not desire to bring a moment of pain to his excellent parents. He was sure it would be all for the best if only he could persuade her to have him — he had not persuaded her yet, worse luck! But in spite of this charming urbanity, Mother took no leave of him; Father had 'a damned disinheriting countenance' as he escaped through the door of the library.

A pretty mess you have made of things, you fool! snarled the Twin Brethren, as Mr. Jennings showed him over the doormat and whistled up a taxi.

XIII

A TIGHT PLACE

The Green Chartreuse was able to break its journey at Romano's, as it passed that home of wassail en route to Bedford Gardens. And having done so, it was able to answer back a bit, but only in a very minor key just now, my lords and gentlemen.

The dear girl let Philip in herself, because it was Jane's afternoon out. Was n't she very tired after the two performances of yesterday? Not a bit. But was n't he a bit below the weather? No? She thought he looked so, rather. Merely because he had been lunching with his people, was it? Very wrong to make a joke of such a filial action, particularly as Grosvenor Square on a Sunday is thought to be the home of the serious.

Granny was sitting very upright in the cosy corner, and looking very stately in her smartest cap with real lace on it that had been worn by Siddons. An approximation of the grand manner when she shook hands. The weather not cold perhaps for the season of the year, but when one was turned four and eighty one's vitality was perhaps a little less than formerly.

Miss Mary brought in the tea, looking frightfully demure.

Grandmamma herself had a preference for Chayney tea. She hoped Mr. Shelmerdine did not object to Chayney tea. If he did, there was whiskey and soda, which some gentlemen preferred. John Philip Kemble always preferred it; likewise John, his father; and she had heard that this preference was shared by Edmund Kean, who was her godpapa, — and the silver mug he gave her at her christening was upon the chiffonier.

Had Mr. Shelmerdine heard that the Lane was going to double Mary's

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salary, and desired her to sign a contract for a term of five years?

'Two hundred a week, Mr. Shelmerdine. A fabulous sum. Why, I don't think that Garrick —'

'Not a penny more than she deserves, ma'am,' averred the heir to the barony.

'Mr. Shelmerdine, it is enough to make Edmund Kean turn in his grave. A preposterous sum for a girl of very ordinary ability, without any true histrionic genius. Why, I don't think that Siddons in the heyday of her power —'

'Why of course she did n't, you jealous old Granny. And if I were a woman of genius like you are and she was, I should n't be getting it either, and signing contracts. Don't you agree, Philip?'

And Miss Mary fixed the young man with her glorious gray eye, and said to him quite distinctly by the Marconi system, 'Say yes in your heartiest voice, like a dear boy.'

So of course the young fellow had to say 'Yes' when he meant 'No.'

It is unkind to make comparisons, but tea and cake in Bedford Gardens, thought Mr. Philip, is a far more interesting function than a four-course luncheon farther west. And yet the young man had by no means a great appetite just now. It was the crisis of his fate. Had Mary told Grandmamma? And what would Grandmamma say, if told she had been? For men and gods, these were all-important questions.

Certainly the old thing in the real lace that had been worn by Siddons, was very *grande dame* indeed. Diction clear-cut, lively, and forcible; not a single English actor worthy of the name in the present generation, and she had n't seen the foreign ones; in fact, the race had perished with Mr. Macready who had often taken her to Gad's Hill to drink tea with Mr. Dickens.

'But what about Sir Henry Irving, Granny?' said Mary, covertly twitching her charming left eyelid at the heir.

'Pretty well for an amateur, my dear; but better fitted to play the hind leg of a dragon than the Prince of Denmark.'

'Oh, how terribly severe!' said Mary, so demurely that the Morning Coat had an overpowering desire to clasp her to its Braided Bosom.

'Good at melodrama no doubt, my dear,' said Granny, 'in the Surrey theatres; but to my mind wholly unfitted to carry on the great tradition of Edmund Kean and John Kemble.'

It is by no means clear that the Braided Morning Coat was able to enjoy Grandmamma's caustic criticism of the present hopelessly inferior histrionic age as much as it might have done, because there was that sinking sensation somewhere about the third button which somehow seemed to suggest that it was going to be its turn presently. And although a very ordinary sort of coat, which put forth no special claim to be endowed with the gift of prophecy, in this it was undoubtedly correct.

When at last its turn came it seemed to arrive rather suddenly. It was when the Chayney tea and the cake and bread and butter, having ceased to have attractions, were removed by Mary, still acting as deputy of Jane, the parlor-maid.

'Mr. Shelmerdine,' said Lady Macbeth to John Philip Kemble, 'I am given to understand that you have been good enough to make my granddaughter a proposal of marriage.'

'I hope you don't mind, ma'am,' murmured the Braided Morning Coat, whose diction, however, although that of Eton and Ch: Ch: was for the time being, at any rate, nothing like so distinguished as that of Grandmamma.

'I may say at once, Mr. Shelmerdine,'

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said the Lady-Macbeth-to-John-Philip-Kemble, 'that I am sensible of the honor that has been paid to my granddaughter. Further, I may say that she also is sensible of the honor that has been paid to her, as every right-minded girl should be, even when, as in this case, she is unfortunately unable to accept it.'

That unhappy feeling was coming over Mr. Philip that afflicted him on the occasions when he called at the Foreign Office to look up the friends of his boyhood. It is magnificent, and it has to do with war.

'I regret, Mr. Shelmerdine, that I cannot give my consent. You are a personable and mannerly young man — I am old enough to speak with freedom, and even if I were not, I have always been accustomed to use it. You have considerable private means, I am informed by my granddaughter, who has an independent mind, yet one which is in no sense mercenary, and I think it is probable that you will make an excellent husband for a young woman in your own sphere of life; but to be quite frank with you, Mr. Shelmerdine, I do not feel that I can give my consent to the Match.'

The Braided Morning Coat was cast down not a little.

Still Grandmamma knew how to temper firmness of character with kindness and consideration; and that, of course, the world has a right to look for in majestic old ladies who have played Lady Macbeth to John Philip Kemble.

'My granddaughter, Mr. Shelmerdine, comes of a very old theatrical stock. One of her forebears — a great-great-great-grandfather of my own — played in Shakespeare's own company. Without impropriety, I think I am entitled to say that her standing in her profession is likely to be one of eminence.'

Braided Morning Coat hardly needed that assurance.

'In the circumstances, Mr. Shelmerdine, perhaps I am entitled to ask what is your own profession?'

This question was a little too complex for the Braided Morning Coat to be able to answer offhand. Still the worthy garment struggled manfully and did its best.

Four years in the Guards, but at a loose end at present. Had thought of going into Parliament.

Lady Macbeth agreed that the ablest young men in the country made rather a point of finding their way into Parliament, and long might it be so — but unfortunately this particular able young man was not in Parliament yet.

'If it will help things, ma'am,' said the Braided Morning Coat, 'I will see about it at once.'

It was spoken like a man of spirit and an English gentleman, which after all is just what you expect of a Braided Morning Coat and Spats by Grant and Cockburn; but Grandmamma, confessing to reluctance, was bound to say that although this spirited conduct might help things a little, she was afraid that it would not help them sufficiently.

Braided Morning Coat was awfully sorry. So was Grandmamma, sincerely sorry; such a mannerly and personable young man; same school as John Philip Kemble, though not the same college; but it appeared to her, speaking with all reserve, and an ample sense of responsibility, that Mr. Shelmerdine's status in his profession, whatever his profession might be, — and she was not so clear on that point as she would like to be, — was due to the fact that he was the eldest son of his father.

Braided Morning Coat confessed frankly that it might be so, although he was not without pecuniary resources of

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his own. There was a small property in Cheshire which had come to him recently through his Aunt Tabitha, and was let on a five years' lease to the financial adviser of the Sultan of Zanzibar.

'I learn from my granddaughter, Mr. Shelmerdine, that your father is a Peer.'

Braided Morning Coat humbly made that damaging admission.

'And that you inherit?'

Braided Morning Coat, beginning to feel very low and miserable, pleaded guilty to this also.

'All this to my mind, Mr. Shelmerdine, constitutes an insuperable barrier.'

Diction beautifully clear and mellow. How can it be otherwise with the Kean and Kemble tradition!

'Let me make myself quite understood, Mr. Shelmerdine. It hardly seems right to my mind, that an old theatrical family should form an alliance with a comparatively recent peerage. I believe, Mr. Shelmerdine, comparatively recent is not in excess of the facts. Jane, my parlor-maid, has looked it up in Debrett, as my eyesight is not of the best. Created 1904, I believe, — to the best of my recollection, — *during Mr. Vandeleur's second administration.*'

The answer was in the affirmative.

'Your father is a man of great distinction, I understand, a great proconsul, who has rendered invaluable service to the Empire. All that I have heard about him redounds to his honor, but I cannot think he would give his sanction to this proposed alliance. I may say that I should not, if I were he.'

Braided Morning Coat was awfully sorry.

'The fact is, Mr. Shelmerdine, I am strongly opposed to this modern craze for contracting matrimonial alliances between the theatrical profession and the peerage. To my mind, they are two entirely alien institutions. They both have their personal traditions and their private status of which they have a right to be jealous; but it seems to me, and I am sure I voice the opinion of John Philip Kemble, were he not in his grave, that this unfortunate custom, which has lately come into vogue, lowers the dignity of both those institutions, is demoralizing in itself, and tends to diminish the respect in which either is held by the Public.'

Braided Morning Coat felt that 'Hear, Hear!' would have been appropriate to this beautifully delivered oration. But it had not the spirit now to say 'Hear, Hear' to anything. Its fond but presumptuous hopes lay shattered in a thousand pieces.

'The Public expects certain things of you, Mr. Shelmerdine, as a future hereditary legislator and the future head of a distinguished family. As a woman of extended public experience, let me give you this piece of advice, which was given to me by Mr. Macready: Never disappoint the Public, and the Public will never disappoint you. You have your duties to fulfill — to yourself, to your family, and to your country. I do not say that my granddaughter would be incapable of helping you to fulfill them, because a member of an old theatrical family, in my judgment, Mr. Shelmerdine, is unworthy of the great traditions in which she has been bred if she cannot adorn any position to which it may please Providence to call her. But at the same time, I recognize that public opinion looks to you to form an alliance elsewhere. I am sure it will be a great disappointment to everybody and a great grief to your excellent parents, whom I have not the pleasure of knowing, but who I am sure must be very worthy as well as very distinguished people, to have a son who in every way is so agreeable, if you persist in this de-

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sire to form an alliance with my granddaughter.'

Braided Morning Coat, for all the compliments paid to it, which it had every reason to think sincere, began to feel as chastened as if it had been knocked down and run over by a Barnes and Hammersmith omnibus. Long before Grandmamma had said her say, the unlucky garment had n't a kick left in it.

Where was Mary? Somehow it did not seem to be playing quite fair to leave him all this time to the tender mercies of Grandmamma. Full of mischief like the rest of 'em, thought the Braided Morning Coat. She knows all the time we are gettin' it terrific; but instead of standin' by us like a man and a brother, she retires to the basement to help cook peel the potatoes for supper.

'I hope, ma'am,' said the miserable varlet, 'you'll be able to reconsider your decision.'

'I am afraid I must ask you to find a reason for that course.'

'Well, ma'am, it's hardly my fault that I may have to be a peer.'

'Mr. Shelmerdine, I quite accept that statement.'

In the neck again, you silly blighter, snarled the Twin Brethren.

'I'd abdicate if I could, but I can't, ma'am, accordin' to the rules of the country. My Governor says —'

'Mr. Shelmerdine, I fully appreciate the insurmountable nature of the barrier.'

'I shall have enough to keep a wife, ma'am, but if you feel that I ought to go into Parliament, I shall be only too pleased to see about it at once.'

Lady Macbeth appreciated the honorable nature of the proposal, which intensified her great regret. But even a seat in Parliament could not gloss over the fact that he was the son of his father.

Suddenly the front-door bell pealed loudly down in the basement and reverberated throughout the house. A casual caller — perhaps Grandmamma's old friend, Sir Squire, who called to see her most Sundays when he was in London.

The Braided Morning Coat winged a pious apostrophe to its private, particular gods.

Alas! the luckless garment was a trifle premature in its hymn of thanksgiving.

(To be continued.)

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THE TIPPAH PHILHARMONIC

BY LILIAN KIRK HAMMOND

As indicated by its name, the Philharmonic Society was originally a musical organization, but in time it became also literary and social in its purpose. Both men and women belong to this club, which meets every other Tuesday evening, at the house of a member.

Tippah comes nearer to being without class distinctions than any other place, outside of romantic fiction. There are two races living side by side, but there are not two classes. Nearly all the white people are descended from the original settlers, members of good old Virginia and Carolina families. There has been no immigration from the North, and the few strangers who have drifted in from neighboring states have always established a claim to recognition by the older residents, and complete identification with them has soon followed. After the War, everybody was poor; and no one, except the lawyers, doctors, and farmers, knew how to earn a living. It was therefore natural for a man to turn his hand to anything that offered itself, without a moment's consideration whether it was an occupation suited to his social position. There was no apology, no explanation. Men in whose veins flowed the blood of all the Howards — to use a grandiloquent Southern phrase — thought no shame of measuring calico behind a counter, of managing a livery-stable, or of following the plough. Life-insurance has never been regarded with favor in Tippah, and many widows found themselves penniless after the War or the Fever. Penniless, but not helpless, for they lost no time in resorting to one or another of the three methods by which it was considered proper for a woman to support herself. They 'took in sewing,' or they kept boarders, or they taught music or elementary English in the schools.

This taking up of any form of work, by the men, 'calling nothing common or unclean,' has kept the village clear from snobbishness, but it has also checked the development of a healthy ambition in the younger generation. A boy growing up with the knowledge that it will be considered right and fitting for him to leave school at fourteen and begin polishing apples and sweeping the floor in a small grocery store, — kept, perhaps, by his uncle, who is one of the *Virginia* Thorntons, you understand, not a Georgia Thornton, — is likely to have no aspiration for a college education or a professional career. This indifference would be fatal if it were general. Fortunately, many, though not a majority, of the boys leave Tippah as soon as they can wring from their mothers an unwilling consent, and go to Memphis, the nearest large town, looking for a 'job' that promises promotion. In Tippah it is an affectation to speak of a situation, or a position. Everybody, from the Chief Justice of the United States to the colored barber who shaves the Tippah males every day but Sunday, has a 'job.'

The Philo, as it is commonly called, is composed chiefly of middle-aged or elderly people. Young folks are not

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supposed to care for anything but dancing and flirting; and, furthermore, the presence of young girls would be discouraged, as they might hear something not quite suited to their tender innocence. On one occasion Mrs. Erasmus Jones recited 'Locksley Hall' as her contribution to the evening's entertainment, and Mrs. Dudley was deeply chagrined that Lucy happened to be with her, and heard such an 'improper' poem.

The young married people do not belong to the Philo, because they never go anywhere. The transformation wrought in a Tippah girl by marriage is complete, and rather curious. Up to her wedding-day she appears thoroughly frivolous, without a thought except for her own pleasure; after marriage all she cares for is her husband, her housekeeping, and her babies. To marry Tom, to live in a four-room house, on seventy-five dollars a month, to have a new baby every two years, to exchange little patterns with her friends, to cook Tom's favorite dishes, to make 'something out of nothing' for the house, to grow flowers and vegetables in her little two-acre lot, to keep Tom away from the Blind Tiger — such, for every girl in Tippah, are the absorbing interests of the first ten or fifteen years of married life. Later, when the children are out of the way, she may find time for something else, such as embroidery, or music, or the Philo, or the Missionary Society, or even a course of reading, — though this last would always be a subject for apology.

On a certain evening early in June Mrs. Vernon is entertaining the Philo. The guests arrive about half-past eight, and are received in Mrs. Vernon's big square parlor, which is furnished exactly like every other parlor in Tippah, with two long sofas, two arm-chairs, and eight smaller chairs, of beautiful design, constructed of mahogany and upholstered in black horsehair. In the centre of the room is a marble-topped table bearing handsome copies of Shakespeare and the Bible, whose freshness testifies the distant respect with which such good literature is treated; although it may be taken for granted that Mrs. Vernon, like every other woman in Tippah, has another Bible in her room, which she reads every night as regularly as she looks under the bed before retiring. In Tippah it is most indelicate to speak of 'going to bed' — 'retire' is the proper word.

The Vernon parlor, though following a fixed rule in furniture and arrangement, has one crowning distinction: it possesses the finest piano in the town, a new Steinway. Tippah is proud of that piano, proud even of Mrs. Vernon's extravagance in selling a half-section of land to the Michigan Lumber Company, in order to get the money to buy it.

Mrs. Carter arrives under the protection of Sally and Tom Pritchard.

'If you'll let those children sit out on the porch until the Philo meeting is over,' she says to Mrs. Vernon, indicating her daughter and Tom, 'they'll be ready to take me home.'

'Why certainly,' answers Mrs. Vernon; 'and Tom, won't you make yourself useful by fetching some more chairs into the parlor? Just get the dining-room chairs — no, not that one, it's broken.'

She bustles about, making everybody comfortable, and by nine o'clock the whole company is assembled, and Dr. Courtenay, the president of the Philo, rises to announce the programme. Parliamentary law is ignored, but Dr. Courtenay needs no gavel to call the meeting to order. Tippah pays him the tribute of silent attention, as it pays him every other homage it can offer.

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'Ladies and gentlemen, my dear friends,' he says, 'we are to have the pleasure of listening to some real poetry to-night, by a Southern poet whom we delight to honor. Mrs. Ambler has kindly consented to read some selections from a poet whom the North admires and the South loves — Sidney Lanier.'

Mrs. Ambler is old, but her lovely contralto voice has retained the fresh and thrilling cadence of her youth, while her feeling for the poetry informs every word with life.

Every one is listening, except Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Vernon, who, unseen in a corner, are indulging in a little private entertainment of their own. Mrs. Carter has in her possession a letter which Jim, the darkey sexton at St. Faith's, has just received from his son in Memphis, and which he has brought her to read.

'He said he could "read readin' writin', but he could n't read writin' writin,"' she explains. 'Here's the letter.'

And Mrs. Vernon reads: —

'DERE POPPER, — I got a job in a calf A kep by Borrasso and Boggiano at 222 Choctaw strete. thair is find aitalyan cukin. Pleze sen me 2 dollurs. I wants ter git maried on thirsty, an I dont git my pay til satdy nite. I will cloas wid bes respex to enkwirin frens.

'yores truely
'LITTLE JIM.'

After half an hour of patriotic devotion to Sidney Lanier, the company turns expectantly to Dr. Courtenay, who announces that Miss Agnes Harris will give them some music. She is only seventeen, and is not a member of the Philo, but she is received with open arms, when, for love of Dr. Courtenay, she deigns to play at its meetings.

She is a genius, this girl. Her supreme gift of music is a compensation for everything she has missed. An orphan, nearly blind, cut off in large measure from the pleasures of youth, she lives in a world into which no one else in Tippah has ever penetrated. Perhaps no one but Dr. Courtenay knows that such a world exists, and even he, as he is well aware, can never hope to enter therein. 'The morning stars sang together when Agnes was born,' he would say; and he loves and spoils her, and denies himself the necessities of life, to give her trips to Memphis or to New Orleans, to hear music. From time to time she has had teachers, although never for more than a few months in all, and has amazed them by playing through without mistake the longest, most intricate and intellectual compositions, after hearing them once. Her memory is infallible; she remembers every piece of music that she has ever heard, and she can play on any instrument that she has ever touched.

Measured by Tippah standards, she is not beautiful. Her big hands are matched by big feet, which she has the vanity to conceal by long skirts, over which she is always stumbling. Her expression is never light-hearted and gay, like Sally's or Lucy's; a big, brooding calm lies in her face, varied by a wistful, questioning, but not unhappy gaze, as though some prescience of the early and tragic death awaiting her had exalted, not troubled, her spirit. Her slate-colored eyes are dull and heavy; she walks uncertainly, even in the quiet streets of Tippah; but to her the Heavens are opened.

This evening, at Mrs. Vernon's, Agnes is unusually gracious. 'I do love to get hold of this piano,' she says in her deep, rather husky voice; and she sits down and plays.

Tippah responds to the touch of genius. These men and women listen-

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ing to a solemn performance of the majestic music of John Sebastian Bach are dignified, ennobled, transfigured. For the moment, they stand on holy ground.

After the strain of rapt attention to a very long fugue, each member of the company calls for some favorite, and Agnes plays everything, from variations of 'The Maiden's Prayer' up to the 'Sonata Pathétique.' Then she improvises, tells stories on the piano, — sad stories, funny stories; she plays pranks; she caricatures her friends, to their faces, and they like it. Sally Carter, who, with Tom Pritchard, has come in from the porch to listen, exclaims, —

'If that does n't sound just like Mother on the back porch beating up a cake, and talking to Aunt Charity!'

'And there's a mocking-bird in that old mulberry tree,' adds Tom.

'And now there's a thunder-storm coming up,' cries Mrs. Ambler, as some big bass chords boom out.

'Oh, *shucks!*' cries Agnes, banging her hands down on the keys, — she always seemed to strike twenty at once, — 'this is too silly for any use. Listen and I'll play you all something I heard last week in Memphis. It's about rain. I don't know what it is, for I could n't read the programme, and Mrs. Carroll, who took me to the concert, had n't her glasses. We were two blind old ladies,' — Agnes's infrequent laugh rang out, — 'but one of us had ears.'

Then she gave them the 'Rain-drop' Prelude, while Dr. Courtenay — the 'atheist' — hoped that Chopin was leaning out from 'the gold bar of Heaven' to listen.

Every one is startled at finding that Agnes has been playing for nearly two hours. She jumps up and helps Sally pass the light refreshments which Mrs. Vernon has placed on the beautiful old silver trays that are among her most treasured heirlooms. Delicate sandwiches, wafers thin as paper, cake that would tempt a fasting hermit to renounce his vows, with long glasses of iced tea or lemonade, are the simple dainties offered, and they are consumed with the unaffected pleasure in good things to eat which Southerners never think it worth while to conceal. In an informal way arrangements are made for the next meeting, and the little company disperses.

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ROME AND THE ORIENT

BY JESSE BENEDICT CARTER

I

THOSE who have lived for any length of time in the city of Rome are familiar with that psychological phenomenon which a residence there is almost sure to produce in each receptive and responsive individual; that sense of the continuity of history, that breaking away of partition walls, that rendering futile our most cherished chronological subdivisions. We talk much of the Eternal City. In these days of the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Italian unity almost every orator uses the phrase. This is as it should be, for in the presence of the miracle of united Italy we are reminded of eternal power, and there is something beautifully human and patriotically disproportionate in the celebration of fifty years in the history of eternity and in a gigantic national monument on the Capitoline.

But we are more apt to use the phrase than to consider its meaning, and few of us ever ask ourselves wherein the eternity of Rome consists. It does not consist in a physical eternity, for Rome was not without beginning and she shall surely not be without end. It is rather a philosophical eternity. It is eternity as Kant has taught it to us, the eternity of timelessness. It is the timelessness of Rome, rather than the actual extent of time, which makes the eternal, and this timelessness shows itself in nothing more clearly than in Rome's eternal youth. She who to-day might well be an old lady with her three thousand winters, is only the incorporation of young Italy, this modern young woman, with her head full of socialistic theories and her garments ornamented with the gridiron pattern of tramways.

When we speak of ancient Rome, we must remember that Rome was just as young then as she is now. Those who work in that period always posit this youth in her beginnings, but as they study her story they fall into a very natural confusion, and as they trace the growth of her ideas and see them growing old, they are apt to think of the whole of Rome as old, although it is only that small portion of the community which has ideas, which ever grows old. There was probably almost as much youth in the time of Marcus Aurelius, when the world to him was old and weary, as there was in the time of Cato the Elder. It is, however, the continuity of Rome's history which has made her such a favorite historical study.

She is like some famous woodland glade that every artist paints; she is like some problem in bridge-building, at which every engineer tries his hand. Thus, in the days when history consisted of wars and battles, men studied Rome as the great manual of military experience; and when our conception of history advanced so as to include governmental problems, it was Rome that was the great text-book in the history of legislation. In very recent days we have suffered a reaction from the formality of the classical school of history, and we have entered upon the orgies of

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realism. Starting out from a half-digested theory that because antiquity in some respects resembled the present, therefore it must have been exactly like the present, we have reached marvelous and strange results. Yet this presupposes that history repeats itself. We can of course never prove that it does not; but we can assert that it does not, with all the intensity of the faith that is in us. We are not squirrels going round in a cage, and could we see any complex epoch in the past as well as we can any period in the present, we should see the difference; and where the eye of the mind fails we have the right to see by the eye of faith.

Thus we must not think of Rome as a unique text-book for the training of human experience. It is not an infallible guide to be consulted in every crisis of our modern day. There are essential differences between past conditions in Rome, and our present estate; and to emphasize these differences would be a much more profitable task than to harp forever upon the resemblances. It is not a popular method, and never can be. The human race, especially the less cultured members of it, take an extraordinary satisfaction in being told that there is nothing new under the sun. Perhaps they feel that it lessens their responsibility to know what there is under the sun. The only trouble is, that alas, there are under the sun a great many new things.

The western world to-day finds itself confronted by two great problems, one internal, one external: an internal problem of the immediate present, an external problem of the immediate future. The internal problem is the question of the classes versus the masses, individualism versus socialism, and the various attempts at compromise. The external problem is what we call the 'Oriental' problem, and Orientals, doubtless, the 'Occidental' problem.

Rome's attempt to solve the socialistic problem, her real failure and her apparent success, is a fascinating theme, but one which does not concern us here. But the story of Rome's relations to the Orient forms, to my mind, an even more interesting theme, and this we are to discuss; and the fact that we shall come to what is in the main a negative conclusion only adds to the interest, because it sets us free from the experience of others and gives a fair field and no favor in the making of our own solution.

We are all of us aware that the Romans are descended from an Italic, that is, one of the branches of the Aryan or Indo-European, stock. The Aryan stock as a whole is not considered as occidental. Certain branches — for example, the Indian and the Persian — are classed as oriental. In fact, to-day, we consider the truly western nations to be descended from only three of the various branches of this stock, the Italic, the Celtic, and the Teutonic. The Slavic stock and the Greek stock really represent a compromise between the East and the West. Thus, so far as we can tell, our Italic people started out as almost pure westerners. Nor do they seem to have been much affected by those primitive peoples whom they must have found inhabiting Italy before them. Thus there settled throughout Italy the groups in which we are interested, living on the hilltops where Rome was afterwards to be. There they built their primitive earth-walls and wooden stockades, and unconsciously awaited developments.

These developments came in an extraordinary way. There arrived, namely, on the western coast of Tuscany, at Veii, Tarquinii, and higher up at Orbetello, and still higher up at Volaterræ, bands of seafaring men who had come across the Mediterranean from Asia Minor, and before that had come

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out of Babylon. These men landed, and came into relations with the peoples settled there, so that by degrees they united with them, and the product of their union was the Etruscan race. As this mixed race grew more numerous, they moved slowly inland in two directions: northeastwards over the Apennines to Felsina (Bologna) and so into the valley of the Po; and southeastwards toward Volsinii (Orvieto) and Falerii, and so to Rome, and beyond Rome to Tusculum which still bears their name, and so on into Campania. They were unquestionably an oriental people: their appearance, their history, so far as we know it, and their character, at once sensuous and virile, bear out this statement. Modern historians have tended to underestimate their influence upon the Roman people, but the simple facts are these. Before they came, Rome was in a semi-barbarous condition: her religion was merely an advanced form of animism, and her organization was just passing out of the tribal state. When the Etruscans left her, she was possessed of an organization, and, what was far more important, of a patriotic instinct. She was sufficiently raised from the level of semi-barbarism so that Greek things were able to appeal to her. Nations cannot do these things for themselves in such a short time; there was no one there except the Etruscans, and therefore they did it.

But our evidence is positive as well as negative. We have the clear proof that the city of Rome, as a city, was founded by the Etruscans, and we have the cult and the temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus.

At first sight it is difficult to accustom ourselves to these ideas. We are willing to give Greece credit for Rome's artistic and literary inspiration, but we cling fast to the idea that Rome's organization, her idea of the state, must have been entirely her own product. Yet we feel this because we fail to realize the essential quality of Rome. Rome is, and always has been, and always will be, not a mass of material things, but a spiritual entity manifesting itself in ability to subdue all things unto itself, and possessed of unlimited powers of acquisition and equally unlimited powers of adaptation; the capacity to receive from all sides and to permeate all that it touched with the essential qualities of its own individuality. Not things, but spirit; not invention, but appropriation: this is Rome.

Thus the Etruscans came and went, and though they covered Rome for a time, her own essential elements grew up through them. They left behind them a certain number of their own people, a stone wall of defense, a temple and a trinity of gods on the Capitoline; they left a knowledge of surveying and certain architectural principles; they left the *haruspicina*, a method of consulting the liver of the sacrifices in time of peril and prodigy; and then they disappeared. They seem to have given to Rome something which they did not possess themselves, a miracle repeated every day in the gifts which parents often bestow upon their children. Patriotic Rome was born, and the people who had cared hitherto merely for physical reproduction and material aggrandizement were now looking beyond, and beginning to be possessed of a purpose, the purpose of the Roman state. How surprised these Etruscans would have been, — had their eyes not been holden, and had they been enabled to look ahead at what were to be the results of their teaching, — to see the Rome which they were inspiring, for six hundred years the centre of the western world's political unity, and then for a thousand years the centre of the western world's religious life.

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This is our first step therefore in fixing Rome's relation to the Orient; and what is our net result? Etruria has done two things for Rome. She has brought her, first, this ideal of patriotism. It was a gift which Etruria did not herself possess, and which may therefore have been called forth in Rome by very contrast and self-assertion. The second thing that she did was to give to Rome the outward form of organization, those titles and insignia for which the Romans themselves always gave credit to Etruria. But these were merely external things, devoid of the power of psychological contagion.

The Orient had therefore come to Rome without her knowing it, and with equal unconsciousness Rome had conquered. In this case, at least, no progress had been made toward a permanent influence. The great world-ideal of the synthesis of East and West was no nearer its solution. The sky had been cleared of Etruria, all save one little cloud of the size of a man's hand: that was the science of the inspection of the liver, the haruspicina. This cloud was to continue and to grow and to encourage Rome's superstition, and to be joined by later increments, and thus eventually to produce that great flood of oriental influence of which we shall treat later.

II

Meantime Rome was left alone in the gentle spiritual guardianship of Greece. We are all familiar with the brave story of Rome's wars at home and abroad, of her settlements of social difficulties in her own midst, and of her warfare against her neighbors, which continued until by degrees she became possessed of the whole of the peninsula of Italy. The fifth and the fourth century before Christ are characterized by only one thing which in any way partook of the Orient. This was the influence of Greece in religious matters, especially through the Sibylline books. In a sense Greece represents the equipoise of Occident and Orient. We shall see later of what incalculable value this equipoise was. Greece could consult oracles, and receive information from the gods without being superstitiously terrified thereby. The gods had always walked with men, and therefore there was nothing fearful or embarrassing in knowing their will. To the Romans, however, to whom the gods had always been unknown, it was a fearful thing to receive their messages. But what the Romans at first feared became, by virtue of this very terror, a source of morbid fascination, so that the Sibylline oracles, combined with the Etruscan haruspicina, were constantly sowing the seeds of superstition.

As yet, however, Rome had had no further direct contact with the East. But when at the beginning of the third century she became mistress of the peninsula of Italy, she found herself involved in the general struggle for the possession of the Mediterranean, and this struggle in its turn brought her into contact with the people of Carthage. The Carthaginians were Orientals of the purest type, yet Rome's contact with them brought practically no results, so far as the approximation of East and West is concerned. Even when Carthage itself was eventually conquered, and when the Punic libraries fell into Rome's hands, and the world had its unique chance for the preservation of Punic literature, Rome gave the books to the petty potentates of Africa, all except one, a treatise on farming, which she caused to be carefully translated.

Thus once again Rome escaped the issue, and aside from the failure to solve the great cultural problem, his-

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tory has lost this Punic literature. But though the Carthaginians had no effect on Rome, the war with Carthage brought Rome into contact with the East in a very curious way. In the stress of the war, Rome, terrified by extraordinary prodigies in the city itself, and unable to dislodge Hannibal from southern Italy, even after he had been defeated, caused the Sibylline books to be consulted. The oracles commanded the introduction of the cult of the goddess Cybele of Pessinus in Phrygia. Accordingly, a Roman ship was sent to Phrygia, and the sacred stone, the symbol of the goddess, was brought to Ostia. There it was received by the matrons of Rome, carried in triumph to the temple of victory on the Palatine, and worshiped therein, until such time as the goddess's own temple was ready for her.

It was Greek influence which brought Cybele into Rome, but the goddess herself was absolutely an Oriental. Her coming marks an epoch in Rome's relations with the Orient, though at first Roman citizens stood more or less aloof.

Hitherto the Orient had failed to come to Rome, and now it began to be Rome's turn to go to the Orient. It was the fortunes of her eastern conquests which took her there during the second century, the wars with Antiochus and with Macedonia, and during the last century of the Republic the war with Mithridates. The effect of these campaigns was twofold, and in each of these two effects ancient conditions were entirely different from modern ones. In the first place, the campaigns had the result of taking vast numbers of Romans and Italians into the East, of bringing them into contact with the eastern civilizations, and of keeping them there for prolonged periods of time, so that the eastern environment became habitual to them. The individual grew accustomed to certain surroundings so that he was positively uncomfortable without them. This was the first effect; the second was even more important. Success in war meant the taking of prisoners, and such prisoners meant slaves brought to Rome. Nothing is more misleading than to explain ancient slavery by means of modern conditions. By and large, slaves were by no means the dregs of society. In many cases, they, especially these eastern slaves, represented the knowledge and the scientific and technical skill of the times. Very many of the wise men who came out of the East came out in chains and lived the life of the servant.

Thus two distinct influences were brought into Rome, a demand for oriental luxury, and the actual presence of intellectual Orientals. These two influences had entirely different effects. The influence of oriental luxury is easily exaggerated. It was, after all, only a part of the increasingly central position of Rome, by which she became the natural point of exchange for the world's commodities. Such luxuries indicate no real *rapprochement*, any more than the drinking of Chinese tea gives insight into the Chinese character, or the love of curry interprets India.

But the presence of Asiatic slaves was an entirely different matter. Their influence was permeative and continuous. They possessed the oriental qualities of perseverance and continuity in the things to which they had been accustomed. They did not change with their changed environment. During the second century before Christ we begin to see the effects of these influences. Eastern prophets, especially the Chaldeans, began to pour over Italy. Here, as always, old Cato sounds the note of warning, forbidding his bailiff to consult Chaldeans and Haruspices. In fact, the Chaldean matter became

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so serious that in B. C. 139 an edict was promulgated by which the Chaldeans were ordered to leave Rome and Italy within ten days. Then, too, the influence of Cybele, the Great Mother, was constantly felt more and more, and men left Rome to make pilgrimages to Pessinus.

It is a strange thought, that Rome, which was to be the Mecca of the western world, should now go eastwards on her pilgrimages. Such pilgrims grew more and more common. Even men of position joined their ranks, as, for example, Marius. Then, too, in B. C. 101, Roman citizens began to enter the eunuch priesthood of Cybele, and in B. C. 100 we have the extraordinary story of Battaces, the High Priest of Cybele, who came to Rome from Pessinus, and received such a tumultuous ovation that a Roman official thought it his duty to interfere, and dragged him away from the speaker's platform. As it turned out, this was the best thing that could have happened to Battaces, for the official died very suddenly the day after, — and Rome knew why, — and when Battaces left he was escorted to the gates by a great procession of men and women.

During the last two centuries of the Republic, it is very difficult to estimate the depth and power of oriental influence. It might seem easy to overestimate it, and we might say, as it is so easy to say, that only the upper classes, and not the rank and file of the common people, were affected by it. Hortensius might introduce the Asiatic style into his oratory, Marius might go to Pessinus, Sulla might have a favorite Chaldean, but these were only the fads and fancies of the ruling classes. The rest of the world went on its way demurely. There is, however, an argument to show that this is not true, and that the Orient was present in Rome's midst and throughout the whole body of her people. It is a psychological change which, so far as I can tell, cannot be accounted for in any other way.

Before the time of the Punic wars, if you had spoken to a Roman about his soul, if you had made to him any reference to his individual responsibility, he could not have understood you, for the simple reason that the individual did not consciously exist. Each unit was so wrapped up in the bundle of life that it existed only in its relation to those about it. A man's whole moral responsibility was toward society in its divisions of *curia*, *gens*, and *familia*. There was no individuality, even in what is to us most personal, namely religious thought. A man did not choose his gods. He was born into them, as he was into the members of his own family. His self was his *Genius*, if he were a man; his *Juno*, if he were a woman. But even Genius and Juno were simply the two phases of reproduction, — the procreative phase in the Genius, the conceptive phase in the Juno. In other words, as an individual he existed only in his animal functions. And when he died and went over into the majority, the same thing occurred again, for there he joined the 'good gods,' the *Di Manes*, the bloodless flitting shades, seeking the one thing, the blood, which was to give them consciousness again, but which they would deign to accept only at the hands of those who were their descendants, and who were thus carrying on the race.

What a vastly different state of affairs from what we have at the close of the Republic and the beginning of the Empire! Then, men were so terrified by their sense of personal guilt and so afraid of the punishment which was to come, that Lucretius writes his wonderful poem against religion and superstition. And even though Lucretius is himself of an intensely religious

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nature, and destroys only to build up again, the existence of his poem is ample testimony to the terror of the superstition of the day. Finally, at the beginning of the Empire we have the spectacle of the whole Roman world engaged in seeking personal salvation, either in philosophy or in one of the oriental cults.

This is a complete revulsion in psychological attitude. We can see several elements in Rome's history which might well have assisted the development of this state of affairs. Great prosperity made possible great private fortunes. These fortunes in their turn made self-indulgence possible. Out of the excesses of this self-indulgence there might well spring up a sense of individuality. Nature often brings purity out of filth, and water-lilies float on scum. Thus perchance he who was doing what he could to lose his soul might in this way find it. Then, too, the wear and tear of the nervous system doubtless produced in many cases a neurotic condition, and thus we might define as symptoms of neurasthenia the sense of oppression, the awaiting of misfortune, the sense of guilt, and the fear of punishment. But all the world could not indulge itself, and for every rich man there were a thousand beggars. Nor was neurasthenia a universal complaint. The vast majority of men had no chance at self-indulgence, and therefore could not suffer its penalties. And yet it is the bottom of society quite as much as the top that we see at the beginning of the Empire responding to the cry of individual need.

Yet this idea of individual need was characteristic of all that came out of the Orient; even as it is to-day, when the Buddhistic doctrine of Nirvana is only an attempt to rid the individual of the burden of himself.

Thus it would seem that in the last two centuries of the Republic the influence of the Orient on the psychological and religious views of the individual must have been much greater than we commonly suppose.

III

Thus we come to the Augustan age. So far as an individual can stem the flood which is overwhelming a nation, Augustus stood opposed to the Orient. It would almost seem as if his choice of Apollo, which has frequently troubled historians, might be explained in this connection. Rome must have something to which the imagination can respond, and this is Apollo, who is orthodox Greek, and far removed from the hordes of Syria and Phrygia. We are all of us aware that Augustus was the regulator of that formal religion which was destined to be one of the greatest forces in keeping the Empire bound together — the worship of the Emperor. Yet see how strongly he fights here against the oriental touch. That the dead are gods is orthodox Roman religion: they are the Di Manes, the *Divi Manes*. Thus Julius becomes *Divus Julius*, and except for the accent on one of the Di Manes, the process is devoid of heresy. With the living it was more difficult. Yet even here it was possible to graft the new concept upon the old tree. In orthodox Roman religion every man was, as we have seen above, possessed of a divine parallel, his *Genius*, who was the recipient of worship at the hands of the individual with whom he was connected. Thus, while the living emperor could not with propriety be worshiped, the Genius of the emperor was a fit and proper subject of adoration; and even in the later period when the worship was avowedly directed toward the Emperor himself rather than toward his Genius, a respect for the past, and the memory of the Genius concept, caused at least a

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thin veil of adjectives to be placed between the worshiper and the object of his worship.

Thus we start forth upon our study of the Empire. The three centuries from Augustus to Constantine were the period in which the Orient was to come to a synthesis with the Occident more nearly than it has at any period since. The whole Roman world was now acquainted with the Orient, and to a certain extent interested in it. There was, to be sure, a great deal that the Orient possessed in which Rome took relatively little interest. The science of the Orient, the only real science which the world then contained, was matter of relative indifference to the Romans. Rome had always discouraged such things because they seemed to have no apparent practical value. There was no persecution or expression of open hostility to these ideas, which might have resulted in encouraging them, but only, most deadly attitude of all, sublime superior indifference. Other things were of so much greater importance, and these other things were growing very rapidly to be the 'cure of souls.' The growth of superstition which had been going on steadily during the last two centuries of the Republic was now having its effect. The oriental idea of the relative insignificance of this present life had become almost instinctive in the west. The accent was now laid upon the life to come. Not only was human life short, but the world itself was coming to an end.

It is false to assert that these ideas came into the world through Christianity. They were of course implicit in her doctrines, but they were also abundantly present outside of her. They were the common property of all the spiritual life of the period.

These conceptions, coupled with a sense of sin and of personal responsibility, caused men to be interested exclusively in the salvation of their own souls. But now a very extraordinary thing happened, for Greece stepped in and put up a shielding arm in the attempt to ward off this oriental attack. And here we must say a word about Greece. We think of her as a western nation, and so, perhaps, she was at first, in purely physiological descent. But every turn of the spade is showing us to-day how stupendously the Orient affected her. And yet, for all that, we are conscious of her western elements too. The fact is that Greece was so infinitely superior to any existing race, that we instinctively feel our separation from her. But this sense of our own inferiority, this feeling that we can understand Rome but that we can never understand Greece, is simply owing to the fact that the synthesis of East and West, the internal equipoise, was effected in her. This is the explanation of her art, an explanation which is, after all, only putting the mystery one step further back. And this is also the explanation of her ethical life. This is why her great ethical teachers strove to turn men from the error of their ways, not by conversion, not by affecting the will, for the will was good, but by bringing men to knowledge. 'To know the truth is to do it,' is an axiom false in modern life, but which may well have been true in ancient Greece. And so Greece stepped forward to help Rome, and this help took the form of salvation by knowledge, salvation by the understanding of philosophical truth.

We meet with it throughout the first two centuries of the Empire, in a Seneca, a Marcus Aurelius, an Epictetus. But if that had been the extent of the help which Greece offered, there would have been nothing especially remarkable about it; for such men have been with us in all ages of the world. The remarkable thing, however, which now

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happened, was the adoption of these philosophical principles at one of those moments, which come at long intervals in this world of ours, when those who have determine to share with those who have not. Sometimes it is knowledge that is given, sometimes spiritual help, sometimes food and lodging; but whether it be a Dio Chrysostom and the bands of wandering Cynic philosophers, or whether it be St. Francis and his Brethren, or whether it be General Booth and the Salvation Army, it all goes back to the same universal principle. Few of us have any adequate conception of the extraordinary extent of the labors of these philosophic missionaries who now went forth in the name of Greece. Even Lucian, who saw the comedy of life as no man has ever seen it, has a sort of concealed admiration for these people. We feel that they occupied a warm place in that large and empty heart of the satirist.

There is something infinitely pathetic in this carrying of philosophy to the masses. In the process, philosophy had to be popularized and cheapened. Anecdotes had to usurp the place of philosophic expression. Miracles of healing were necessary to attract and hold the audience. And when it was all over, the auditors could scarcely have carried away less had they been listening to a modern sermon.

Sometimes it seems as if this arm which Greece raised in defense really served to beckon on the forces of the Orient. And they came, — Isis and Osiris from Egypt, Cybele and Attis from Phrygia, Mithras from Persia, and all the host of the Syrian gods. Many of these gods had taken root in Italy before the close of the Republic, Cybele as far back as the time of the second Punic war, Isis in the time of Sulla, and Mithras when Pompey conquered the Cilician pirates. They came from all parts of the Orient, and they lived side by side in Rome in almost perfect peace. But the most extraordinary thing was that the atmosphere which they had themselves created began in its turn to influence them, so that they began to resemble one another; but instead of the contagion of evil we have the contagion of spiritual ideas. Thus the Taurobolium of the Great Mother, the bath of blood which the worshiper received, standing in a pit, under a grating upon which a bull was slain, was at first merely the primitive communion of god and man, whereby man 'ate the god,' and thus the god entered into him carnally, and he became 'full of god,' in this case full of the strength of the bull. Soon, however, a more spiritual conception drove the older view into the background, and the blood became the blood of purification. When a man descended into the pit, he died and went down into the grave and was buried, but by the shedding of blood he was purified and born into newness of life. He came forth 'born again into eternity.'

In the cult of Mithras, the spiritual element was even more pronounced. Mithras was not simply the god of physical light as contrasted with darkness. It was he who brought light and purity into men's minds, who drove away evil thoughts and temptations, and filled the spirit of man with a divine light. It was he who taught men the love of truth, and the great truth of the brotherhood of man.

The climax and the triumph of the Orient was reached at the end of the third century, during the reign of Diocletian, when, in the midst of an orientalized court, Diocletian openly acknowledged Mithras as the source of his power. Elagabalus may have worshiped Elagabal, Aurelian may have delighted to honor the Sungod of Palmyra, but, after all, these gods were either themselves a form of Jupiter or

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Jupiter stood above them. But now Mithras becomes officially the patron god of the Roman empire.

IV

This was the state of affairs in A. D. 300. Now look ahead three hundred years, to the year 600. So far as the city of Rome and the western world were concerned, the Orient had almost entirely disappeared. The Occident already possessed a religious life of its own, and was soon to acquire an independent political organization. These two developments are in reality one; they are both of them inseparably connected with the rise and growth of western Christianity. Let us see in slightly more detail how this development occurred.

We have seen how, during the first three centuries of the Empire, Rome had become thoroughly oriental, and we have also seen that the greatest orientalizing influences were the spiritual and religious conceptions of the day. It was a period in which religion signified very much in men's lives. The religious need was very great, and the religious supply was almost exclusively from the Orient. Christianity itself was no exception to this rule. It, too, was in the first stages apparently only another oriental religion.

Salvation was of the Jews. The Founder of Christianity had himself declared it thus to the woman of Samaria. But soon others than Jews became interested in the movement, and the question arose for decision: Salvation is of the Jews, but is it for the Jews only or is it for Gentiles as well? It was Paul, the Apostle, who answered that question, and all the history of western civilization waited on his answer.

It is the fashion of our day to speak slightingly of Paul. Men often speak of him as if he had distorted the teachings of the Founder, and had 'ruined' Christianity. The attempt is sometimes made to eliminate him and his theories from our conception of Christianity. We cannot discuss these things here, for fortunately our task is that of the historian, and not of the theologian. But this much the historian must say in behalf of historical justice. We have doubtless the right to disapprove of Paul's interpretation and to try to eliminate it from our modern Christianity, but we have no right to allow our disapproval to take the form of belittling the man Paul. He it was who translated Oriental Christianity into terms of the Occident. It is of small account whether we approve of his attitude or not, but it is of great importance that we realize that the existence of the western world, the preservation of occidental civilization, depended upon the occidentalizing of Christianity. In things religious Rome had entirely submitted to the Orient. It was Paul who saved western civilization by transmuting an oriental worship into terms of Roman law. This he could and did do because he was more essentially Roman than Hebrew. In these days of sympathy with the Orient, and desire to come into relations of mutual understanding with her, we may for a moment regret that Paul in a sense inserted the edge of the wedge which was to cleave East and West asunder, and to hold them so for two milleniums; but we should not forget how the West has worked out her own salvation, and by progress in self-government has brought individual freedom into existence. Only the West alone, unhampered by the East, could have obtained this precious result.

In a very real sense, the Epistle to the Romans may be considered as the Magna Charta of western civilization. Christianity thus explained was no longer an oriental mystery; it was a

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definite legal statement, wholly consonant with the Roman instinct for law and formalism. It was upon this foundation that the western world was to be built. We cannot enter in any detail into the lives and the works of those who did actually build upon this foundation. Tertullian claims his place as the father of Latin Christianity. By him the powerful influence of the Romans' own language was given to the expression of religious ideas whose original medium had been Greek.

But it was Constantine who did a still greater work, not by confessing Christianity — for, after all, his personal religious influence was almost null — but by the founding of Constantinople. The new capital saved the old capital. Constantinople was the scapegoat for the sins of Rome. Upon the new city were laid all the new fashions, all the orientalizing tendencies, and Rome, relieved, neglected, could fall asleep and dream her old dreams until she awakened in the terror of the Visigothic capture.

Alaric's siege of Rome and Augustine's *City of God* are two parallel expressions of the birth of the new western world. Rome's privacy was invaded; she was brought face to face with that fresh Teutonic stock, of which in one form or another she was never again to rid herself. She was to receive them all, Visigoths, Vandals, Ostrogoths, Lombards, and finally Franks, with whom she was to accomplish her destiny of the Holy Roman Empire. But with Alaric alone the picture is not complete. It was not merely temporal power which was to be the ultimate portion of Rome. This power was to have a spiritual background, a background wider and deeper than the foreground. Western Christianity was to be a larger thing than the accepted religion of Rome.

Paul might extend Christianity to the Gentiles; but his Gentiles and even his barbarians were either present or prospective members of the great Roman Empire. His Christianity was that of a Roman; it was the spiritual parallel of the political and territorial aggrandizement of Trajan, which was to follow. But with Augustine all this was different. The old Roman empire was falling into ruins; the Holy Roman Empire had not yet dawned. For him Christianity was a larger thing than Rome. It was a universal religion. It was that far-off divine event toward which the whole creation moves; it was the *City of God*, whose foundations are on the holy mountains.

Thus the western world was ushered into its 'Middle Ages.' A Benedict was yet to come, who was to preserve the material things of ancient culture; a Gregory was yet to come who was to prepare the way for Rome's autonomy, and for the preservation in a new form of the institutions of the old Roman Empire.

Thus the Orient had come to Rome, and Rome had taken her to her bosom, and then had cast her forth again, and relegated her to the Eastern Empire with its centre at Constantinople. Thus Western Europe went forth to defend herself against the Orient at Châlons and at Tours, and to work out that extraordinary governmental progress which seems to be reaching its climax in these latter days.

Once again the oriental problem is upon us, but it comes in a new sense, and Rome has nothing to teach us, except that we see that her failure was in a sense a gain, and in so far a success. It was well that the western world was separated from the East.

Is this separation still desirable today? Are East and West still incommensurable?

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THE VANITY OF ROMANCE

BY MARGARET LYNN

On the whole I thought I did not care for a husband. It seemed a more desirable thing, even at a distant view, to leave the chances of life open. There was a finality about a husband that seemed to do away with other possibilities, and define inalterably the road of the future.

And that road of the future — what a way it was! No one could tell yet where it might go, or what might happen on it. Sometimes I could hardly wait to see, and sometimes I was glad to wait, and in the meantime wonder and wonder, and plan and plan. But the trouble is, one cannot read about any kind of life or hear of any kind of experience without wanting to try it. Everything in the world seems worth doing, for a while at least. That makes it a most irksome limitation to be only one person. Had I been five, four others and myself, we could amongst us have compassed everything worth while. But to be only one person, hampered by sex-conventions besides — it is a pitifully meagre fate. That is why I early decided against matrimony as a career. It did n't seem to offer either excitement or celebrity, and at the same time it seemed to close the doors to all other experiences. I considered the matter once and settled it. Who had ever heard of a person celebrated as a successful *wife?* Nor could a married person be a heroine; in my reading, at least, there was no precedent for it. That is the same as saying that my stories were not very modern. So far as I knew, married people just lived and kept house — the last thing in the world to do.

But this point settled, the choice of all the world lay before me. Daily I dreamed; I called it making up stories. At night after I went to bed, in long afternoons in the orchard, behind my geography at school, I composed my never-ending tales. In them I walked a path of splendor. Romance marked my way. For they were always about the great things the future was to bring me. It is a rich time, before your fancy is hampered by any knowledge of practical conditions or probabilities, and is guided by desire and that alone. Sometimes I was to be a poet, sometimes a novelist or singer or scholar, sometimes rich, and beautiful beyond even Tennyson's telling, sometimes a heroine with fine deeds to my credit, anon a mere philanthropist, modestly earning untold gratitude — but always I was to be great and celebrated, somehow, somewhere. The fact that I was unmusical, unpoetical, unscholarly, unbeautiful, and not clever, was a matter of present grief, but it in no wise curbed my imagination. I was to be different in the future. For each career chosen, I elaborately planned out every item, with a care and precision worthy of a novelist. Little Ellie herself could not outdo me in faithful detail — only I put in no lover as yet, and I could see no point in Ellie and her foolish swan's nest.

The constant element in all these variables was success, glorified success, the admiration of all observers, and

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the astonishment and humble approval of my family. They were the ones it seemed most worth while to impress. To be sure, there were scattered seasons when family authority or lack of appreciation irked me, and I decided to get even by being merely a humble, devoted, dutiful soul, whose merit was discovered when it was too late, to the poignant regret of her unappreciative friends. I dwelt more on the poignant regret than on the devotion and duty.

The too open respectability of our family record seemed to preclude mystery or romance, and at times drove me to the luscious fancy that I was adopted! Some one — the Queen of England preferably — might come up our drive almost any day to claim me and take me away to my true sphere. I would be very gracious and really affectionate in taking leave of my humble foster-family, and send them a thousand dollars by return mail. Of course, when the next day I had decided to become a novelist and make a large fortune by my own absolutely unaided efforts, I was rather glad the Queen had not come for me. But for the moment, whatever dream lay in my small mind was as real as reality, and I went to sleep nightly wondering when things were going to begin to happen. Sometimes they seemed unbearably slow.

There was one great day in my mental history. Up to that time I had thought quiet and some degree of solitude necessary for the carrying on of my stories. I could do it at school, when I ought to be studying, but the chance was better on the road to and from school, when I lagged behind the other children, or out in the orchard under the Red June tree, or on long drives with the grown-ups, when they talked away and paid no attention to me. The best time was after I was in bed and Maldy had taken the light away and told me to go straight to sleep. To go straight to sleep was rank waste; sleeping was the very last thing to consider doing, unless one were sure of dreaming. But sleep-dreams were very unsatisfactory, because one forgot them, or they broke off at the wrong point, or were too illogical to be probable, even to my mind. It was better to make one's self stay awake as long as possible. What I did was to turn my face to the window, where a maple tree made a lattice for the stars to shine through, snuggle down and begin on my story where I had left off last — unless some reading or happening of the day set me on a new trail.

But on the Great Day, I learned something. In our well-disciplined, Calvinistic family, the working theory was that duty was the moral bread of life, and that no child was too small to have duties in proportion, and to be required to do them. It was a most irksome theory. The Stern Lawgiver stalked unwelcome among us younglings and hampered us at undesired moments. But as for me, I wore her shackles lightly after this important day when, called at a most exciting moment of a story to finish some shirked towel-hemming, I discovered that I could carry on my absorbing fiction while my reluctant hands were toiling prosaically. What did it matter if my hands were in Iowa and my needle was sticky, and if my thread knotted and became embarrassingly grimy? My real me was far away, doing tremendous things. No wonder it was a great day. From that time on, neither the presence of people, nor occupation to which I should have been giving my mind, hindered me from weaving my airy fabric of the things to be desired. The moment current matters ceased to be interesting, I was off on the path of the experiences I hoped would come to pass.

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The effect of this on my practical education was disastrous. No future heroine ever brought on herself more present obloquy and reprimand. How can one remember what she was sent to the cellar for, when she is enjoying a vision of herself receiving the plaudits and roses of thousands, on the opera stage? How can she remember which are young pansy plants and which are weeds, when she is planning what she would do if she found a robber in her room in the night? How can she take care to make little stitches and keep the right distance from the edge and not pucker, when she is at the very critical moment of saving a train, like Kate Shelley, about whom poems had been written in the newspapers?

In such a scheme of life virtue was less a thing to be yearned for than was fame. Any one could be good — if not, why was every one told to be good? — or at least one could be good when one could not be anything else. Still, I was not sure that I ought to fabricate my stories on Sunday: it seemed too worldly an amusement, although the long church service did furnish an enticing opportunity. Then I thought of a way: I would make the story fit the occasion. So on Sundays, in the meagre-looking, white-plastered, little prairie church, while the dim old minister was preaching away into his whiskers, I saw myself as a missionary in heathen lands, as the pious subject of a little Sunday-school book, as a faithful little mother to my orphaned brothers and sisters. That idea would have interested John and Mary. Well, it is something to covet goodness even on Sundays. Sometimes the impulse comes less often than once a week.

Then I wanted a companion in this absorbing inner life, or else I wanted to show off my inventive ability, I don't know which. Anyway, I tried to induct little Mary into my own joys. But Mary did not prove worthy. She wanted everything accounted for on a practical basis. She was so unimaginative as to ask where the old gentleman was coming from who was going to leave me a million dollars, or where were the signs of the artistic talent by which I was to leap to sudden fame. No one could tell a confidential ambition to such incredulous ears. I gave her up.

Then I tried Henry, in one of his more pliant moods. There was no questioning his imagination. He followed me promptly, he suggested new details, we found a place for him in the scheme and moved hand in hand to fame; the structure grew nobly. But alas for the rarity of masculine faithfulness under the sun! That very night, with the story warm in our minds, Henry crassly, insensately, referred to it before the whole family. And then, when idly questioned, he, as if insensible to the delicate exotic quality of the thing he was handling and the intimate nature of the revelation, told it, jocularly crediting the whole thing to me. No conduct could have been baser, more uncomradelike. To this hour I hope he will be punished for it. Could I have passed away at that moment, with all those surreptitiously smiling ones about me, I should willingly have foregone all the coming true of all the dreams. But it taught me a bitter lesson. There is a point beyond which no man can go. You may trust your friends with your money or your past, but with your ambitions and your dreams, no one.

After that, like the pampered soul in the *Palace of Art*, I held my solemn mirth alone. Like the same soul, I sucked dry the orange of experience. I sampled all phases of life that looked interesting, from being cast away on a desert island, where I out-crusoed Crusoe in prodigies of timely ingenuity,

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to conducting a temperance campaign and convincing besotted but reasonable thousands that they should hate the bowl. There were no unhappy limits to possibility. I never had to look wistfully over the confining fence at an experience that I had blindly failed to choose. If any experience looked desirable, I promptly appropriated it, at least until I had worn the details of it trite. Then I easily changed to another. No wonder I hesitated to limit my roving fancy to any such fixed condition as matrimony.

As for the trifling factor that preceded or brought about the married state, that, or he, was quite negligible. No lover rode across the mirror of my inventions. That was the one thing that belonged strictly to a book, though everything else was transferable. I had not seen one in real life, nor yet conceived of one outside of print. Indeed I had not paid much attention to that element, even in fiction. Pure love-stories were carefully excluded from our reading, so far as might be, and romantic affection I had found a rather vague feature in the stories I had read. I was used, of course, to having heroes and heroines want to get married, just as they wanted money or an inheritance, or the punishment of their enemies. There were only two objects in a story, so far as I had observed. One was that the hero should get what he wanted, whatever that might be; and the other that the villain should be adequately and satisfactorily punished. If the hero wanted to get married, — as I summed up the yearnings of the lover's passion, — why, let him. I could follow the story of his impassioned strivings with faithful sympathy, since it was all in the story; though why Ivanhoe, for example, was possessed with a desire to settle down uneventfully with Rowena, when he could have gone on and had further exciting adventures, I really could n't see. But the concrete rewards of love seemed to be as definite an objective point as taking a castle or fighting in a tournament, and I was for success for the right man, whatever he might want.

We had tried, it is true, to work this element into the inventions of our endless games, but without much success. Mary was quite too small and too practical to take the rôle of heroine, and I was too unadaptable. I always insisted on the same form of proposal: 'Will you be mine?' Henry and John acknowledged that to be an orthodox form, but they thought something should be left to individual taste and personality. So the game always broke up at this point, and we entered on house-keeping relations in the playhouse, without benefit of clergy.

Our vagueness on the subject of the divine passion was only natural, after all. Scott is no instructor in such a matter, and even Dickens lacks definition. He scants his love-scenes shamefully, any one will acknowledge. Practical sources of romantic information were few. We had never seen a wedding. Wedding-cards came from the east sometimes, and we handled them curiously, as the sign of something very remote, both in circumstance and in idea. But the actual committing of matrimony lay outside of our knowledge. We regarded it as the thing that happened in a story after all the real excitement was over, and there was nothing more to expect. If we could have seen a live pair of lovers in actual operation, that department of life might have been illuminated for us. But all the grown-up people we knew were already sorted out into married couples, and ordinary married couples bore little trace now of past romantic excitement in their accomplishment of matrimony. They might have been born married, so

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far as we could tell. Our father and mother, for instance, — they seemed distinctly fond of each other, and yet we could n't conceive of a time when they did n't have us. And we certainly would have been an impediment to courtship. Such was the status of romance with me until a certain June afternoon that marked a new emotional epoch.

I had just finished the Legree section of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* for the third time. The last comfortable shiver had died away up my spine, and, still lying under the box-elder tree, with my elbows in the grass and my chin in my hands, I was wondering what to do next. It was then that I happened to see Ellen.

There are vivid moments in one's acquaintance with people, even with members of one's own family, when their characters are suddenly illuminated with new light. So, as I say, I saw Ellen. I dropped my idly waving toes in the grass and sat up, to bring my mind to an earnest contemplation of something I had never seen in her before. Ellen was my oldest sister. For two years she had been back east in boarding-school, and she had now returned, a young lady, and I was adjusting myself to her as a new element in the family. At this moment she sat on the side of the hammock, and a Young Man stood in front of her. Young men, I had begun to notice, had become rather frequent occurrences at our house of late, and they always fell to Ellen to entertain. As I idly watched them, I became aware of the thing that made me sit up.

To begin with, it broke upon me for the first time that Ellen was pretty. Even to the unprepossessed eye of a younger sister, that was now apparent. It had never occurred to me before, for a very simple and logical reason. There had been nothing in my reading to suggest that beauty was anything less than an absolute quality. A young lady was absolutely beautiful and fit to figure in a novel, like Rowena and Rebecca, or she was not beautiful and no heroine at all. Now it dawned on me that there were degrees of beauty and that Ellen had one of them, if not more.

This afternoon she wore a pretty pink dress, one that had come from the east with her, and had an airiness and ruffliness unknown to my useful frocks. She sat with her knees crossed, — *I* was not allowed to do that, — and the attitude brought the tip of a shiny slipper into view, especially when she gave a little push to set the hammock in motion. Her chin was tilted a bit sidewise. Anon she looked up at the young man and then dropped her eyelashes and looked at the rosette on her slipper, and gave a little kick — at least if I had done it, it would have been a kick, if ever so little — that set her ruffles fluttering. When the wind blew her fluffy hair about her face she let it stay for a moment and then put it back, not too securely, with an airy motion that brought her bare elbow into view for a slow minute. No wonder I looked at her. When she combed my hair in the morning, a process entered upon with reluctance on both sides, she did n't tip her chin or flutter her eyelashes or look up with a sudden half-smile. A truth abruptly took my breath away: *Ellen was coquetting.*

I had not dreamed of such a literary possibility as this within my own family. I slowly pushed myself backward until I reached the box-elder for support, and contemplatively gathered up my knees under my chin. At a bound Ellen had passed from being a mere member of the family, with a big sister's unwarranted assumption of authority and troublesome notions as to my deportment, to the dignity of a young lady, and one who could make

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a young man look like *that*. My gaze wandered to the veranda where my father and mother were sitting. Their attitude and manner indicated distinctly amicable relations, but they certainly differed from those of Ellen and the young man. It slowly came to me that possibly there was something very enjoyable in this situation of Ellen's. Maybe there was more in the whole matter than I had supposed.

Presently, as no new phenomena seemed to promise at the hammock, I arose and walked meditatively to the house. I slipped into Ellen's room, she being safely engaged for the moment, and looked at myself in her glass, the glass of young-ladyhood. I did n't need its evidence to tell me that I was not beautiful, but what I was looking for was not actuality but promise. With the aid of Ellen's grown-up hairpins I secured my hair on top of my head — my poor, straight, slippery hair that lost so many hair-ribbons. The result certainly was an improvement. Ellen's perfectly beautiful summer hat, all drooping and pink and flowery, lay on the bed. I put it on. Then I looked about me, and a drawer partly open beckoned. Vanity lay within it, in the shape of a lacy, fluffy boa-thing, which I promptly clapped about my undeniably skinny neck. Then I looked in the glass again, with optimistic eye and hopeful forecast of the years. Even I, unbiased though generously sympathetic, thought I saw a far-away promise. Perhaps when I was a young lady! — who could tell?

That night I introduced an entirely novel element into my story: a — lover. I wish I could write it in small type. He was a very nebulous creation at first, and even my own attitude and action wanted definition. The whole relation was tentative, awaiting fuller information. And that information was not so easy to come by as one might suppose. I kept a careful eye on Ellen. But Ellen never seemed to go beyond the most elementary conduct. She did n't do anything but look sidewise and upwise and downwise and say little saucy things that left a heavy burden of response on the young men. I cast about for further illustrations, but no one in sight was in a position to furnish them. I wanted a real love-scene, rich in detail and lavish in phrase.

I fell back on novels, where one ought to be able to learn anything about life. But it was surprising how they had slighted the love-scenes. Jane Austen was so modest in her shy syncopating of them; and Scott never seemed to have time for them, because he had to hurry off to start another fight; and Thackeray gave only little samples, expecting you to know the rest; and *Jane Eyre* was too intellectual for me. As for the mild juvenile books given us by relatives, they confined themselves to didactic issues, with a bare hint of future romance thrown in at the end as a sort of apology for previous dullness. Our reading was entirely too well-guarded. Why had no one introduced us to the current Chambers or Hichens of the time, whoever he was? Family discipline, even personal honor, will not stand everything. I looked at the shelves of the Forbidden Books once too often, and then I fell. The Forbidden Books make a whole chapter, which cannot be given here. They proved my tree of good and evil — and indifferent. But I learned why they were forbidden and I learned other things. Chiefly I learned what I wanted to know.

So far as may lie in the ten-year-old, I applied it. The romance throve apace. I soon passed Ellen, wondering why she contented herself with her pointless, incipient affairs when she might have a real, full-flavored one.

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Mere amusement was a slight object. I sighed for dramatic results. Never had the resources about me seemed so limited.

But at last arrived the real chance, the opportunity of the seeker for romance. There came out of the east a young lady cousin to visit, and then presently a young man she was engaged to marry, obligingly invited to spend a few days at the Plantation. To be married was a small thing, but to be engaged — that *was* romantic. I should have preferred to have them just at the point of getting engaged, but this would do. All the small imagination of me sat up, to watch. Something crept through the atmosphere of the house, a mingled amusement and sympathy, and an alertness to guard against surprises and awkward situations.

For me, I forgot my own affair in my excitement over this. Think of having a novel brought and put down under your very nose! Ellen faded into unimportance. My own admirer held to a thread of existence, but an attenuated one. When I really found out new details, I could revive him. Frequently chidden though I was, politeness was almost beyond possibility. I wanted to stare and strain my ears to listen. Unless under strict orders, I hung always in the near distance, shy but eager. If I could only see them when there was no one around! There must be interesting moments that were practically lost to the world.

Then, beyond my wildest hopes, a chance came. I was up in the biggest Maiden's Blush tree, eating an apple, when I saw them coming. I always called them the lovers to myself. I can't tell what an element it put into life, to know that at any hour of the day I might walk into one of the everyday rooms of the house, never so hallowed before, and find a pair of lovers. At this moment they were — well, I won't say what they were doing, but at the time I noted it as an item. It was what I had searched for in Miss Austen and failed to find. But that was not all. They came right up to the tree, not like normal people to look for apples, but to sit down in the soft branchy grass, *right* beneath me. There never was a more awkward or more delightful situation. Of course I knew I should go away, but what could I do? I leave it to any one if I was to blame. There was no moment from the time they came in sight when I could have made my presence known without mortification on both sides. It seemed to be distinctly the part of a lady to keep still when she was up a tree, and it would embarrass the people below to know she was there. Anyway, I am not telling even now, and I should not if I were asked, what they said — still less what they *did*.

But there were drawbacks in the situation. No one need think I was enjoying it in full comfort, in spite of the dramatic intensity of the moment. They came upon me just as I was changing my position in the tree, and the Samothracian Niké herself is not more tired than I was before I had a chance to move. I held my unfinished apple in one hand. I dared not eat it, I had no pocket, and for the moment no lap. With my other hand I had to cling to a branch above my head. There was room for only one foot in the crotch where I was supporting myself, and of course I could not change.

How would you like to cling with one hand to a branch of an apple-tree, while you listened to the platitudes of affection — addressed to some one else? Would it give you any thrills to learn the real evincements of passion, while your right foot was being pinched in a crotch and your other hung at large, heavy and unsupported, and

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your thumb was being slowly paralyzed as it clutched the slippery core of an apple? Would n't such unfitting circumstances affect any one's sympathetic appreciation?

Anyway, it was apparent to me now that I had overestimated the literary and dramatic value of such a scene as was going on below me. The language was far below my expectations. I could think of better myself. There was a good deal of repetition of phrasing and what I took for lack of originality. In fact, as my arm began to ache, I thought it all sounded rather silly — the worse the ache, the more foolish the dialogue. I had n't thought much of 'ownest own,' even when I found it in *Maud*, and I thought less of it when I heard it said. As for the action — well, I was a little like Jane Austen myself. I looked the other way most of the time. I should n't have cared to be either of them. The whole situation had evidently been distinctly overrated.

They seemed to have been there a week. My arm ached, my thumb was tired, my foot was cramped, my other foot was numb — I almost wanted to cry. Things below me were getting duller and duller. I was wondering how it would do to get down deliberately and walk away in a dignified manner. Then, all at once, everything happened. Henry and a bumble-bee precipitated the tragic result.

The bumble-bee nearly destroyed my already doubtful poise by buzzing viciously around my head. Then he lighted on the rapidly-browning surface of my apple and remained there in ominous quiet, approaching his fuzzy black-and-yellow self steadily nearer the tip of my thumb. I watched him in awful fear. When he touched my thumb I should scream, I knew. While this horror was pending, Henry appeared on the scene, at the other end *of the vista enclosed by apple-trees.* He saw me on my perch, but not the absorbed lovers beneath, and emitted a shrill brotherly 'Hi!' by way of salutation. At the very same moment the bee reached out a scraggly leg for a feeler, secured footing, and deliberately drew himself over on my thumb. I did scream — who could have helped it? Moreover I flung the apple and slid precipitately and recklessly from the tree, landing at the very feet of the lovers, who had sprung up at Henry's call. There, a mass of aches and jar and mortification, I remained a moment. They looked at me, I looked at their feet; Henry, a happy outsider, looked at us all. Then I rose and walked away. But you know how your back feels when you are walking away.

If it had not been for Henry, the affair would not have mattered, for I know the lovers would not have mentioned it. But Henry, again to his sex's shame, told. First, he followed me to the house, pestering me all the way with questions and surmises and deridings. I took refuge in *hauteur*. There is nothing else to do when one seems to be in the wrong. If I had gratified Henry's masculine curiosity, he would probably have entered into league with me, and there, except for the lasting effects of disillusionment, the matter might have ended. But my haughty silence drove him into virtuous indignation at my breach of hospitality, and for the honor of the family he mentioned the occurrence to *Them*. Then followed a series of mentionings. Everybody mentioned it to me. My mother mentioned it reluctantly, my father jocularly, a visiting grandparent solemnly, Ellen with spicy indignation. She thought that I ought to apologize, but my mother said no. I don't know where the lovers spent the rest of the afternoon, for no one saw them again until supper-time. I did n't think I

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wanted any supper, but I was sent for and brought in, with lagging steps and painful shame on my brow. I think the shame was chiefly for a lost ideal, however, for I certainly was in the tree first. But everybody talked about Mark Twain all through the meal.

That night I said a reluctant but irrevocable farewell to the attenuated lover. He was very passionate and woe-begone, and *he* did credit to his kind by using beautiful language. He might have used more, but I went to sleep in the midst of it. The next morning, while weeding the verbena-bed, I entered on a new career as a rancher in the far west. I would run a large ranch — with great profit — all alone, and I would have about thirty men, and boss them all myself.

LITERARY CENTENNIALS

BY ANNIE KIMBALL TUELL

It is always a welcome pleasure to learn that somebody special was born a hundred years ago. There is saving grace in a century, we have come to feel. Once in a hundred years enchanted villages rise from depths of earth to the light; for a hundred years a sleeping princess must repose before the kiss of the marrying prince. We should be perversely blind to analogy if, after a hundred years, we failed to peer among the dusty treasures of 'olde bokes,' to find, if only for a day, a forgotten beauty waked out of trance; for where is magic more likely to be?

And a literary centennial is a relief to our latent bookishness, our sneaking fondness for an occasional backward glance at familiar things. We may cease for a bit to toe the mark of the current literary issue and remember a little at our leisure, with the complacence of recognition, the cherished things which we are in the habit of knowing. Yes, let us be thankful for the world's growing leniency, which allows us to be antiquated if we will be antiquated enough, and grants an old subject to be all very well if only it be old a century.

For each of us at home, in his own library, is in some odd way old-fashioned. Indeed, that we have once loved a book gives it a reflected sacredness in our secret predilection, for there is involved in a refusal to forget former tastes an appropriate loyalty, just as Sir Roger de Coverley never changed the cut of his clothes after his memorable affair with the Widow. For these things have entered our experience with favor, and we owe them at least a pleasant thought and a lucky word as we pass them by in the walks of later years.

Nor is the relapse to retrospect a treason to the alert forwardness of modern habit. Still we may choose the front seat in the car and watch the road ahead, may steadily scan the sky to know as soon as others if a new planet swims within our ken. But we shall judge only the more shrewdly of the procession of progress if we can recap-

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ture a little in off hours the critical naïveté of old times before we grew so wondrous wise.

There is the chance, of course, that we may find shrunken some favorite bit of the dear old world of fiction that used to loom large with the largeness of discovery. For other things than years have lost size since the time-machine began to accelerate its revolving pace. 'He that hath never seen a river, the first he seeth he taketh it to be an ocean.' There are strange disappointments of aftersight. We have to be careful of our oceans nowadays, lest there should turn out to be only five.

Such faint-hearted scruple may perhaps hold a few lagging from the pleasant society of the Dickens centennial reunion. What if some jovial old comrade should have grown to look amazingly like a clown? What if those gentle young ladies should be really unable to bleed after a good pricking? What if that grand hurly-burly of clamoring excitement should no longer rush us on, pale and tense, to know the worst? It would be a pity if the laugh should ring loud with more mirth than it is master of, if the tear should drop bigger than the molecular composition of a tear allows, if the caricatures should strain at their insistence so that we 'could not miss 'em.'

We are advisedly reluctant perhaps to disturb with a too critical invasion the recollection of good things once found perfect. We are grown staid and crabbed, to be sure, and correspondingly hard to please. The dear old ways of romance, revisited, seem often homeless and inhuman ways. Nor is the rumble and racket of words still a charmed incantation. There used to be a great line of poetry:—

> Hear Icenian, Catieuclanian! Hear Coritanian, Trinobant!

Just who these high beings were, I always dreaded to learn, lest the spell should break, though I knew them worshipful to be so called. But now I care not for them. I would just as lief hear about Goody Blake and Harry Gill, or George and Sarah Green. Day now dawns on Norham's castled steep unheeded, and Brian the Hermit's curses rouse no answering shudder in my blood.

And it is perhaps with justice that the Dickens doubters depose to a growing fastidiousness. We no longer fancy the quintain type of humor; we would rather not cry upon compulsion; we like an author to take our subtlety somewhat for granted. A worse confession is behind, for we concern ourselves about a mere correctness of style. We want a sentence to be etymologically a sentence, words to say what they mean; and we are even become sticklers for grammar. We deserve to be disappointed, and so sometimes we are.

But the free-handed old novelists with whose memory these passing years are busy, knew a reality firm and potent to outweigh more faults than we shall ever have wit to find. Yes, a hundred years ago, more or less, was a promising time to come into the world; and if the corner of the century has anything to do with endowment, we may have every confidence in the babies of the present. At least of the world of letters Stevenson was nearly right, that

> The dearest friends are the oldest friends,
> And the new are just on trial.

We may neglect them in our conscientious curiosity for modern miniatures, vignettes, novelettes, storiettes, but when we want them, they are there, known by our more tolerant comprehension, which is life's gift, though richer and livelier, perhaps, for excellences which we used not to suspect.

And to distrust Dickens is surely the

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cowardice of little faith. To-day we are wiser than once to know what strength is worth, — that robust sympathy so much warmer than good taste that excess matters little; spirits so buoyant that their maintenance is a reasonable and exalted service; the easy control of the seething world whose vulgarity no longer shocks our hardened public; the sustained vitality of the definite and lighted vision. And we understand even better why Thackeray loved to praise the work of his more copious and popular rival, why he found him 'how much the best of all.'

To Thackeray, of Victorian novelists always most modern, we have grown happily closer in the freedom of current reminiscence. The personal Thackeray, kindly man of the world, has touched us almost with the charm of a new acquaintance, — the grown-up boy who could never see a boy without wanting to give him a sovereign; the chivalrous editor, unparalleled to-day, who withdrew from the management of the *Cornhill Magazine* because he could not bear to reject the manuscripts of women contributors. And in the novelist, keen, but human and tender, we now look in vain for the insufferable cynic who had the elfish trick of spoiling a story, — who chose in cold blood to turn out a 'novel without a hero,' who preferred a Lady Castlewood unreasonable, inconsistent, and jealous, a silly Amelia, an irresponsible Pendennis, — when they might more easily have been capital specimens of their kind. We acknowledge too with a more wholesome respect the artist Thackeray, the master strong and light of touch, moderate of effect, careless with the sufficiency of genius which has no need of emphasis or of trick vocabulary. Him we had almost missed in earlier days.

The fuller field of vision is natural to mature sight, for our early impatient taste is freely impressionistic. It is sensitive to color and shade, to atmosphere and light; it vibrates to the wave of the passionate and the momentous, but recoils from the unsparing observation of motive which is the touchstone of the critic, ignores with careless indifference the repose and reserve of good form, the tranquil exactness and level sincerity which are the life of essential prose, rejects frankly whatever is coldly classical or so unpretentious as to seem trivial to questing ardor. For fresh young eyes cannot afford to notice small things near at hand, so many lovely scenes at a distance are waiting to be hailed.

With Browning we shall have this year no old reserves to discard or enthusiasms to correct, still less a sense of retrocession to a past mode of thought; for the Browning domination, grown with the slowness of the higher organism to maturity, is still an inherent part of modern life, charged with an elemental force which lies too far below the surface to be disturbed by the flux of fashion. Except for a few sporadic protests, there has not been time even for a reaction. For we are still learning Browning, confident to find more of his 'stuff for strength' within the most heady and protuberant outpourings. His virile genius has traceably modified our personal consciousness, has wrought a prophet's revelation for the infinite consequence of each blind moral choice, the potential worth of each grotesque fragment of humanity, its utter difference from all its fellows. The centennial comes too close for a readjustment of public opinion, for the formation of a more serene cult; but it may open the way. Shall we, with Mr. Santayana, judge Browning the pioneer Vandal of verse-disintegration, snapping his fingers at form with a superfluity of naughtiness; or with M. Jusserand, 'sans comparaison l'âme la

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plus haute et la plus forte que compte la poésie anglaise depuis Shakespeare'? There may be something new to be said about Browning yet.

Edward FitzGerald used to complain that in the company of one special friend his spirit was rebuked to a rather uncomfortable oppression, reduced to a somewhat overmastering meekness. I fancy he would have felt the same with Browning. We are sure to value most choicely an intimacy with a high genius, but are quite as glad to see again those old comrades, worthy of our steady affection, whom we can hail unabashed by too profound a reverence. In bookland, too, we are sometimes more at ease with lesser folk. A proved mind there was here and there, pure and large, but too complaisant to contemporary taste to be passed on by it to the next age, save as the author of a single book or perhaps of two. Shy folks there were, who kept their privacy too far apart from the onward movement of the time to go forward in the centre of the current. And if we find these too, at the century's touch, better and bigger than we guessed, the pleasure of our meeting has the added flavor of a gratified vanity that we had the gift to know them. So has it been with the translator of Omar, himself.

Three years ago the centennial unburied from beneath the weight of the *Rubaiyat's* terrible popularity, and restored to our fellowship, that savant, hermit, musician, gypsy, artist, fisherman, friend, Edward FitzGerald. No doubt he would shrink from our prying, even as in his lifetime he constantly laughed at his own 'fine parts' and 'great works,' concealed his little adventures in print with the shyness of inverted pride, and withheld from the eyes of a peering future the intimate relics of his personality. More retiring than Kipling's muskrat, Chuchundra, who could never make up his mind to run into the middle of the room, he guarded with careful pains the freedom of his 'invisibility,' fled even from the friends for whom he hankered, if he must risk for them 'the sight of a new face in polite circles.' Yet it is easy to understand the hearty remembrance in which he was held by the famous friends who could not beguile him from his obscurity: Spedding, Laurence, Frederick and Alfred Tennyson, Carlyle, and Thackeray. And perhaps we can better appreciate his quality today, when the fine old connoisseur has so nearly given place to the less pleasant person, the scholar. For FitzGerald seems to have relished more ripely than others all things clean and rare under the sun and the light of his own whimsical fancy; to have pictured them with a sight poetic and humorous at once, a delightful trick of odd analogy. Which was dearest, we wonder, Persian poetry or the 'Old Sea,' the friendly sands, the turnips in their rows, the captain of his herring-lugger, the sweet field winds, the exhibits of the National Gallery for which he would now and then dodge up to London, 'the merry old writers of more manly times,' or the achievements of his immortal friends with which, as he grew in years, his anxious ambition was never satisfied? But FitzGerald should never have grown old, for his early blitheness was the truth of him. 'Such as life is, I believe I have got hold of a good end of it.'

Mrs. Gaskell too has been well-nigh eclipsed by the fame of her greatest work. But if we took, from the birthday of two years ago, impulse for a less sluggish acceptance, we have found her after her hundred years a more various person than the author of *Cranford*. We may have laughed at the occasional trace of an obsolete pattern in the diverse old tales, — the insufferable beauty of an ill-starred heroine, a sol-

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emn regard for the ubiquitous moral which often beguiles to an overgrown simplicity, a voice too audibly raised in the plaint of a pathos too searching, and the bent common to most women novelists of the middle century to put the story through every vicissitude of ruthless woe. But the least of her once famous novels has the promise of a firmer touch, a wiser control, and the more competent tenderness which knows in kindly laughter the ease and healing of sorrow.

Looking beyond *Cranford*, we are almost startled, as if come suddenly upon new fields unseen before in a familiar country. There is, even in the forgotten stories, an emotional suggestiveness for apt environment, singular among Victorian novelists, — for the thrill of pure color under the sky, the winging changes of sun and shadow in a world of shifting light and touching air, — all in a kindled phraseology sometimes curiously relapsing to the prim fineries of the old-time manner. But despite her quick eye for natural aspects Mrs. Gaskell, like her contemporaries, cared immeasurably more for the human. Hers it was to detect with a perpetual zest all little realities of character in a world where small things are more full of meaning than large. We have known them in *Cranford*, with its minature gentilities understood to be world-wide conventions, its faded dreams and album-pressed remembrances. But we feel them only less appealing in the simple purity of *Cousin Phillis*, in the poignant social passion of *Mary Barton*, in the overwrought but rending pathos of *Sylvia's Lovers*, or below the equal poise of *North and South*, written at a time when few but the indifferent to labor troubles were calm. We find perhaps better than *Cranford* in the comfortable economy of *Wives and Daughters*, its hearty folk not too precisely typed or tagged, by no means exempt from sorrow's waste or folly's price, but supported by a humorous reserve of astute common sense. Elizabeth Bennet would have loved to know Molly Gibson. More liberal praise than that would be hard to find for Molly, or for *Wives and Daughters*. And two years ago I, for one, had never heard of *Wives and Daughters*.

All thanks to the centennials. They have made miracles more real for us than the magic lore of the fairy tales. For what less than a miracle happens ever when 'fresh flowers spring up from hoarded seed,' and a new season begins for life, once harvested and stored, come out to leaf and bloom again under the sun? The associations of a literary centennial are not to be put aside, when it is past, to lie unhandled for a hundred years. They leave a reality quickened, a personal contact renewed with things noble and precious, found alive and undying, to be a more actual presence and a richer heritage. In the fairy tale, when the day is over, the suddenly awakened castle turns again to stone, the little village sinks with its ephemeral bustle once more to the depths of the ground. But the beauty of old books remains with us, unblemished, like the exquisite bodies of martyrs found instinct with life and sweet savor after the lapse of centuries. The centennial has been not a memorial only, but a renaissance.

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IN THE FREE WARD

BY GRACE FALLOW NORTON

I

When I was a wee child
A-singing in the sun,
Came the knell, like a leper's bell,
Of the Fateful One.

In his mouth was hunger,
In his hand was want,
There I shook beneath his look,
Bled beneath his vaunt:

'I am lord of bodies,
I am lord of souls,
I am lord of half the horde
That die between the poles.

'I laugh at all the teachers
That have not taught of me.
I make the rules for all their schools —
My name is Poverty.

'I laugh at all the nations
That have no thought of me:
For still their laws of me are cause —
My name is Poverty.'

When I was a wee child
A-singing in the sun,
Came a knell, like a leper's bell:
'T was the Fateful One.

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II

My little soul I never saw,
Nor can I count its days;
I do not know its wondrous law
And yet I know its ways.

O it is young as morning-hours —
And old as is the night;
O it has growth of budding flowers —
Yet tastes my body's blight.

And it is silent and apart,
And far and fair and still,
Yet ever beats within my heart,
And cries within my will.

And it is light and bright and strange,
And sees life far away;
Yet far with near can interchange
And dwell within the day.

My soul has died a thousand deaths,
And yet it does not die,
My soul has broke a thousand faiths,
And yet it cannot lie;

My soul — there's naught can make it less;
My soul — there's naught can mar;
Yet here it weeps with loneliness
Within its lonely star.

My soul — not any dark can bind,
Nor hinder any hand,
Yet here it weeps — long blind, long blind —
And cannot understand.

III

How long I've lain below the Christ
That hangs upon the wall,
His suffering o'er my suffering:
Was his indeed for all?

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Ah me, the weary, weary hours
  So slowly by us file,
And not yet has the sad Christ learned —
  As I have learned — to smile.

IV

Four gray walls, four gray walls,
  One green window-space;
Four gray walls — high up on one
  The crucifix has place.

Four gray walls, four gray walls,
  Ere the eye can trace,
Past the high-hung crucifix,
  The window's green leaf-lace.

Four gray walls, four gray walls —
O the four-square grayness palls
  Of my prison-space!
Dying Christ be thankèd for
  One green window's grace.

V

Little Sister Rose-Marie,
Chosen bride to Christ she'll be.
  Child — she says she sees her path,
  Mild — has felt God-Father's wrath,
Vows her life forth joyfully
(Visioned unreality).

Hearken, Sister Rose-Marie:
Chosen bride to pain I be;
  But I never saw his face,
  And I never chose my place,
Nor the vow that wedded me
(O unseen reality).

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WHAT OF LIBERAL EDUCATION?

BY DAVID SNEDDEN

Is liberal education losing in power to attract youth? This is alleged in many quarters. In college and secondary school, the studies which wear a vocational aspect are being preferred, we are told, to those that minister to the larger ideals of life. Education toward practical achievement is being sought by an increasing number of students, while the numbers of those seeking in the humanities the elevating influences which a higher civilization needs do not increase proportionately. The advocates of an effective vocational education are not infrequently embarrassed by the charge that they are promoting the decay of much that makes for kindled ideal, sympathetic insight and personal culture. They have not always the hardihood to suggest that perhaps the waning of interest in liberal education may be occasioned largely by lack of adaptation in its own instruments and methods. May it not be possible that the demand for the essentials of liberal education is no less strong than formerly, but that ancient ways of meeting it no longer suffice?

Clearly, better foundations are needed for liberal education in school and college. Professors and teachers of the liberal arts still reflect in a measure the ideals and methods of the cloister and of the leisured world in which their calling found its aristocratic and exclusive origins. Quite naturally, they are usually strong in their faiths, and resentful of scrutiny into the social validity of their purposes; and it would be surprising if, under the circumstances, they proved themselves able to evaluate in any fundamental way the effectiveness of their means and methods in promoting culture and social worth under modern democratic conditions.

Schoolmen — teachers of the liberal arts in school and college — can be credited with a fine devotion to the study of those fields of knowledge in which their scholarly interests lie; but, with rare exceptions, they have not been students of teaching. They have mastered subject-matter, the means of education, — but not pedagogy, the art of effectively applying the means. They have not yet evolved a satisfactory philosophy of liberal education to supersede the store of educational dogmas, psychological misconceptions, and cultural mysticisms which they inherited.

Yet our schools and colleges are thronged as never before by those seeking or sent to seek higher education. Over a million boys and girls, under no legal compulsion, now pursue the traditional types of liberal learning in public secondary schools in America; and the men and women in the colleges are to be numbered by hundreds of thousands. But much of the work done in these institutions is without clear purpose, and is therefore largely futile as regards the finer ends of liberal education.

Efficiency in education, as elsewhere in the regions of conscious effort, involves on the one hand a fairly clear conception of goals to be reached, and on the other a degree of certitude as to

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the probable functioning of the means and methods employed. Our institutions devoted to liberal education are not able to apply to themselves tests of efficiency along these lines; they have no acceptable formulations of their purposes; and equally (and partly as a consequence) they have no sufficient evidence as to the efficacy of the procedures which they use. These schools receive the picked personalities of the community, from the standpoint both of natural inheritance and of social surroundings. Intelligent men and women naturally expect the schools to enhance in marked degree the civic and cultural possibilities of these young people. Neither parents nor public are satisfied with the results. In spite of the large attendance in school and college, faculties allege that there is a waning of interest in intellectual pursuits. Students are perfunctory in their devotion to serious studies, except to those appealing to practical motives. Vocational education seems often to have the stronger claims on attention and interest. Because of the greater efficiency of its procedures it may, indeed, tend to attract students at an age when, for them, a further liberal education, if effective, would be preferable.

Vocational education is capable, at best, of making only partial and somewhat incidental contributions to liberal education, no matter how we conceive the latter. A democracy surely needs liberal education, widely developed, as something distinct from vocational capacity. The lawyer can be given, somehow, interests in music and art quite unconnected with his vocation; the farmer may have his tastes for literature, sociology, or astronomy; and the machinist may touch with some appreciation, in his leisure hours, such remote fields as the plant-world, or the interior decoration of a home.

May we not, in fact, still find it desirable to defend, in a degree, liberal education in terms of its differences from vocational education; not indeed in disparagement of the latter, as the cloistered schoolman has done, but as furnishing the vital complementary factors to it? Man, to be of use to himself, and to society, must be a producer of utilities of some sort; and it is folly to disparage this function, or to deny its importance in any sane scheme of education. But man is also a consumer; he is a user of the endlessly varied output of the labor and inspiration of others. To produce little and consume much is a characteristic of parasitical forms of life; but to produce well and consume badly gives us, in the human sphere, narrow, illiberal, self-limiting, and ultimately self-destroying individualities. The modern world insists on specialization in productive activities as the key-note to efficiency; but it must learn to insist equally on the democratization and universalizing of fine consuming capacities as a condition of maintaining the larger forms of social life. One of the vices almost always inherent in certain forms of social aristocracy, is the artificial specialization of some consuming functions.

Are there not revealed in the distinctions here presented the clues to the methods and functions of liberal education? Man stands in a two-fold relationship to the world; he is a producer of utilities, and also a consumer. As producer, he writes books, or constructs machines, or produces wheat, or builds houses, or heals the sick, or conveys travelers; and for any of these activities he can be trained. As consumer, however, he is inspired by books, served by machines, nourished by bread, sheltered by houses, healed by physicians, and carried by railways; and for the wise and profitable exercise of these activities he can also be

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trained. He specializes in production; but manufacture, and printing, and steam enable him to universalize in consumption. What we call the social inheritance — knowledge, ideals, institutions, inventions, all capitalized in more or less permanent forms — is at the disposal of any qualified user. In a world of specialized producers, each person sufficiently trained in utilization has for his enjoyment and service endless stores of science, of art, of religious ideals, of political capacity, and of economic resources.

The world needs able producers, and education to that end will never be amiss; but it also needs, as a condition of social well-being, consumers who can utilize material and spiritual products to their own advantage, and also to the advantage of those who are of high grade among producers. Do I buy inferior newspapers, when better are available? I not only injure myself, but I lend my influence to lowering the standards of newspaper production. Does one prefer cheap and ephemeral fiction to the standard writings of the great masters? Not only does he fail to realize his own best good, but he becomes measurably responsible for the failure of other potential great masters to reach the stage of high creative work. Do we, as a people, reward with our approval and patronage unscientific medical attendance, conscienceless political service, and life-impairing industrial activity? We pay, as a rule, our own penalty; but society is also permanently the loser in scientific medicine, in political honesty, and in genuinely efficient industry.

Is not the essence of liberal education to be found in the conception of man as a user? Is it possible to call a man liberally educated, who, as a user, habitually makes inferior choices from the fields of art, literature, religion, applied science, convivial association, political leadership, and travel? Fortunately, we no longer hold the older notion that culture is inseparable from certain specialized forms of appreciation, such as ability to read Greek, speak French, recite sonnets, or discuss the latest fiction; and we are slowly learning to conceive it as something deeper than the mere possession of etiquette and a set of conventions.

The liberally educated man of the twentieth century will not be the member of a narrow cult. From many quarters will it prove possible, as a famous university president has told us, to derive the training and experience which make for liberal education; and it is futile to expect that all liberally educated men shall exhibit powers of appreciation in the same fields. Life is short, and the world of ideals, knowledge, and specialized service grows constantly larger. If all men read, we are under obligation to seek to produce better standards of reading; but this does not mean that we shall bar from the ranks of the liberally educated, on this account alone, the man who has no Latin; nor he who, perchance, may not have read Browning; nor even one who frankly confesses a general distaste for classical literature.

Perhaps, in the more democratic society of the future, we shall find more satisfactory universal tests of liberal education in those regions of activity where large numbers have social contact. To-day we all buy and use pictures — in newspaper, magazine, moving-picture show, bill-board exhibition, and, less commonly, in art gallery and in the household; how much of liberal education for this purpose can a more purposive system of school training give us? We are all users of the output of the modern loom; according to the character of the demand, this output may be prevailingly flimsy, inartistic, unhygienic, and the product of shop

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conditions which promote poverty, ill health, and low morals. Will not right ideas of liberal education insist on elevating these conditions, and socializing this form of consumption? Again, that field of social activity which we term politics has evolved a form of specialized service for which compensation is given as in other fields. Voting means simply collective employment of this specialized service toward the performance of particular functions. In a democracy, it has seemed desirable to allow large numbers to share, directly or indirectly, in the employment of public servants. The essence of general civic education is to produce good employers of civic workers, that is, persons who will have a fairly clear conception of the task to be done, and who will know how to choose efficient and honest employees. From this standpoint, shall we continue to be able to call a man liberally educated for the conditions of modern life who manifests incapacity and professes indifference in exercising his social responsibility in the joint purchase of expert political service?

Now, if the conception of liberal education here put forth is valid, it is necessary that we realize how far the methods of modern academic training are alien to it. Not so much, perhaps, is this true in professed purpose as in methods and results. A careful examination of the pedagogic practice (largely traditional and customary, of course, rather than consciously purposive) of secondary school and college of liberal arts will show the persistence of methods derived rather from an ancient vocational education, and ill serving the purposes of liberal learning.

At bottom, it would seem that popular objection to so-called liberal education rests largely on a widespread, though seldom articulate, conviction that it is not liberalizing. Does the study of the historic 'humanities,' as carried on in a modern atmosphere, produce the 'humane' man, — the man who, as in the olden view, saw profoundly, thought deeply, sympathized widely, and became a blessed source of high ideals, correct thinking, and benign sentiment? Are our high-school graduates liberally educated to utilize and thereby to improve service in the making of books, the preaching of sermons, the nurture of children, the policing of cities, the administration of charity, and the presentation of plays? Is the organized training of the average college of liberal arts (not the college life, since often, by chance or design, this is unquestionably liberalizing) such as to produce high-grade appreciation and effective powers of utilization in the fields of citizenship, art, social intercourse, religion?

It seems highly probable that, because of the prevailing haziness of thinking regarding the valid and practicable ends of liberal education, there is ineffective organization of means. What, for example, has the obligatory study of algebra and geometry on the part of ninety-five per cent of the more than half million high-school girls in America to do with their liberal education? Some seventy per cent, probably, of all boys and girls in our public high schools are constantly studying Latin, that ancient and extolled instrument of liberal education; but, as commonly studied, by grammatical methods, and without persistent interest, what part does it play, except in rare instances, in the liberal education of American youth? These subjects, it will be said, are prescribed merely as the preliminary instruments of a later liberal education; but what is this? Are the instruments ever actually used, and with what effect? Does such education, in truth, 'function'? where, and to what extent?

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Again, the large purposes of science-teaching, enunciated at intervals since the days of Spencer and Huxley, are acceptable and admirable from the standpoint of liberal education; but in spite of laboratories and innumerable courses in college and secondary school, do not these purposes still remain largely unrealized? What, after all, for the average youth, has the prevailing study of physics, of chemistry, and of biology to do with liberal education? The methods currently employed are those of formal vocational education; high school and college teachers organize their work as if their sole business were to prepare forthcoming specialists in teaching, medicine, and engineering. Once in a generation each institution may get a real teacher of science from the standpoint of inspiration, insight, culture — in a word, liberal education; but the rank and file are technicians only. The popular verdict is that science, pure or applied, is not yet in practice a feature of liberal education.

The same criticism applies to other subjects. Our secondary schools and colleges multiply courses in history. We all feel, vaguely, that in history, if anywhere, should be found valuable means of liberal education. But scientific methods, an insufficient pedagogy, and a prevailing lack of social insight (perhaps better called sociological insight) have contributed to the sterilization of this subject as a soil for the growth of ideals, sentiments, and useful social knowledge.

Obviously, we need a revision of the philosophy and methods of liberal education. Surely, no one can contend that in a world growing daily richer in all kinds of resources, — spiritual, intellectual, æsthetic, material, — and in specialized service, we do not need education towards wise utilization on a high social plane. The democratic and universal character of this education must be assured. Let it not be forgotten that extra-school agencies, and these often of an irresponsible sort, are always active in leading the consumer toward anything but the finer forms of utilization. The Sunday newspaper and the cheap magazine become the literature of the majority; the billboard, vaudeville, and moving-picture show give to the people not only romance, but art as well; the convivial association of the drinking place is substituted for more refined and restrained intercourse; and advertising, which now costs annually far more than the total outlay for all forms of organized education, incessantly fashions tastes and standards in the use of clothing, ornament, food, and habitation, as well as in literature, music, and political service.

Many of the foregoing agencies are good; but they are seldom capable of producing from within themselves the higher standards, and they often fail to lend themselves to the wider social purposes needed by the age in which we live. The school is the one institution under more or less of public control, which is charged, in so far as it deliberately ministers to liberal education, with responsibility for the elevation and diffusion of higher standards of appreciation and utilization. A purposive programme to this end is a present educational need. When it shall be evolved, it seems probable that, in comparison with it, our pitiful drills in algebra, Latin, text-book physics, ancient history, elementary logic, and English composition, will make a poor exhibition as supposed means of genuine liberal education.

How can such a programme be formulated? It seems to the writer that the first condition is a statement of the aims of liberal education in terms of demonstrable utilities, — a statement

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which shall consist neither of mere descriptions of means and subjects of study, nor of vague and perhaps mystical generalizations. 'Culture,' 'mental training,' 'æsthetic appreciation,' 'the scientific spirit,' are all too uncertain, too complex, and perhaps, in their general aspects, too impracticable of realization, to serve usefully as formulated goals of educational effort; and, on the other hand, subjects of study, the so-called liberal arts, as condensed, formalized, and desiccated by the schoolmaster, in text-book and manual, are rarely, in themselves, utilities, but merely instruments or means. It may be desirable that a high-school girl should be induced or compelled to study algebra, but surely this should not be for the sake of the algebra itself; and it is educational faith and dogma, not certitude and science, which now declare that out of such study she will emerge keener of mind, stronger in self-control, or elevated in useful ideals. As found in practice today, liberal education directs its efforts toward mastery of certain subjects; these are certainly only means to further ends, which are either not yet defined or rest largely on a basis of tradition and mysticism.

But modern education should prove equal to the task of discovering and formulating, as educational ends, a large variety of interests, forms of appreciation, and powers of utilization, all having worth to the individual and to society. Having found valid and attainable aims, it could then develop ways and means of realizing them.

A few examples may indicate what is here meant. In the study of music, proficiency in execution can be attained by but few; but fine appreciation should be possible to many. Might not a programme of music-teaching in secondary schools be devised with the latter end only in view? It is doubtful if we yet have any tested methods for this purpose; but these would follow a definition of such purpose. Again, suppose it were made a controlling end of certain civic education in the high school to produce a fairly definite attitude toward, and comprehension of, the problems of the joint employment of public servants: namely, voting. What kind of a pedagogic programme could be devised to that end? To take another example, what could a college do if it sought to evoke by educational means, not the scientific attitude in general, which is at best a questionable possibility, but a constructively scientific attitude toward the modern reporting and publication of alleged news? Or if a high school were to seek to elevate the consuming capacities of its students in the field of the drama, would its faculty provide for an analytical study of Shakespearean plays, or would it strive to evoke fairly good results through amateur playwrights and actors from within the student body itself? Again, how shall we give to the youth who is to be a future householder, taste in the choice of material surroundings — by the study of formal drawing and physics, or by the exercise of the constructive interests of the amateur furniture-maker and interior decorator — the work of the manual-training shops?

The second condition governing the formulation of a more vital programme of liberal education, as defined above, would seem to require a lessening of the aloofness of such education, as now carried on. An ancient type of spiritual-mindedness was clearly characterized by its contempt for worldly things, its insistence on the all-importance of things beyond this earth; our so-called liberal education preserves even yet some cloistral aspects, in its distrust of worldly things, its shrinking from too close contact with act-

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ualities of the present. Perhaps this attitude was desirable when culture of any considerable degree was necessarily the product, as well as the possession, of an exclusive and leisure class; and, just as the modern world is richer, in all probability, for the monastic detachment of the churches which permitted the ripening of certain social tendencies, so, possibly, an exclusive ancient culture has fertilized modern life. But what is here called liberal education ought not only to be democratic and popular: it is, in forms good or bad, actually that to-day. The school may ignore its responsibilities; other less disinterested agencies will continue actively at work. All people in modern society are being subjected to never-ceasing influences which debase or improve their consuming capacities.

A system of liberal education which maintains old traditions of intellectual or social aloofness cannot serve well under modern conditions. Our academic studies are, on this ground, open to criticism. Many of them are organized and presented too much with reference to their 'pure' aspects — that is, without regard to their applications in contemporary life and activity. As a consequence, they fail to 'function' in life, social and individual, as it is now lived; that is, the results in terms of ideals and knowledge in action, namely, in 'works,' are not realized.

Can we not devise a system of liberal education which shall find its foundations in the best things of the here and now? Literature and art are all about us; science and faith offer their daily contributions; history is in the making to-day; industry pours forth its wares; and children, no less than adults, are sharing in the dynamic activities of contemporary social life. Not in the things of the past, but in those of the present, should liberal education find its beginnings as well as its results. Fortified by the resources, interest, and insight thus obtained, it can be made to embrace areas of culture and power which are relatively remote and abstract.

Cannot our teachers of the liberal arts, while holding their high ideals and conserving their refined interests and tastes, yet keep themselves in vital contact with the world of people and of things in which their real work is to be accomplished? Is any other course open to the supporters of a liberal education which shall meet modern requirements of pedagogy on the one hand, and of democratic society on the other?

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WITH A DIFFERENCE

BY E. NESBIT

ADVENTURES are to the adventurous. Which, I suppose, means, if it means anything, that you get what you expect; that if you keep your eyes open, you will probably see what you are looking out for; and that, in a general way, Life will give you what you ask of her, if only you ask long enough and plainly enough. At the same time the prayer to life must be the soul's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed — the motion of that hidden fire, and so on. Though to all prayers the answer usually comes 'with a difference.'

It is usual to suppose that the fires of chivalry which are the beacons of adventure burn best on the altar of a soul enshrined in a fine temple. That, in fact, your born adventurer is a handsome dashing blade, the sort that men stand by and women turn to look after in the street. This, though a good general rule, has exceptions. The young man whom you are now to see topping the steep hill cut in the chalk of the downs, lacked almost all the physical attributes which we are accustomed to ascribe to the heroes of adventure. He was neither conspicuously tall nor noticeably handsome. His hair was a little too long, and the shabby knapsack that bent his narrow shoulders bulged with more things than a hero, the favorite of fortune, would ever have found need for. To the hero for whom agreeable and exciting adventures lurk in every hedge and by every wayside, a rough blanket, a kettle, and half a dozen pet books would merely be in the way; but to this young man, a clerk taking his holiday in the cheapest possible fashion by a long tramp across the sunny Southern counties, they were necessities. His mouth and his hands were the mouth and the hands of a dreamer, but nothing else in him betrayed his kinship to the brotherhood of the Romantics, save the eyes that questioned the face of the world as a dog's eyes question the face of his master. And these contradicted all the rest of him. From these, if you ever noticed anything and had any sort of skill in that most useful arithmetical act called putting two and two together, you might have deduced all those characteristics so resolutely denied by his general appearance.

As his feet felt the relief of the downward slope, he drew himself up, shifted a little the straps of the bloated knapsack and stepped forward more briskly. Behind him lay the long curved miles of dusty road that had held for him nothing but dust and dreams, before him the straight white ribbon of road that might hold so many things. The mighty rounded shoulders of the downs lay close against a very blue sky; white clouds sailed across that sky, and their shadows sailed across the valley where a light wind stirred the infrequent trees and dappled the face of the yellow standing corn. The young man drew a long breath of pleasure. A little farmhouse, gray and yellowed with lichen, nestled in the hollow of the hill; the blue smoke curled lightly from its chimneys; in its garden one saw little hints of red and yellow and the blind-

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ing, dazzling gleam of something unexplained near the back door. The road swerved and brought him nearer. The red and yellow turned to hollyhocks and sunflowers, and the diamond dazzlement was just a tin bucket hanging on the palings by the back door. He smelt the wood-smoke as other people smell roses.

'Is n't it good?' he asked himself; 'is n't it the real right thing?' And a pang of pleasure came to him at the thought of the man who should own that house, should come home to it from his good clean field-work, through the glad little garden, to find in its sombre orderly kitchen some one waiting to whom he was the light of the eyes. In his thought, he, of course, was the man who should come home. The one who should be waiting was the one he had never met, never would meet. The thought of London rushed at him, London with the dusty ledgers and the gritty pavements, with submissive miserable people caught in its horrible machinery, whirled round and round, day by day, in a dreadful rush where nothing was, nor ever could be, worth while; and almost instantly he forbade himself the thought, and said slowly to himself again, 'the one I shall never meet.'

'But I will meet her,' he said suddenly and aloud, and set his teeth. After that the talk was just a dream of the ways he would travel till he should meet the one who would make everything worth while.

Life must have been listening when he spoke aloud, for within the hour he met her. She was riding a bicycle, steadily but slowly, for she came up the hill as he came down, and as they passed they looked at each other, and though he almost stopped, the moment was over almost before it had begun. She had a white dress, and a red rose at her breast.

'Why is n't it mediæval times?' he asked himself, 'when a knight would have to ask a fair lady what service he could render?'

And he was sorry, because the girl on the bicycle had just such eyes as she might have who should make everything worth while.

Then suddenly he turned and shouted after her.

'Hi!' he called unromantically, and turned and ran up the hill with a sudden sense that something not himself had taken the bit in its teeth.

'I can at least ask her the way,' he told himself, 'then I shall hear her voice.'

But she had not heard his. She had turned into a side road that led, grassy and untrodden, toward the white cliff of an old quarry. And here she dismounted, for the road was rough and stony. The thing that had taken the bit between its teeth dragged him after her. He would not shout again, he would catch her up. But the bicycle had shot ahead before she dismounted, and the distance between them lessened very slowly. Rounding the corner to a smoother surface, she remounted, and he felt that she was leaving him so that he should never see her again, and again he shouted; and this time she heard, started, swerved, and then before his eyes, with a hundred yards of track still between them, the bicycle staggered, recovered itself, tripped itself up in a cart-rut, and fell clattering to the ground, where it and its rider lay still in the sunshine.

'My God!' he said, 'that's my doing!' and he ran. You know the thought that clung to him as he ran, making his feet feel heavy as one's feet feel in nightmares.

As he drew near he saw that she and the bicycle lay in a heap, the glitter of metal and the white of her dress dazzling together. And when he was quite

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close he perceived that the bicycle had fallen on her, that her dress was caught in the pedal, that her eyes were shut, and that there was blood on her forehead.

'My God!' he said again, and set his hand to the bicycle. He could not get it away from her except by cutting the hem of her skirt. So he cut it and lifted the clattering thing away and laid it on its side.

'Are you hurt?' he said, and 'Oh, do speak!'

But she did not speak.

He looked round for water. There is no water on the south downs except the dew-ponds, and there was no dew-pond here. So he tumbled everything out of his knapsack, the tin kettle and the blanket and *Lavengro* and *The Shropshire Lad* and *The Open Road* and the things to eat in their sordid paper wrappings. Among the litter he found the soldier's water-bottle of cold tea, soaked a handkerchief — his last clean one — in that, and bathed her forehead. The cut was only a very little one, but still her eyes were closed and her lips very pale, like faded pink rose-leaves.

The sun shone down in careless splendor. There was no least shadow anywhere to which he could move her, even if he could have moved her, and even if he had not felt that he dared not move her. So he propped the bicycle up in a cart-rut close to her head and spread his blanket over it and so made a patch of shadow about her. Then he put more cold tea on her forehead, and took her hands which were very cold and rubbed them between his own, and wished that his hands had not been dirty with the dust of the road. And he looked at her, learning every line of her face by heart. 'For even if she is dead,' he said, 'she is so like the one who would have made everything worth while.'

Her hair was loosened by the fall, and he had taken away the hat that her fall had twisted awry, so that her pale face lay in her hair as in a dark nest, her brows were curved beautifully and he knew that the hidden eyes were gray.

He thought of going back to the farm for help, but it was two or three miles back. How could he leave her alone, insensible? Suppose tramps passed that way? He knelt in the dust, holding her hands. And with all his strength of will, all the force of his soul, he called to her to come back — not to be dead — to be alive and unhurt and happy as she had been so little a time before, when in passing on the road, with a red rose at her breast, their eyes had met.

And at last it came to him that she was dead, and that all that could make his life worth while had come to him only to brush him with the cold wings of an inexorable retreat. She had never moved since her fall, and that seemed now a very long time ago. He laid her hands down, and they lay like hands of old carved ivory.

He put his hand very gently and reverently under her breast, and he could feel no least lightest heart-beat. Then he put his hand under her head and raised it a little. It fell heavily sideways, and the brown-stained handkerchief dropped off. Then he did what he will always repent but never regret. He bent his face nearer and nearer till at last his lips touched her forehead, her cold cheek, and, in the end, those pale soft lips of hers.

And, at that touch, her own lips stirred against his, which drew back guiltily. He saw the gray of those eyes that had been hidden. They looked straight into his, appealing, afraid, yet with what he took to be recognition.

'Dearest?' she said, and then the gray eyes closed again.

Be sure that now he did not kneel

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idly. Trembling, incredulous, yet thrilled in every fibre by the magic of the dream come true, he fetched his tin cup and poured a little of the tea into it and held it to her lips. She drank. Then he bathed her face again, and did for her all such office as common sense could dictate or love invent. For it was love. Do not doubt it. He never doubted that here was the one woman, his woman, and the touch of her lips on his had told him that for her he was the world's one man.

And presently, under his clumsy ministrations, she sat up, put back her hair and laughed rather weakly.

'I think I could walk now,' she said. 'How stupid of me to fall off, and to faint like that!'

He helped her to stand up.

'I live close here,' she said, no more; words were plainly difficult to her.

'If you'll take my arm,' he said softly, and she took it. But she walked very unsteadily and he had to put his arm round her as they went, and now and again her face brushed his shoulder.

Round the curve of the hill they came to a little house, just such another as the farm where the sunflowers and the holly-hocks were. They went up through the garden where the bees hummed and the mignonette smelt sweet, his arm still round her, and the joy of life in his blood singing the magic splendid song of love and youth, and heaven that stoops to earth, and impossible dreams come true. The song rang in his ears so that when, at the porch, she spoke, he heard only her voice and not her words.

She sank from his arm to the seat on the porch-side and spoke again.

'Thank you,' she said, 'I'm all right now.'

Through the open door he saw the hall with a tall clock and a stuffed owl in a glass case and a fox's brush and a rack of whips and sticks. He looked at these till she closed her eyes and leaned her head back against the honeysuckle. And then his eyes took her again, loving every curve of chin and hands and shoulders and tired head.

'I will go back and fetch your bicycle,' he said at last; not meaning at all to say that, and yet glad of the least little service still left to do for her.

'Oh, but one of the men shall go,' she said, 'I want you to come in. I shall be quite all right in a minute. I can't let you go like this.'

So he stood waiting, still worshiping her with his eyes, till she looked up into his and said ever so frankly and kindly, —

'You must come in. I know my husband will want to thank you.'

So then he knew for whom had been her word and her lips in that moment on the borderland between the conscious and the unconscious, and how, though Life gives what we demand of her, she gives it ever with a difference. He got away. And he fetched her bicycle and stood it up against the gate of the garden where the mignonette and the honeysuckle smelt so sweet. The sun was still shining in careless splendor, and the rose she had worn lay withered on the threshold. And she had gone into her house now. And the door was shut.

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INITIATIVE, REFERENDUM, AND RECALL

BY JONATHAN BOURNE, JR.

INTELLIGENT and profitable discussion of practical problems of social or governmental improvement must include full recognition and due consideration of the forces controlling human action. Society and government are purely organizations of human beings, and their limitations and possibilities are measured by the average of individual development. The desideratum is to give the greatest freedom to beneficial influences, and to restrain all tendencies toward evil influences. Successful and permanent government must rest primarily on recognition of the rights of men and the absolute sovereignty of the people. Upon these principles is built the superstructure of our Republic. Their maintenance and perpetuation measure the life of the Republic. These policies, therefore, stand for the rights and liberties of the people, and for the power and majesty of the government as against the enemies of both.

Delegated government exists where the public servant owes his nomination and election to known individuals, — political bosses, caucus, convention and legislative managers, or campaign contributors, — thus establishing personal obligations and accountability, resulting in service for selfish interests. Popular government exists where the public servant is under obligation to and solely accountable to the composite citizen, individual unknown. This necessarily results in public service for the general welfare, and not for any selfish interest, the public servant realizing that otherwise he must be recalled, or will certainly fail of reëlection.

Because society and government should be based upon a full recognition of the elemental forces controlling human action, I urge the reader's careful attention to my analysis of these forces. I assert that either impulse or deduction, followed by conviction, controls all human action. If the individual be confronted with the necessity for immediate action, then impulse arising from emotion, such as love, hatred, anger, sympathy, sentiment, or appetite, is the determining force. But when the individual has days, weeks, or months to consider his course, then deduction, followed by conviction, is the determining force. Without conviction, there will be no action.

Individual action should be guided by reason, but is frequently emotional. Community action, as in an election, must be based upon conviction resulting from analysis and deduction.

I assert that self-interest is the force controlling every future or postponed action of the individual — not necessarily always selfish interest, for sometimes the individual is satisfied with his participation in the improved general welfare incident to the action. Generally, however, the individual's action, when unrestrained, is governed by his own selfish and personal interest.

No two people in the world are exactly alike; consequently each individual has a different point of view or idea as

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to what constitutes his own particular personal or selfish interest. Where individuals act collectively or as a community, — as they must under the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall, — an infinite number of different forces are set in motion, most of them selfish, each struggling for supremacy, but all different because of the difference in the personal equations of the different individuals constituting the community. Because of their difference, friction is created — each different selfish interest attacks the others because of its difference. No one selfish interest is powerful enough to overcome all the others; they must wear each other away until general welfare, according to the views of the majority acting, is substituted for the individual selfish interest.

If all the individual units of society were alike, then selfishness would dominate not only the individual but the community action as well. But so long as no two people are alike, just so long will selfishness dominate the individual if permitted to act independently, while general welfare must control all community action; for if the individual cannot secure the gratification of his own selfish desire, then he must rest satisfied with the improved general welfare in which he, as one of the units of the community, is a proportional participant.

This logic applies to a community or a class. Under the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall there can be no class or community action against the general welfare of the citizens constituting the zone of action. The individual, through realization of the impossibility of securing special legislation for himself and against the general welfare of the community, soon ceases his efforts for special privilege and contents himself with efforts for improved general welfare. Thus the individual, class, and community develop along lines of general welfare rather than along lines of selfish interest.

In further refutation of the unwarranted fear of hasty or unwise community action, I assert that no individual will ever vote for, or willingly assent to a change, unless satisfied that that change will directly benefit him individually, or that the action will bring improved general welfare to the community, in which event he is satisfied with proportional participation incident to that improvement. In other words, community action determines the average of individual interests, and secures the greatest good for the greatest number, which is the desideratum of organized society.

Hence I again assert that because of the forces controlling all human action the people cannot under the Initiative enact legislation against general welfare or in favor of any selfish interest, nor will they select any public servant who, in their opinion, will be dominated by any selfish interest. Though I grant they may make a mistake in selecting public servants, I assert that they will not make the same mistake twice in the same individual; that is, under an efficient direct primary law and corrupt practices act, the people will not renominate an individual who has failed to serve faithfully the community he represents.

I have demonstrated that under the Initiative and Referendum the people cannot legislate against the general welfare, and by the same logic I assert that under the Recall the people will never recall a public servant, judicial or otherwise, who serves the general welfare.

To elucidate the subject, I shall give a few concrete illustrations. Suppose that in a city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants where there are four thousand voters, a private corporation owns

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the water system and charges exorbitant rates for the service. The self-interests of probably twenty thousand of the inhabitants would require municipal ownership of the water system as a means of improving the service and reducing the cost, but the self-interests of perhaps five thousand of the inhabitants require continuation of private ownership, because these individuals are either stockholders in the company, employees of the company, recipients of business patronage from the company, or political beneficiaries of the system of private ownership. These few individual self-interests — under the existing system of convention, nomination, and legislation through a city council — are able, through control of the press and the manipulation of nominations and municipal legislation, to prevent or delay the efforts of the vast majority to change the system to one of public ownership.

Under the Initiative, which would *permit direct legislation on the subject*, this question could be submitted to a vote of all the qualified electors. Applying the principle I have fully stated in the foregoing paragraphs, when this question came up for determination by the voters there would be conflict between the self-interests of the individuals, but during the campaign preliminary to the election the subject would be discussed and considered in all its bearings. Each individual would make his own deductions as to his own self-interest and the general welfare of the community, with the result that selfish interest would be worn away and the greatest good for the greatest number secured. Unless a majority of the voters were convinced that public ownership would be to their interest, the proposal for public ownership would be defeated.

I hear opponents of popular government asserting that the people might be misled and act unwisely on a question of this kind, and I reply that they are the best judges of their own self-interest and have a right as sovereign citizens to determine the policies of their government. They will, at least, act honestly, which cannot always be said for city councils influenced by the power of a public-service corporation and protected by the silence or active defense of a subsidized press.

At this place in my discussion of the practical operation of popular government I deem it appropriate to explain that this article is designed primarily as an answer to an article by Representative Samuel W. McCall, published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1911. It is my endeavor, however, to make this article complete in itself, and I shall refer to Mr. McCall's article only so far as is necessary in order to correct a few errors into which he has apparently fallen.

The failure of Mr. McCall to comprehend the practical operation of the Initiative and Referendum is illustrated by his reference to the Columbia River fisheries legislation as a case in which the system worked unsatisfactorily. Evidently without knowing he was doing so, he cited an unquestionable instance of the elimination of selfishness and the substitution of general welfare. The case referred to was the submission of two Columbia River fishery bills to the people of Oregon in 1908. The rival fishing-interests — the gill-net fishermen on the lower river, and the fish-wheel operators on the upper river — had conducted their work so effectively as to threaten ruin of the industry by destruction of the fish before they could reach the natural spawning grounds. Almost every two years the rival fishing interests had carried their fight to the State legislature, and the legislature failed to enact any adequate legislation for the protection of

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the natural supply of fish. The State was maintaining hatcheries for the artificial propagation of salmon, but notwithstanding the maintenance of this work the fish-supply was steadily diminishing.

Believing that they could promote their own selfish interests and eliminate their rivals by resort to the Initiative, the fish-wheel operators of the upper river proposed a bill practically prohibiting gill-net fishing on the lower river, and the gill-net fishermen proposed a bill prohibiting fish-wheel operations on the upper river. These two measures, each initiated by selfish interests, were submitted to a vote of the people. During the campaign the rival interests presented their arguments, not only through the publicity pamphlet, but through the newspapers and by circular letters. The people of the State gave the matter careful consideration, and, believing that the general welfare required that the fish themselves be protected from extermination, they adopted both bills.

The people having temporarily terminated fishing on the Columbia River, the legislature, which had theretofore failed to do its duty, responded to the popular will and enacted a law which permits fishing within reasonable regulations, but provides opportunity for the fish during closed seasons to reach their natural spawning grounds. I thank Mr. McCall for calling attention to this instance in which the composite citizen, acting under the Initiative, eliminated selfish interests and substituted general welfare.

Similar results are accomplished through the Referendum. Selfish interests are frequently able to influence the individual members of a legislature to such an extent as to secure enactment of laws granting special privileges. On the other hand, there have been innumerable instances in which members of legislatures introduced bills attacking the business interests of large corporations, for the purpose of compelling such corporations to pay for the abandonment or defeat of such bills. In the one case, selfish interests were able to buy legislation for their own benefit and against general welfare; while in the other case corrupt legislators had power to blackmail corporations. Such transactions are impossible where the Referendum is in force, for the people have power to defeat grants of special privileges against general welfare; and if a corporation is unjustly attacked by a blackmailing bill, it can refuse to pay tribute and appeal directly to the people under the Referendum, with full assurance that the people will not give their approval to legislation of that character. I believe every observer of legislative controversies involving the general welfare of state or city will agree that selfish interest frequently dominates individual action, whereas if community action had been possible, the result would have been advantageous to general welfare.

The Initiative affords any citizen who has evolved a solution of a governmental problem an opportunity for demonstration of its merits. Under a system of delegated legislation only, his ideas could be, and quite likely would be, referred to some committee where further action would be prevented through the influence of selfish interest. Where the Initiative exists, he can present his ideas in the definite form of a proposed bill if eight per cent of the legal voters consider it worthy of consideration and sign a petition for its submission to a popular vote.

The system encourages every citizen, however humble his position, to study the problems of government, city and state, and to submit whatever solution he may evolve for the con-

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sideration and approval of others. The study of the measures and arguments printed in the publicity pamphlet is of immense educational value. The system not only encourages the development of each individual, but tends to elevate the entire electorate to the plane of those who are most advanced. How different from the system so generally in force which tends to discourage and suppress the individual!

Speaking of the Initiative and Referendum, Mr. McCall says that, 'In effect, they propose the substitution of direct for representative government, the establishment of the direct action of the people, not merely in selecting their agents, but in framing and executing their laws.' And again, 'It is now proposed to abandon the discovery of modern times' (government by the people, acting not in person, but by representatives chosen by themselves).

In view of the clear declaration of our Initiative and Referendum amendment, that 'the legislative authority of the state shall be vested in a legislative assembly, but the people reserve to themselves power to propose laws and amendments to the constitution, and to enact or reject the same at the polls,' my inclination at first was to believe that the writer did not intend to convey the idea that representative government had been 'abandoned' and direct government 'substituted' therefor; but this liberal construction of his language became impossible when I read the following in the same connection: —

'Is it for the interest of the individual members of our Society to have the great mass of us pass upon the intricate details of legislation, to execute our laws, and to administer justice between man and man? That I believe to be in substance the question raised by the Initiative, the Referendum and the Recall, as they are now practically applied in at least one of the states of the Union, the example of which is held up as a model to the other states.'

I deny unequivocally that in effect or in substance we in Oregon have abandoned representative government, or that the mass of the people pass upon the intricate details of legislation, execute the laws, or administer justice between man and man. Let us consider the facts. At the last general election the people of Oregon voted upon thirty-two measures. Of these measures, eleven were constitutional amendments, of which four were adopted and seven rejected. Of the twenty-one bills submitted to the people only five were enacted, and sixteen rejected. The result of the direct vote was nine measures adopted. The Oregon legislature held a forty-day session last January, considered seven hundred and twenty-five bills and two hundred and thirty-five resolutions or memorials. Two hundred and seventy-five of the bills were enacted. Evidently the extent of substitution of direct legislation is indicated by the ratio of nine to two hundred and seventy-five. This is not exactly 'abandonment' of the representative system. Of the relative merits of the two systems I shall say more later, but leave that subject for the present in order to continue the denial of statements quoted above.

I deny that the people of Oregon have executed the laws except through their duly chosen public servants. If the statement quoted is intended to apply to the Recall, I reply by saying that there has been no exercise of the Recall against any state, district, or county officer, though there was talk of recalling a circuit judge. I have no doubt that administrative officers have been influenced to some extent by the fact that they are subject to recall. That is one purpose of the Recall. Experience with public officers from one ocean to the

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other justifies the belief that some of them will be influenced by the wishes of the men to whom they owe their positions and to whom they are accountable at the end of their terms. Under the former system of machine domination we learned that public officers were frequently influenced by the wishes of the political bosses, regardless of the interests and wishes of the people. If they were influenced by the desires of men who put them into office under the old system, quite likely they are influenced by the wishes of the composite citizen, who gives them their positions under the new. The difference is that individual, selfish interest wielded the influence under the old system, while under the new system the public officer knows that the people as a whole desire only a square deal and seek no special privileges.

I deny that the mass of the people have been called upon to administer justice between man and man. Our courts have proceeded with their work as quietly and as deliberately as ever, though possibly with less delay. It would be impossible for the people of Oregon to administer justice between man and man in any case, for though they have the power to recall a judge, they have no power to change the decision he has rendered.

Mr. McCall says that 'the prevailing fault of legislative bodies is political cowardice,' and that 'the mania of the times is too much legislation and the tendency to regulate everybody and everything by artificial enactment.'

Conclusive evidence that has been uncovered in numerous legislative investigations satisfies the people of the country that venality as well as cowardice is one of the faults of legislators. Neither venality nor cowardice can be charged against the voters of a commonwealth except in those instances in which public affairs are so dominated by political bosses that the voter has no opportunity of exercising the right of selection of candidates.

As I have explained on previous occasions, the wholesale bartering of votes in Adams County, Ohio, and Danville, Illinois, may be accounted for by the fact that for years the voters had been accustomed to mark their ballots for one of two candidates, each chosen for them by the operators of the political machine. Having learned by experience that their votes were ineffective to overcome public evils, they decided that they might as well profit by the few dollars that they could secure for their votes, especially since the character of the public service would not be changed thereby. Whenever relieved from the domination of political machines and given opportunity to express an effective choice, the voters of any state will be guilty of neither venality nor cowardice, but will go to the polls and honestly express their opinions upon the questions submitted, and upon their preference as between candidates.

As I have already shown, the last Oregon legislature enacted two hundred and seventy-five laws, while the people under the Initiative and Referendum adopted nine measures. If too much legislation constitutes a mania, as Mr. McCall says, then the evil must be charged to legislatures, and not to the system of direct legislation.

On the whole, laws enacted by the people are more carefully prepared, more widely discussed, and more thoroughly considered than are the acts of a legislature. A bill or proposed constitutional amendment submitted under the Initiative must be filed with the Secretary of State not less than four months before the election. Prior to that time the measure secures publicity through the fact that it must be circulated for the signatures of eight

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per cent of the voters. After the bills have been filed, the promoters and opponents thereof may file arguments for or against. It is made the duty of the Secretary of State to have a full copy of the title and text of each measure, together with the arguments for and against, printed in a pamphlet, a copy of which must be mailed to every registered voter not less than fifty-five days prior to election. The title of a bill appears in the publicity pamphlet exactly as it will appear upon the ballot. In this way the voter secures the best possible information regarding the provisions of the bills, their merits or defects, and the reason why they should or should not be enacted.

No such opportunity for the study of measures is afforded members of a legislature. The Oregon legislature, for instance, is in session only forty days, and members secure printed copies of the bills introduced no sooner than the end of the first week. Very frequently important bills are introduced about the middle of the session and the members have copies of these before them for not more than twenty days. Amendments are frequent, and sometimes these are made as late as the day on which the bill is passed, so that legislators frequently vote upon bills without knowing their real effect.

We had a conclusive demonstration of this in the Oregon legislature of 1903, when the legislature repealed a statute which allowed every householder a tax-exemption of household goods to the value of three hundred dollars. After the legislature adjourned, members were astonished to learn that they had repealed such a law, and, at a special session, called within a year, this statute was reënacted by an overwhelming vote. Not even Mr. McCall will contend that legislation such as this could be ignorantly passed under the Initiative and Referendum. Four months of discussion will, beyond peradventure, disclose any serious fault or defect in any proposed statute submitted under the Initiative.

Some honest opponents of direct legislation base their opposition partly on the fact that a measure submitted under the Initiative is not susceptible of amendment after it has been filed in the office of the Secretary of State. Instead of being cause for criticism, this is one of the strongest reasons for commendation, for we have learned by experience that one of the most common methods by which vicious legislation is secured is to introduce a harmless or a beneficial bill and let it secure a favorable report from a legislative committee, but with a slight amendment inserted therein which entirely changes its character or effect in some important particular and thereby serves some selfish interest. When it is known that a bill must be enacted or rejected exactly as drawn, the framers of the measure will spend weeks and months in studying the subject and writing the bill in order to have it free from unsatisfactory features.

In actual practice in Oregon almost every proposed bill is submitted to a considerable number of men for criticism and suggestions before its final form is determined upon. The original draft undergoes many amendments, and these are more carefully considered than would be the case if the bill were before a legislature. Knowing that the bill will be subjected to the closest scrutiny of all the people for four months, the framers of the bill, desiring its passage, naturally endeavor to remove every reasonable objection, to make all its provisions perfectly clear, and especially to remove every indication of bad faith. A bill to which there are many serious objections would stand little chance of adoption by a popular vote. When thus drawn and

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submitted, a bill is in the best possible form, and there is no possibility of its being made the instrument for the enactment of what are commonly called 'jokers.'

I do not contend that a bill thus drawn will be perfect, for no human work is perfect, but I do assert that it will be much better drawn than the great majority of bills presented to a legislature; and, if adopted, it will be an improvement upon legislation theretofore in force on the same subject. The people of a state will never vote against their own interests, hence they will never vote to adopt a law unless it proposes a change for the improvement of the general welfare. Previous to the last election, each voter had fifty-five days in which to consider thirty-two measures, which, with the arguments for and against, were laid before him in convenient printed form. This gave him an average of nearly two days for the consideration of each measure. Assuming that many of the bills introduced in one House never appear in the other, each member of the Oregon legislature was called upon to consider about five hundred bills in forty days, or over twelve each day, besides being compelled to consider many resolutions, motions, and questions of a political character. I assert that the individual voters of the state, in the quiet of their own homes in the evening, could better consider and decide upon an average of one bill in two days than the members of the legislature, amid the hurry and strife and personal feeling incident to a legislative session, could consider and decide upon an average of twelve bills a day.

It is frequently asserted that the voter in Oregon is required to pass upon thirty-two measures in the few minutes he occupies the booth on election day. Such is not the case. He has several weeks in which to determine how he will vote, and merely takes a few minutes in which to mark his ballot.

In his discussion of the Recall, particularly as applied to judges, Mr. McCall has reiterated a prevailing error as to the practical operation of that feature of popular government. Evidently he has been misled by accepting as true certain statements contained in the President's veto message of the Arizona statehood bill. He says, for instance, that, when the Recall is invoked, the man whom the people have elected to an office is permitted either to resign in five days or to defend himself in two hundred words upon proceedings to throw him out in disgrace. This statement is incorrect in two particulars. He may neither resign nor defend himself, but may quietly continue in office until his successor has been elected. He has three alternatives: either to resign, to stand for reëlection, or to continue in office and await passively the outcome of the recall proceedings. If he chooses to defend himself, he is not limited to a defense of two hundred words. The two-hundred-word limit is merely upon the length of statement he may make to be printed upon the official ballot. This is merely a summary of his defense. He is at liberty to make such other defense before the people as he may desire.

Moreover the Arizona constitution, to which Mr. McCall refers, requires that the legislature shall provide for the payment of the campaign expenses of any officer attacked under the Recall. The man or men who attack an officer under the Recall must pay the expense of their campaign. The man in office has not only the advantage of his official record, the prestige of his office, the desire of the American voter to give every incumbent of an office a square deal, but he has the further very material advantage of payment

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of his campaign expenses out of the public treasury. Any officer who is not able to make out a case in his own defense with all these advantages is very probably a fit subject for recall proceedings.

Mr. McCall further states that it would be a matter of no difficulty for the defeated candidate to initiate a recall and practically have the election over again. I challenge the citation of any instance in which experience has demonstrated that this criticism is justified. Experience in politics everywhere has demonstrated that the people admire a 'good loser.' They have contempt for the man who, after he has been beaten in a fair fight refuses to quit.

The recall amendment provides that a recall petition shall not be circulated against any officer until he has actually held his office six months, except that a petition for recall of a member of the legislature may be filed five days after the legislature meets. Since a successful candidate takes office two months after election, and it would ordinarily require a month to circulate a recall petition, it is plain that there would be at least nine months for the subsidence of any personal feeling engendered during a campaign. Obviously a recall as to members of the legislature must be operative while the legislature is in session, to be effective.

Thus assured of an opportunity to demonstrate the character of service he will render, no public servant need fear recall proceedings growing out of the campaign for his election, unless his election was secured by dishonest means. Of course, in such a case, a recall might be filed immediately after the expiration of the six months. This would be brought, not so much by the defeated candidate or his friends, as by citizens in general, whose right it is to have every election conducted fairly and honestly.

The assumption that a recall proceeding is an imposition upon a public officer is not founded on good reason. An individual has no personal right to public office, though some few, who, under delegated government, have bought their offices, may think they have. The office belongs to the people, and they are entitled to have it filled by whomsoever they please. Every employer in private life reserves the right to discharge his employee whenever the service rendered is unsatisfactory.

The same principle should apply to the electorate in the employment of a public servant. In fact, this right would be a matter of understanding and contract where a citizen seeks and accepts a public office with the knowledge that the Recall is one of the laws of his state.

Mr. McCall asserts that where the Recall is in force, 'the judge, in order to feel secure in his office, would have to consult the popular omens rather than the sources of the law.' Upon the same reasoning, where the convention system exists with a boss in control, the judge, in order to feel secure in his office, would consult the wishes of the boss rather than the sources of the law. There is this difference in favor of the influence of the Recall — popular influence would be exerted in behalf of the welfare of the majority, whereas the influence of the political boss is exerted in behalf of the interests of a very small minority, which is generally himself or a campaign contributor.

Some people express the fear that the rights of a minority will be disregarded by the tyranny of the majority. They are really most concerned for the perpetuation of special and unjust privileges for the small minority. Neither

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election nor appointment to a legislative, executive, or judicial office carries coincident personal or official infallibility.

There is very little weight to argument based upon allusion to the democracy of Athens, or to the experience of other ancient nations which made more or less progress toward a popular form of government. In the last two thousand years conditions have greatly changed. Electricity and steam, the telegraph, telephone, railroad, and steamboat have established media of instantaneous intercommunication of ideas, and rapid coöperation of action in the individual units of society.

In less than a decade the people of Oregon have voted upon sixty-four measures. Surely, if the Initiative and Referendum is a destructive system, as its enemies allege, there would be abundant evidence thereof in the recent history of that state; and it should not be difficult for any citizen to produce conclusive and absolutely convincing evidence to that effect. No one has done so or can do so.

Both reason and experience demonstrate the practicability and importance of the Initiative and Referendum. My analysis of the forces controlling all human action, as set forth in the early paragraphs of this article, proves the impossibility of a community voting against the general welfare. Any person interested in the subject will observe by a study of results in Oregon that this has been demonstrated in that state.[1]

[1 A list of the measures which have been submitted to the people of Oregon in the last four elections, together with the number of votes recorded in each case, will be found at the end of this issue of the *Atlantic*, pages 143, 144. — THE EDITORS.]

THE WAYFARING WOMAN

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

JUST when, for the first time, I was fearing lest some day the wizard-light might fade from my hill-tops, because I had climbed them so often; lest some day people's eyelids might cease to be doors flashing upon mystery, because I had seen so many secrets; and lest, sadder still, I might wake up some morning and find that my comrade-soul had forgotten to pipe me on to the new adventure of the new morning, — just when I was fearing these things, I bought a pair of rubber boots!

They are real boots, real as all masculine things are real. They have straps, a new thing to me in footgear. They are deep and cavernous, so that I sink to the knee, and in them I am armored like a man, but yet a woman. Whimsical symbol, perhaps, my new-bought rubber boots, of adjustment to a man's free-hearted adventuring. If I am to tramp alone, let me be valiantly shod like a man, though a woman at heart, for is not all the world mine for the walking it? Who knows what new fun may be abroad for me now, in my rubber boots? I was made for

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life's out-of-doors. I am a woman who wishes to walk this earth in all weathers, and indeed I have walked it in many, plucking by my homely hill-paths thoughts that are wayside flowers along a subtler way.

I have gazed at my circling hills in many changing lights. I have seen them on a moon-flooded summer evening lie shoulder to shoulder asleep about the broad valley pastures, while the tree-shadows wavered black against white farmhouses, asleep, too; and nothing made any noise except the brook beneath my wayside bridge, and that, a merry brown human brook by day, went singing in the moon an elfin chant it had forgotten that it knew. I have seen my hills deepest blue at the sky-line, and below all ablaze, beneath the racing white clouds of October, when more than at any other time the winding roads bewitch my feet, and every blackberry thicket and slope and fence-row is flaunting its banners in my eyes; yet I cannot stop to gaze, for the air is of so keen a blueness; I must walk, run, fly, because of the urgency of October in my toes.

But in the spring one's step slackens, and one stops to loiter and look at the green willows that twist with the wavering course of the swift muddy river; at the rosy mist on the maple-boughs, at sunny blue wings that flash against bare branches. In the spring the most insistent walker must pause by an arbutus bank. Last year's leaves upon it are still rimmed with frost and snow, and one's fingers grow red, poking beneath for treasure. But what largess of arbutus our humblest wayside banks hereabouts can yield, arbutus great-petaled, deep-pink, setting free what prisoned fragrance!

I have tramped my climbing roads in winter-time, too, on those days of winter when the mercury sinks to the zero point, when the snow crunches loud beneath my heels, and the sun hangs high and cold, and the spangle glistens on crusted fields. But heretofore there have been days of winter when I have felt myself held within doors, days of slush and ooze, when the sky broods low, and the air is blind with great wet flakes; yet these were the very days when the gypsy wind came rattling the window-sash and piping of new wonders of grayness and of whiteness out there upon the hills.

I who have packed my wanderer's wallet with the gentle secrets of summer nights, of springtime hillsides, and wintry sunshine, I who have always tramped to the call of a lonely road, should I turn craven stay-at-home when life's wild weather draws my feet hillward through grim slush and sleet? Are there not new secrets waiting on the stormy hills? I am not afraid! I have put on rubber boots.

In all this countryside I am the only woman who walks. Highroads and by-paths and woodways are mine alone, for here solitude is safe and cheery for the woman who goes uncompanioned. I pass by unmolested, but not unhailed. Happily, I have reached the age when men greet me with level comrade eyes, and pass me merrily the time of day; at least the genial old codgers of our region do. The men of my home-hamlet of Littleville are a bit proud of my pedestrian prowess, and if they meet me wandering far will draw rein to twinkle down and rally me: 'Guess you're lost this time sure, ain't you?'

The strangers I meet rarely pass me in churlish silence. I have had a man, never before seen, bend down from his high seat, his face all one pucker of concern, while he shouted to me in a high windy voice, 'Hi, there, you're losing a hat-pin!' His overspread relief as I adjusted it was but one instance of the intimacy ruling within the sweeping circle of hills that rim Little-

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ville like a cup. We are no strangers here, we comrades of the road.

Yet in my walking I must often pay the penalty of being unique, of being an anomaly in country conventions. They are kind, our rural men-folk, but I think the kindest, passing me, make a swift comparison between me and their kitchen-keeping women. In this inarticulate comparison there is a boyish flash of sympathy that I should find the out-of-doors the same jolly thing men do; but more, there is distrust of one who obviously enjoys the zest of her own feet as much as their wives enjoy jogging through life beside a comfortable husband behind a comfortable horse. Possibly the thoughts of rural men-folk are not so different from the thoughts of all other men-folk when they pass the woman who walks.

Whatever the mental comment attached to the gaze, the eyes that meet mine are quite as often astounded as amused. If this is evident even when I trudge in flooding sunshine, astonishment becomes irrepressible when I am seen abroad in snow and sleet. 'By gosh! pretty hard walking you got, ain't you?'

Foot-fast in slush, I pipe back, 'But I like it. I have on rubber boots!'

Such the accost from vehicles not facing in my direction; but when a horse that goes my way is drawn up, and I decline the proffered seat; knee-deep in slush, refuse to get in! then the driver's face expresses such commiseration as I never expected to feel applied to my inoffensive person. Plainly I see that it is not my drabbled shirts he is sorry for, it is my addled wits. Walking country roads in ill weather has taught me exactly how a lunatic must feel. It is said that the crazy have a certain look in the eye; of experience I can affirm that so also have those who gaze upon the crazy.

For the passing instant, as I meet that profound pity in mild, masculine orbs, I do doubt my own sanity, and wonder if perhaps this glorious freedom of the wild, wet weather is quite the sensible thing it seemed when I set out; for it is the look in other people's eyes that gives us our own spiritual orientation. Lunacy is a purely relative term. There are places where women may walk and hardly be glanced at for so doing, just as, perhaps, within his own cage-walls, the Bedlamite may seem to himself a normal human being. Also, perhaps, the lunatics, like me, have their silent chuckle; knowing, like me, that they have their inward fun, although the numskull sane can't see it. I hope so, for I would fain think some sunny thought of the poor brain-sick folk.

It is not given to my friends of the highway, sensible men-creatures on wheels, any more than to their wives, snug at home in dry domestic shoes, to know the joy of my walk through the swift, wet snowflakes. On and up I go, never meaning to go home by the same way I have come. What lover of the road ever does that?

The clinging snow has enfolded all things. Every tree stands with white, shrouded branches. The berry thickets are softly furred with white. The dusky gray aisles of the roadside woods die to blackness in the near distance. The little brooks go tinkling beneath a thatch of snow bristling with high grass blades. There is almost no color. Even the bronze of oak leaves is veiled by white mist. The world is all white and gray, and in the distance faintly blue. The fast-falling snow blurs all familiar outlines strangely, so that I hardly believe those dreamy roofs down there belong to humdrum Littleville.

There is strange, muffled silence. I am half afraid of the woods; they have grown unearthly, so that I start at the eerie thud of the snow that drops

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from the branches. Gray-white, silent mystery, — and I should never have known or seen it, had I not laughed at life's wild weather, and trudged forth to it in rubber boots, all alone.

Yet, whatever the shy comradeship of wayside groves, of busy secret streams and homely fields, always the human aspect of the road engages the woman who tramps with joy at the heart. In summer and winter, as I go, I pass the brown milk-wagons, plodding, monotonous, starting forth from all the circling farms and converging to the milk station. The drivers have always dull or far-away faces, for it is always the same road, the same rattling cans at their backs, the same shaggy, jogging flanks before them.

Almost always, somewhere on my journey, I meet the rural mail-man. The bobbing yellow dome of his narrow wagon is always easily descried in the distance. The mail-man knows my tramp-habits well, and the smile from his little blinking pane never fails me. Another familiar vehicle is the school carryall, which nowadays picks up all the human contents of one of our district schools and carries them down to Littleville for instruction. The school wagon is driven by a jovial grandsire, and it is always crowded to overflowing with small, merry people who hail me. I rarely meet any folk on foot, although occasionally a leggined huntsman slips noiselessly across the road from one grove to another, while a hound sniffs to right and left of his path.

The farm-homes for the walker by the way have each the spell of some new story. There beside that wind-rocked cupola is some curious mechanism. For what purpose? To lift water to a roof-tank? To catch the lightning? To send afloat an airship? Crude, clumsy aspirant, a farm-boy's dream!

I pass by a porch that abuts close upon the road. A door flings open and a man and a woman come out, too temper-tossed to heed me. The woman's face is set in impotent hate, the man's mouth is wried with cursing; and the faces are not young, nor the graven bitterness a mere passing blight. Man and wife! Yet they loved once, I suppose, and went driving gayly back from the parson's, his arm about her ribboned waist, and posies flaunting in her hat and in her cheeks — once!

It is given to us who trudge by in the road beyond the doors to pity often, but to envy rarely. It is in the nature of things that we cannot envy, for those things we might covet are precisely those that came spilling out of door and window to bless us, so that presently we are bowing our heads and saying our bit of a grace for them, as being also ours. Gentle old world, so constituted that a home can lock its door, if it will, upon its sorrow, but can never hide its joy! I pass another ragged farmhouse, and here the children in their home-made little duds are trooping in from school. Again an open doorway, and in it a mother wiping red hands upon her apron. The closing door shuts off sharply the shrill voices that tell of the day's events; but I have seen and heard, and therefore I, too, possess.

At still another window-pane there is a bobbing baby-face. Such a crowing, chuckling joy as is a year-old baby! What home could ever hide him under a bushel? Strange mystery, that gives, withholds, inscrutably, the heart's desire of all of us, and yet ordains for us who trudge a snow-cold path, that there shall be, even until we grow gray of soul and feeble-footed, forever along our way, until the end, always behind the panes we pass, the bobbing baby-faces! Other women's babies? Does it make so much difference whose they are, so long as they are sweet?

Another happiness it is ordained no woman shall keep unto herself. The

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peace of a woman's mouth when a good man loves her, that is another of the things nothing can conceal, for sorrow may be leaden and secret at the heart, but joy will always out and abroad. That is one of the things we know, we wayfaring women.

Walks end with the dipping of the day. The winter dusk steals very early over all the snowy whiteness. I have to peer to see Littleville's clustered roofs down there in the river-valley. Before I turn to wade back down the drifted hill-road to the ruddy little home that lends me harborage for the night, I stand still to look about me, through the whirling flakes. See all around me hills I have not yet climbed! Think of the untried roads that lead to them! What secret wizardry of new woods, what elfin tinkle of new brooks, what new farm-doors, glimpsing upon human mystery! Hills and the road for me, on and on! Just around the turn what wonders wait, shall ever wait, for my rubber boots and me!

CAVIARE ON PRINCIPLE

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

One can usually either begin or end with Mr. Chesterton, though one can seldom do both. 'It is simpler to eat caviare on impulse than to eat grape-nuts on principle,' he says, in one of his intervals of pure lucidity. I should like to make a Chestertonian transposition, and pronounce that it is better (I do not say simpler) to eat caviare on principle than to eat grape-nuts on impulse. The fact is that the modern fad for simplicity has ceased to be merely ridiculous; it has become dangerous. May not some of us lift our voices against it?

I have no right, I suppose, to ally, in my own mind, socialists and vegetarians. But I nearly always find, when I ask a vegetarian if he is a socialist, or a socialist if he is a vegetarian, that the answer is in the affirmative. I am sure that they, on their side, confuse snobs with meat-eaters. One could forgive them, were they more bitterly logical. For my own part, I should be quite willing to go the length of all Hinduism and say that rice itself has a soul. I can even see myself joining a 'movement' for giving the vote to violets and disfranchising orchids. This, however, is not their desire. They do not wish to make even the ox a citizen — only a brother; and I have never discovered that vegetarians — even when they were 'hygienic,' not 'sentimental,' ones — were anxious to reproduce the history of the rice-fed peoples. But let their logic take care of itself. My point is really that socialists and vegetarians are banded together to fight for the simplifying of life. Socialism, of course, organizes as furiously as Capital itself; and I leave it to any one if a nut-cutlet is not complicated to the point of mendacity. But ostensibly both sects are on the side of Procrustes against human vagaries. Both would surely consider caviare immoral; either

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because no one ought to eat it, or because every one cannot. It does not much matter, I fancy, which point you make against the dried roe of the sturgeon. My own plea for caviare rests precisely on the fact that it is not, and cannot be, thrust into every one's mouth. It is not simple, no. The only really 'simple' food-stuff is manna. Imagine, for example, calling anything simple that has to be shot out of a cannon by way of preparation. In point of fact, very few people eat caviare save on impulse, — otherwise, they find it too nasty. But it is an impulse worthy of being dogmatized; of becoming a principle.

Simplicity is an acquired taste. Mankind, left free, instinctively complicates life. The hardest command to follow has always been that which bids us take no thought for the morrow. Perhaps that is what Mr. Chesterton means when he talks of the difficulty of eating grape-nuts on principle. The real drawback to 'the simple life' is that it is not simple. If you are living it, you positively can do nothing else. There is not time. For the simple life demands virtually that there shall be no specialization. The *Hausfrau* who is living the simple life must, after all, sweep, scour, wash, and mend. She must also cook; from that, even Battle Creek cannot save her. She may dream sternly of Margaret Fuller, who read Plato while she pared apples; but in her secret heart she knows that either Plato or the apples suffered. And from what point of view is it simpler to have a maid-of-all-work than to indulge one's self in liveried lackeys? Not, obviously, for the mistress; and it is surely simpler to be an adequate second footman than to be an adequate *bonne-à-tout-faire*. We should really simplify life by having more servants rather than fewer; more luxury instead of less. The smoothest machinery is the most complicated; and which of us wants to sink the Mauretania and go back to Robert Fulton's steamboat? One would think that the decision would be made naturally for one by one's income. But it is the triumph of the new paradox that this is not so. Thousands of people seem to be infected with the idea that by doing more themselves they bestow leisure on others; that by wearing shabby clothes they somehow make it possible for others to dress better — though they thus admit tacitly that leisure and elegance are not evil things. Or perhaps — though Heaven forbid they should be right! — they merely think that by refusing nightingales' tongues, they make every one more content with porridge. Let us be gallant about the porridge that we must eat; but let us never forget that there are better things to eat than porridge.

> And all time past, was it all for this?
> Times unforgotten, and treasures of things?

What is the use of throwing great museums open to the people, if you tell them at the same time that to possess the contents of the museums would not make a private person happier? Why should there be *cordons bleus* in the world, if we ought to live on bread and milk? Above all, why have we praised, through the centuries, all the slow processes, the tardy consummations, of perfection, if raw material, either in art or life, is really best? I recall at this instant a friend of mine who expresses her democracy in her footwear. Her frocks are as charming as money can induce Paquin to make them; but if her frocks are an insult to the poor, her boots are an insult to the rich. I have seen her walk to a garden-party, in real lace, and out at heel. She fancied, I think, that her inadequate boots obliterated the deplorable social distinction between herself and her cook. In point of fact, her cook would not have conde-

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scended to them; would not have considered herself a 'lady' if she had.

I have other friends who feel strongly the ignominy of personal service: who agree with many ignorant young women that it is more dignified to be a bullied, insulted, underpaid shop-girl with a rhinestone sunburst, than a well-paid, highly-respected parlor-maid in a uniform. Accordingly, they conscientiously deprive themselves of the parlor-maid, and spend her wages in trying to get a vote for the shop-girl. I do not understand their distinctions in liberty, or their definition of degradation. The parlor-maid at least can choose the mistress, but the shop-girl cannot choose the floor-walker.

I am, myself, essentially an undomestic woman, and I dislike the parlor-maid's tasks to the point of feeling excessive irritation at having, occasionally, in this mad world, to perform them. But, seriously speaking, apart from the temperamental quirk, I would don her clothes and follow officially her career, rather than that parlor-maids in uniforms should pass wholly from the world. It is as if these people said, 'Since those who are parlor-maids themselves cannot very well employ parlor-maids, then let no one have a parlor-maid.' Their factitious altruism, with all its peril, might be forgiven them; but the misguided creatures (who are human beings and egotists, after all, and as such must 'save their face') go on to say that it is really much nicer not to have parlor-maids. And that lie is unpardonable, for it strikes at the root of human experience. Parlor-maids would never have become a convention if they had not been found desirable.

Are we really, at this late day, going to be duped by the mid-century fallacy of 'plain living and high thinking'? Even if Shakespeare at New Place teaches us nothing, we cannot fail to be impressed by the memory of Thoreau, stealing home from Lake Walden by dark, to provide himself secretly with better fare than the woods afforded. As if, indeed, any one who had tried plain living did not know that high thinking was done, if at all, in spite of it! 'The hand of less employment hath the daintier sense,' as Shakespeare long since said. Let us open our own front doors, polish our own shoes, dust our own bibelots, and make messes on a chafing-dish when the cook is out; and let us do it gallantly. But let us not pretend that it is more civilized to do these things ourselves than to have them skillfully done for us. The prince in disguise makes the most charming beggar in the world, no doubt; but that is because — as all fairy-tales from the beginning of time have taught us — the prince wears his rags as if they were purple. And, to do that, he not only must once have worn purple, but must never forget the purple that he has worn. And to the argument that all cannot wear purple, I can, as I say, only reply that that seems to me to be no reason why all should wear rags.

Until every one is too good to be a parlor-maid, let us open our own doors, if we must, — provided we do it according to the great tradition of door-opening; but how can we do it according to the great tradition if we abolish parlor-maids and dry up the fount of the great tradition? And, whatever the simplifiers say, there is no doubt that, as yet, there are, to one person who is too good for door-opening, ten persons who are by no means good enough for it. I have never been able to imagine just how the sound of the Last Trump is going to shiver the aristocracy of earth into the democracy of Heaven. To be sure, it is not my affair. But at least one can have, this side the grave, little patience with the

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altruism of the Procrusteans. They merely wish to make each of us an incompetent Jack-at-all-trades. And one had thought the German universities, if they had done nothing else, had blown that bubble!

A friend of mine asked me the other day if I did not feel degraded to be at the mercy of servants; humiliated by knowing that they could perform domestic tasks better than I, and could take advantage of that fact. I confess it had never occurred to me. If my cook felt degraded by being unable to talk French, I should think her a silly snob. Are we not all, economically, at one another's mercy? Of what does enthusiastic living of the 'simple' life make us independent, save of a few hard-learned and precious lessons of taste? The successful housewife is the one who has succeeded in imitating perfectly several trained servants. But the criterion is still the trained servant. The distinguished beggar is the one who wears his rags as if they were purple. But, to appreciate him, we must know the look of purple rightly worn. The admirable vegetarian eats his shredded wheat as if it were caviare. But where would be the beauty of his performance were not someone, somewhere, eating caviare as if it were shredded wheat?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE INCOMPLETE LETTER-WRITER

It would be delightful to be able to write good letters, but I think it would be more delightful to be able to receive them. We hear a great deal nowadays of the lost art of good letter-writing, but we hear nothing at all of the equally rare art of good letter-receiving. To inspire a person to write the letters of a Carlyle, one must be an Emerson; to be able to receive — or understand — the letters of a Robert Browning, one must be an Elizabeth Barrett. In almost any 'Life and Letters' one learns to estimate pretty correctly the interest of even the most casual note by glancing at the name of the person addressed.

The good writer needs something more than a passively good reader: he must feel a vivid consciousness of the personality he is addressing, — a certainty of understanding, of sympathy and interest, — a general responsiveness to his own point of view. Surely we can all divide our friends into groups of those who are easy to write to, and those who are difficult. I trust that I am not the only person of my acquaintance who frequently finds herself creeping, like a snail, unwillingly to a desk piled high with unanswered letters, and instead of reducing that ominous white drift which threatens to snow its victim under, takes pen in hand and writes a perfectly gratuitous and unnecessary letter to the one friend in the world to whom no letter is owing.

What is it that makes your letters to Mary labored and artificial, while your eager pen — when addressing Margaret — seems possessed by some spiritual 'control,' as it scrawls the spontaneous and fluent phrases which only you

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could write, and which you could write only to Margaret? Mary may be no less dear to you, no less appreciative of you, than Margaret, but substitute her name for that of the more sympathetic correspondent 'and the pain that is all but a pleasure will change to the pleasure that's all but pain.'

Of course I am not so rash as to say that there is never an occasional letter-writing genius whose literary productions possess the dual quality of mercy, and bless him that gives and him that receives. Paul could not have been vividly aware of the composite personalities of the Corinthians and the Galatians he was addressing, yet we — who are not even Thessalonians — read his Epistles to them with pleasure and profit.

But, generally speaking, there is scarcely any relation in life requiring a more complete *rapport* and understanding than that which should exist between correspondents. In conversation there are many aids to establishing the electric current of sympathy, — the voice, the smile, the expression of the face, all serve to quicken the connecting spark, — but in correspondence all these are lacking. The writer sits biting his — or, more generally, her — pen-handle while she stares into vacancy and tries to conjure up the absent individuality and address it in terms which, without facial or vocal assistance, shall successfully reveal her own *ego*. With jaw set into lines of perfunctory epistolary intercourse, she seems sternly to apostrophize her invisible friend: 'Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,' I'll write to thee.

If persons who complain of receiving stupid letters would only realize that the blame rests largely with them, and not with the writer! I believe a dull person's letters to a clever friend would be better worth reading than the other half of the correspondence. For some reason a pen-holder (I mean the human holder of a pen) is abnormally sensitive to contagion from the unseen person with whom he wishes to get into communication. Perhaps steel is a conductor of psychic influences; at all events, it is a comforting thought that when I write you a stupid letter it is your fault, and when you write me a delightful one it is my virtue.

Those of us who are not 'elegant correspondents,' should derive consolation from the thought that the quality of the letters we receive depends upon our receptivity. The art of appreciation thus becomes an integral part of the art of creation, and we, as silent partners, play an important part in English letters.

And so we find that a 'complete letter-writer' is incomplete unless he have a complete letter-reader worthy of his inky steel. Most of them have not, and that is why the great majority of letters are more blessed to send than to receive; but it is the fault of those of us who expect to be stimulated without having ourselves given forth stimulus. The fountain-pen — the very *Fons Bandusiæ* of letter-writers,

Unde loquaces Lymphæ desiliunt —

will run dry if we do not enliven its black stream with a little of the red blood of understanding, of humorous appreciation and human sympathy.

ON THE MATTER OF WRITING

I WRITE. I do not write particularly well, and I make no pretensions whatever to being able to spell. But the fact remains that I do write. I do not say it with any especial pride, neither do I say it deprecatingly. I merely make a statement, as a printer might say, I print, or a plumber, I plumb. The world at large is not aware that

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Ann Smith, let us say, though this is not my name, writes. I feel sure that the world could be brave about it even if it knew, but it does not, and it is therefore eliminated from the present discussion. Certain of my friends, however, are aware of the fact, and it is of their attitude in the matter that I wish to speak. They seem to think that there is something peculiar — either sacred, or disgraceful, I am at a loss to determine which — in the matter of writing. They appear anxious, yet fearful, to speak to me about it. They come to more intimate friends of mine, and say, 'Does Miss Ann Smith mind my speaking to her about her writing?' Or perhaps some lady — it is usually a lady, often a rather elderly one, and generally one residing in a certain large New England city — bolder than the rest, will approach me and say, 'I do not know whether I should speak of it or not, Miss Smith, but I liked that last story of yours.' Whereat I reply with modestly dropped eyelids, 'I am so glad *you* liked it,' or something suitable of the kind; while all the time my heart is crying out, 'But, my dear lady, why in Heaven's name should n't you speak of it! Do you think I am ashamed of my calling? On the contrary, if what I have produced has given any one pleasure, I am proud of it.'

Or perhaps again, some lady says in a half whisper, 'I hear you *write*, Miss Smith.' And when I answer quite audibly and cheerfully, 'Yes, I write,' perhaps adding, 'but not very well,' as a sop to modesty, and then proceed to tell her joyously how I write and why and when, being always glad to talk about what I am interested in, and glad to have others tell me of their work, whether it is the growing of cabbages, or the crowning of kings, she looks at me strangely, and I realize all at once that I have over-stepped the bounds of good taste. I have, it seems, dragged my golden art in the dust of publicity, I have been brazen enough to speak of it.

I have pondered over this attitude of strained breathlessness in regard to the profession of letters, and have come to the conclusion that it is due to the fact that these people hold art enshrined. They not only spell it with a capital, they illuminate and decorate it with fat cupids holding scrolls over its head. They would hang it upon the wall where one might gaze upon it, but never, never, speak of it. They regard it as so deep and sacred a thing that its followers should not be able to mention it without shedding tears. I feel that they would have been better pleased with me if, when they said, 'You write, Miss Smith?' I had been unable to suppress my emotion when I answered, 'Yes, I write.' That would have shown how deep my art went with me. But, instead of tears, I burst into laughter, and am disgraced.

But why this attitude toward writing? I imagine that one does in this world what one can do, or what one hopes one can do, whether it be cobbling shoes, writing a sonnet, or washing clothes. Does a cobbler burst into tears when he is asked if he mends shoes? Frankly, I have never seen one do it. Does one creep apologetically up to a fat darky bending over a wash-tub and whisper in a scared tone, 'Madam, do you wash clothes?' And does she weep when she replies? No, she probably answers, 'Yes, I washes when I gits ready, but I'se got all right now dat I kin 'tend to.' After which she flings back her head, scrubs up and down on her wash-board to the accompaniment of 'Roll, Jordan, Roll,' or, 'Lead me to the water,' and you are more apt to be the one to weep.

Then why should writers be debarred from the same simple attitude

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toward their work? I do not know that I speak for all, — I know nothing about really great authors, — but I think I speak for a large number of the followers of the trade, when I say that they like to talk about their work, one great reason being that writing is a lonely profession. If you write, as a rule you must do it to yourself; or if you do attempt it in company, you or the company are apt to be sorry. Therefore when the writing is done, and a sympathetic listener offers, the writer is glad to wipe out some of the lonely hours with a little conversation. So, if you know an author, don't be too breathless about his calling, treat him like a human being. Let him talk a little, and do not be shocked if he manages to keep the tears back when he tells you about his last short story. Only of course be tactful. Do not say, as an eager acquaintance once said to me, 'Oh, I do think it is so interesting to write, it must be just fascinating when your manuscripts come back!' I discovered afterwards that she meant proofs instead of manuscripts, but the mistake of just that single word made me, who am usually so garrulous about my trade, feel for the time being that I really did not care ever to speak of it again.

So I repeat, let the poor author talk, but be tactful.

OVERWORKING THE MIND

My grandmother was a notable housekeeper; that is to say, she did a great many things that were unnecessary. The forbiddingly neat parlor was perhaps harmless, but hardly so much could be said for those wonderful biscuits and preserves that made Grandmother's suppers seem, as I look back on them now, like a device for reinforcing nature's test for the fittest. If we survived, it was because our mothers, representing the moral law, met and resisted nature's plan. But it is not so much the results Grandmother achieved as the methods by which she worked, that are pointing my latter-day moral. She did most of her own work, and there never was another such woman for skillful planning. If she went to the cellar for potatoes she carried down as much as two empty fruit-cans and the coal-scuttle, and in coming up, her pan of potatoes rode on top of a few sticks of wood or whatever else Grandmother was going to want for her morning's enterprise. In making cake she never allowed herself to walk from the kitchen table to the pantry more than twice. Her washing of dishes was a marvel of studied simplicity. When my chubby little uncle was helping her one day, she protested against his needless journeys between the dining-room and the kitchen, and told him to think out his work so that his head could save his heels. Little Uncle Tom stopped his busy trotting long enough to gaze meditatively at his feet and to say with conviction, 'But I don't want my head to save my heels. I'd rather use my heels. I need to have my head for something else.' Yes, it is true, Uncle Tom is now a professor of philosophy.

All this consideration of house-keeping tactics was suggested to me to-day not by our incompetent maid, who does indeed never waste her brain-power, but by our physician, who brought over his latest article for us to see. He keeps up with the times; his article shows how the mind should serve the body, and goes rather specifically into the method of application. By treating us thus subtly through literature he expects, no doubt, to keep us healthy during his impending vacation. But I feel Uncle Tom's prejudice against using my head to save my heels. The doctor has outlined for me, before this,

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a scheme for going to sleep, so wearing that I am sure I should prefer to sit up all night rather than to use it, for more than one night's sleep would be needed to restore my jaded mind after the operation of this device.

My sister Matilda had to take a year off from her teaching after a summer vacation spent in applying self-control. Perhaps I should say that she and I do not agree on the subject; but my theory is that if she had complained, in an outspoken and human fashion, when she first felt tired, the doctor would have given her some medicine and made her take a little vacation, and she would have been ready for her normal career of overwork. But she told herself there was nothing the matter except her attitude, and she silently worked on her attitude so hard that at last, when she grew no better and was persuaded to go to the doctor, she spoke of her troubles with an intensity gained during weeks of repression; and of course he thought her morbid and set her off on a new branch of the optimistic treatment. If she had not worn her mind out, she could have been cured in six weeks by ordinary measures. But Matilda does n't agree with me, and the self-control evident in her face now is enough to make one sigh.

This cheerfulness that we are told to assume before untoward circumstances paralyzes real humor; its fatuity deadens us when ill-temper might wake us up. Most of us can be far funnier when we are setting forth our annoyances than when we adopt the tone of Mrs. Wiggs. And Mrs. Wiggs was at least spontaneous and uncalculating in her application of soul to situation. These ordered minds, never letting an impulse get beyond them — they are the kind that put an undue strain upon companionship. They are the kind that lay brain-power at the service of legs and stomachs, when the legs and stomachs would be all the better for being kept in their places and made to attend to their own affairs and to the service of their superiors as well.

There are several injudicious ways of making the best of things. One of them is illustrated by the humble young curate, pictured long ago in *Punch*, who protested when the bishop, his host, expressed doubts of an egg the curate was eating, 'Oh, no, my lord; I assure you some parts of it are excellent.' Fancy looking on the bright side of a bad egg! The effort was surely less ingratiating than the curate supposed. Indeed this habit of seeing good in everything may become the most unendurable of virtues, — as distressing as grim patience, which is a common and effective method of wearing out the mind. I like to remember the old lady who said, when a friend reminded her that she had had little trouble in her life, 'Yes, but I've made the most of what I have had.' She chose more wisely than the people who come exhausted out of their victories over circumstance. Wounds of the spirit are glorious only when the battle has been mighty. The philosophy that tells us to use our minds in smoothing life's daily friction, offers us a future as wan as Matilda's smile of cheer.

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INITIATIVE, REFERENDUM, AND RECALL

A LIST OF THE MEASURES SUBMITTED TO THE PEOPLE OF OREGON IN THE LAST FOUR ELECTIONS. *See* MR. BOURNE'S ARTICLE ON PAGE 122 OF THIS NUMBER.

	YES.	NO.
1904.		
Direct primary law with direct selection of United States Senator [1]	56,205	16,354
Local-option liquor law [1]	43,316	40,198
1906.		
Omnibus appropriation bill, State institutions [2]	43,918	26,758
Equal-suffrage constitutional amendment [1]	36,902	47,075
Local-option bill proposed by liquor people [1]	35,297	45,144
Bill for purchase by State of Barlow toll road [1]	31,525	44,527
Amendment requiring Referendum on any act calling constitutional convention [1]	47,661	18,751
Amendment giving cities sole power to amend their charters [1]	52,567	19,852
Legislature authorized to fix pay of State printer [1]	63,749	9,571
Initiative and Referendum to apply to all local, special, and municipal laws [1]	47,678	16,735
Bill prohibiting free passes on railroads [1]	57,281	16,779
Gross-earnings tax on sleeping, refrigerator, and oil car companies [1]	69,635	6,441
Gross-earnings tax on express, telephone, and telegraph companies [1]	70,872	6,360
1908.		
Amendment increasing pay of legislators from $120 to $400 per session [3]	19,691	68,892
Amendment permitting location of State institutions at places other than the capital [3]	41,971	40,868
Amendment reorganizing system of courts and increasing supreme judges from three to five [3]	30,243	50,591
Amendment changing general election from June to November [3]	65,728	18,590
Bill giving sheriffs control of county prisoners [2]	60,443	30,033
Railroads required to give public officials free passes [2]	28,856	59,406
Bill appropriating $100,000 for armories [2]	33,507	54,848
Bill increasing fixed appropriation for State University from $47,500 to $125,000 annually [2]	44,115	40,535
Equal-suffrage amendment [1]	36,858	58,670
Fishery bill proposed by fish-wheel operators [1]	46,582	40,720
Fishery bill proposed by gill-net operators [1]	56,130	30,280
Amendment giving cities control of liquor selling, pool rooms, theatres, etc., subject to local-option law [1]	39,442	52,346
Modified form of single-tax amendment [1]	32,066	60,871
Recall power on public officials [1]	58,381	31,002
Bill instructing legislators to vote for people's choice for United States Senators [1]	69,668	21,162
Amendment authorizing proportional-representation law [1]	48,868	34,128
Corrupt-practices act governing elections [1]	54,042	31,301
Amendment requiring indictment to be by grand jury [1]	52,214	28,487
Bill creating Hood River County [1]	43,948	26,778
1910.		
Amendment permitting female taxpayers to vote [1]	35,270	59,065
Act establishing branch insane asylum in eastern Oregon [2]	50,134	41,504

[1] Submitted under the Initiative.

[2] Submitted under the Referendum upon legislative act.

[3] Submitted to the people by the legislature.

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A LIST OF MEASURES SUBMITTED TO THE PEOPLE OF OREGON (*Concluded*).

	YES.	NO.
1910.		
Act calling convention to revise State constitution [3]	23,143	59,974
Amendment providing separate district for election of each State senator and representative [3]	24,000	54,252
Amendment repealing requirement that all taxes shall be equal and uniform [3]	37,619	40,172
Amendment permitting organized districts to vote bonds for construction of railroads by such districts [3]	32,844	46,070
Amendment authorizing collection of State and county taxes on separate classes of property [3]	31,629	41,692
Act requiring Baker County to pay $1,000 a year to circuit judge in addition to his State salary [2]	13,161	71,503
Bill creating Nesmith County from parts of Lane and Douglas [1]	22,866	60,951
Bill to establish a State normal school at Monmouth [1]	50,191	40,044
Bill creating Otis County from parts of Harney, Malheur, and Grant [1]	17,426	62,016
Bill annexing part of Clackamas County to Multnomah [1]	16,250	69,002
Bill creating Williams County from parts of Lane and Douglas [1]	14,508	64,090
Amendment permitting people of each county to regulate taxation for county purposes and abolishing poll taxes [1]	44,171	42,127
Amendment giving cities and towns exclusive power to regulate liquor traffic within their limits [1]	53,321	50,779
Bill for protection of laborers in hazardous employment, fixing employers' liability, etc. [1]	56,258	33,943
Bill creating Orchard County from part of Umatilla [1]	15,664	62,712
Bill creating Clark County from part of Grant [1]	15,613	61,704
Bill to establish State normal school at Weston [1]	40,898	46,201
Bill to annex part of Washington County to Multnomah [1]	14,047	68,221
Bill to establish State normal school at Ashland [1]	38,473	48,655
Amendment prohibiting liquor traffic [1]	43,540	61,221
Bill prohibiting sale of liquor, providing for search for liquors, and regulating shipments of same [1]	42,651	63,564
Bill creating board to draft employers' liability law for submission to legislature [1]	32,224	51,719
Bill prohibiting taking of fish in Rogue River except with hook and line [1]	49,712	33,397
Bill creating Deschutes County out of part of Crook [1]	17,592	60,486
Bill for general law under which new counties may be created or boundaries changed [1]	37,129	42,327
Amendment permitting counties to vote bonds for permanent road improvement [1]	51,275	32,906
Bill permitting voters in direct primaries to express choice for President and Vice President, to select delegates to national conventions, and nominate candidates for presidential electors [1]	43,353	41,624
Bill creating board of people's inspectors of government, providing for reports of board in Official State Gazette to be mailed to all registered voters bi-monthly [1]	29,955	52,538
Amendment extending Initiative and Referendum, making terms of members of legislature six years, increasing salaries, requiring proportional representation in legislature, election of Speaker of House and President of Senate outside of members, etc. [1]	37,031	44,366
Amendment permitting three-fourths verdict in civil cases [1]	44,538	39,399

[1] Submitted under the Initiative.

[2] Submitted under the Referendum upon legislative act.

[3] Submitted to the people by the legislature.

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